THE American Scholar

AUTUMN 1972 Price $1.75

JERZY KOSINSKI
The Lone Wolf

GERALD W. JOHNSON
The Turkey-Gobbler Strut

NEVILLE MAXWELL
The China Nixon Didn't See

HENRY BEETLE HOUGH
The Kennedy Bill

J. BRONOWSKI
New Concepts in the Evolution of Complexity

WRIGHT MORRIS
Notes from a Venetian Journal

ANN BIRSTEIN, LILLIAN HELLMAN,
ALICE WALKER, NORMA ROSEN,
ELIZABETH JANEWAY, RENATA ADLER,
NANCY WILSON ROSS, CAROLYN HEILBRUN
Women on Women

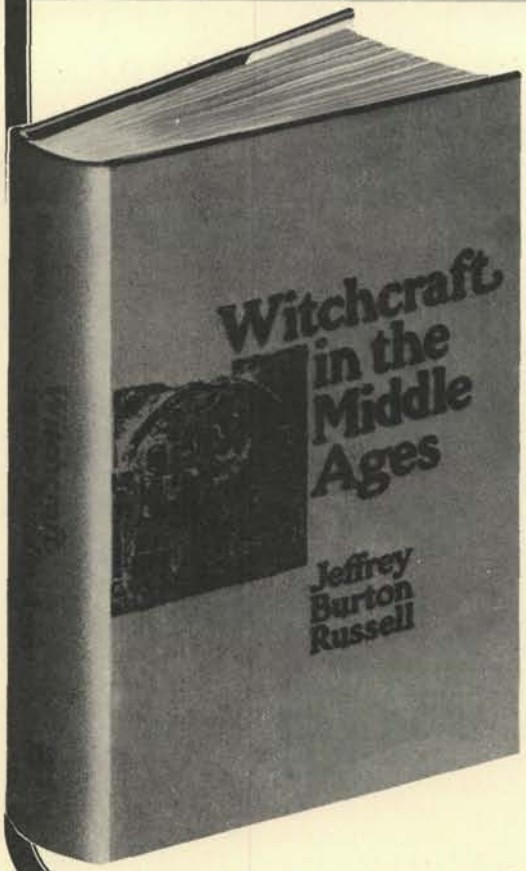
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cornell University Press

A HISTORY BOOK CLUB
MAIN SELECTION

Witchcraft in the Middle Ages

By Jeffrey Burton Russell



ALL KNOWN THEORIES and incidents of witchcraft in Western Europe from the fifth to the fifteenth century are brilliantly set forth in this engaging and comprehensive history.

Building on a foundation of newly discovered primary sources and recent secondary interpretations, Professor Russell first establishes the facts and then explains the phenomenon of witchcraft in terms of its social and religious environment, particularly in relation to medieval heresies. He treats European witchcraft as a product of Christianity, grounded in heresy more than in the magic and sorcery that have existed in other societies. Skillfully blending narration with analysis, he shows how social and religious changes nourished the spread of witchcraft until large portions of medieval Europe were in its grip—"from the most illiterate peasant to the most skilled philosopher or scientist."

A significant chapter in the history of ideas and their repression is illuminated by this book. Our growing fascination with the occult gives the author's affirmation that witchcraft arises at times and in areas afflicted with social tensions a special quality of immediacy. $15.00

Cornell University Press ITHACA and LONDON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Audition important new recordings months before they are available to the general public.

Begin today—Send for special Advance Edition of **Beethoven's MISSA SOLEMNIS** superbly conducted by EUGEN JOCHUM

Yours for Half Price if you decide to keep it!

MISSA SOLEMNIS, called by Beethoven himself "the most successful of his intellectual products," has just been given its definitive modern recording, conducted by the illustrious Eugen Jochum. This Philips album will not be available to the American public for some months, but you may preview it now for ten days, without charge and without obligation. Furthermore, should you decide to keep it, you may do so for only *half* the suggested list price at which it will eventually be sold in stores!

Try it for ten days FREE

No obligation to keep it.

The Carnegie Hall Selection Committee's fascinating report which accompanies the album points out why this performance was singled out for the Committee's recommendation: Jochum's devout, meticulously prepared interpretation . . . the self-effacing artistry of famous vocal soloists Agnes Giebel, Marga Höffgen, Ernst Haefliger and Karl Ridderbusch . . . inspired music-making by the peerless Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam and Netherlands Radio Chorus. Plus the truest, warmest sound of any *Missa Solemnis* yet recorded. The two stereo discs themselves are superior, silent-surfaced European pressings, manufactured by Philips to highest quality control standards, and come with full text, notes and *exclusive* Committee report.

Our preview offer of the *Missa Solemnis* cannot be repeated! So please mail the attached postpaid card today. Listen for ten days. Then either return the album and pay nothing, or keep it for only $6.98 plus small postage/handling charge (and sales tax where required). This is a *50% saving* off the suggested retail price when the regular edition is finally released.

How you can be first to enjoy the greatest new recordings!

By replying now, you assure yourself of the privilege of receiving, for future ten-day free previews, special *advance editions* of major new albums . . . chosen *exclusively* for the International Preview Society by the Carnegie Hall Selection Committee. Since the Society is *not* a record "club", you will never be required to buy any album, nor will you receive a "record-of-the-month" like clockwork. Only when the Committee discovers a new album of the most extraordinary musical interest, artistic excellence and technical quality will it be sent for your free audition, so that there will often be months when no album at all is offered by the International Preview Society.

In every case, you will preview these records *long before* they reach the stores . . . with the option of purchasing any album you wish, in a *superb imported pressing*, including exclusive Committee report . . . never at a higher price than the ordinary edition will retail for months later, and frequently at *big savings*! You may cancel this arrangement at any time.

If you truly love great music, please mail the card today for your exciting *Missa Solemnis* pre-release audition.

"This is an admirable choice for a limited edition album. A major performance of such a masterwork belongs in the library of every devotee of serious music."

Julius Bloom
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR/CARNEGIE HALL

---Mail This Coupon if Postpaid Card is Missing---

FREE AUDITION AND HALF-PRICE PRIVILEGE AS-1

THE INTERNATIONAL PREVIEW SOCIETY
333 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60601

Please send, for my free preview, the two-record special advance edition of *Missa Solemnis* by Eugen Jochum. I may return it after ten days and owe nothing, or keep it and pay only $6.98 plus small postage/handling charge (sales tax extra, where required). This is *50% off* the suggested list price of the regular edition, when it becomes available months from now. I will also receive, at intervals of one or more months, free ten-day previews of albums chosen by the Carnegie Hall Selection Committee, far in advance of general release. I may keep any album for no more, and often for far less, than suggested list price. *I am not obligated to buy any minimum number of albums and I may cancel this arrangement at any time.*

NAME _____
(please print)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Oxford University Press

Ulysses on the Liffey

By RICHARD ELLMANN, *Oxford University.* "A brilliant, exciting, witty and joyful explosion of disciplined enthusiasm."—CHRISTOPHER LEHMANN-HAUPT, *N. Y. Times.* "A highly entertaining book, wittily written and enlivened by some ingenious detective work. . . . As distinguished as anyone who knows Mr. Ellmann's biography of Joyce would expect; lucid, well-proportioned, humane."—JOHN GROSS, *N. Y. Times Book Review. Illustrations, chart.* $8.95

Diderot

By ARTHUR M. WILSON, *Dartmouth College.* "Diderot is undoubtedly the fullest, most scholarly biography of the great *philosophe* that has yet appeared in any language. . . . Rarely has an author produced a book so meticulously, even exhaustively researched, that yet remains so eminently readable—an achievement that the literate layman as well as the scholar is bound to appreciate."—ELAINE P. HALPERIN, *Chicago Sun-Times.* This volume incorporates *Diderot: The Testing Years, 1713-59. 18 halftones.* $25.00

Other Criteria

Confrontations with Twentieth-Century Art

By LEO STEINBERG. *Hunter College of the City University of New York.* "One of the most original and stimulating collections of essays on twentieth-century art ever published."—THEODORE REFF, Columbia University. "Steinberg combines the knowledge of a wide-ranging scholarly historian with the sensitivity of a critic who sees through and beyond the biases of current criticism to engage works of art in intimate and subtle dialogues."—JAMES ACKERMAN, Harvard University. *275 halftones.* $17.50

Booker T. Washington

The Making of a Black Leader, 1856-1901

By LOUIS R. HARLAN, *University of Maryland.* This brilliant portrait exposes, for the first time, the complex and contradictory private man behind the public image of the great Negro educator. Based on extensive research in the Booker T. Washington Papers, it is "impeccably researched . . . the definitive biography of Booker T. Washington, and a major contribution to the study of black history."—AUGUST MEIER, Kent State University. *8 pages of halftones, frontispiece.* $10.95

The American Woman

Her Changing Social, Economic, and Political Roles, 1920-1970

By WILLIAM H. CHAFE, *Duke University.* Bringing a welcome historical perspective to today's intemperate furor over women's place in society, Professor Chafe tells what has actually happened to women's roles in the last half century. "Carefully researched and clearly written . . . the first serious study of the developments which followed the ratification of the Nineteenth Amendment."—ANNE FIROR SCOTT, Duke University. $7.95

Kings, Beasts, and Heroes

By GWYN JONES, *University College, Cardiff.* Exploring the story-telling art of three ancient and famous works of literature—*Beowulf, Culwch and Olwen,* and *King Hrolf's Saga*—Professor Jones examines their common elements and their connections with modern literature. He assesses their excellence and significance for their own time and today, discussing wondertale, heroic legend, and history as reflected in legend. *21 pages of plates, 3 figures.* $9.50

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
200 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE

American Scholar

A QUARTERLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT THINKER

PUBLISHED FOR GENERAL CIRCULATION BY PHI BETA KAPPA

In the right state the scholar is *Man Thinking*
—EMERSON

EDITORIAL BOARD

RENATA ADLER
JACQUES BARZUN
DANIEL BELL
KENNETH B. CLARK
ROBERT COLES
RICHARD ELLMANN
JOHN HOPE FRANKLIN
PETER GAY

WILLIAM JOVANOVICH
ROBERT MOTHERWELL
DANIEL P. MOYNIHAN
HENRY A. MURRAY
SAUNDERS REDDING
WILLIAM M. ROTH
WILLIAM STYRON
JOHN ARCHIBALD WHEELER

HIRAM HAYDN, *Editor*
ROSEMARY PARK, *Consulting Editor*
HARLOW SHAPLEY, *Consulting Editor*
RENÉ DUBOS, *Contributing Editor*
CAROL B. BRANN, *Assistant Editor*
DANIELLE DUBAS JEAN E. JONES ANNE T. ZAROFF

DOROTHY KERR, *Director of Circulation and Promotion*
CARLEY STRAUGHAN SARA PIDGEON

Advertising Representative: KERR & ASSOCIATES, 1211 Connecticut Avenue, N.W., Suite 501, Washington, D. C. 20036. Telephone: 202-296-1478.

Published quarterly since 1932 by the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa. Printed by The William Byrd Press, Inc., 2901 Byrdhill Road, Richmond, Virginia 23205. Second-class postage paid at Richmond, Virginia. Copyright © 1972 by the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa.

Send all change of address notices, undeliverable copies, subscription orders and other mail to *Editorial and Circulation Offices:* 1811 Q Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. 20009.

Subscription Rates: $1.75 a copy, $6.50 one year, $11.00 two years, $15.00 three years, foreign and Canadian $.75 a year additional for postage.

Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by return postage. No responsibility is assumed for their loss or injury, or for the views expressed in articles published.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FROM GEORGE BRAZILLER

The Domination of Nature

By WILLIAM LEISS. This book "will long be considered a landmark in our effort to comprehend one of the most important control problems of the West, and by now of the globe—mankind's relation to nature."—Kurt Wolff, Brandeis University. *$6.95*

In The Terrified Radiance

By STANLEY BURNSHAW. New and collected poems by the author of *The Seamless Web* and *The Poem Itself*. "A most distinguished book. I hope it will place Mr. Burnshaw at the top, where for many years he has deserved to be."—Allen Tate.
Cloth $6.50/Paper $2.45

Frederick Law Olmsted and the American Environmental Tradition

By ALBERT FEIN. This "broad yet succinct survey of Frederick Law Olmsted's pioneer work in environmental design is the first book to open up every part of his great career. . . . No more timely book could be conceived."—Lewis Mumford.
with 105 illustrations *Cloth $10.00/Paper $3.95*

The Systems View of the World

By ERVIN LASZLO. The first book to present "the systems view of the world" in nontechnical language. Contrasts the systems approach with the outmoded atomistic conception of the world, spells out the contemporary systems philosophy of nature, focuses systems concepts on our understanding of man and his current crises.
Cloth $5.95/Paper $2.45

Proust and Signs

By GILLES DELEUZE. *Translated by Richard Howard.* "Gilles Deleuze is an enormously stimulating philosopher. PROUST AND SIGNS is not only an original approach to *A La Recherche du Temps Perdu;* it opens new and exciting perspectives for the participation of criticism in art."—Leo Bersani. *Cloth $6.50/Paper $2.95*

Arts of the Environment

Edited by GYORGY KEPES. The seventh volume in the highly acclaimed *Vision + Value* series with essays by Erik Erikson, Leo Marx, Gyorgy Kepes, Edward T. Hall, Kevin Lynch, Dolf Schnebli, Robert Smithson, and eight other distinguished contributors plus 152 illustrations. *$12.50*

George Braziller One Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

Volume 41 *Autumn, 1972* Number 4

CONTENTS

THE DESPAIRING OPTIMIST *René Dubos* 508

BY JERZY KOSINSKI
The Lone Wolf *Jerzy Kosinski* 513

For a Child Gone to Live in a Commune, *Poem* *William Stafford* 519

THE SCHOLAR CORNERED
The Scholarly Life *Gilbert Highet* 522

The Turkey-Gobbler Strut *Gerald W. Johnson* 533

The China Nixon Didn't See *Neville Maxwell* 542

A Wedding Toast, *Poem* *Richard Wilbur* 558

The Kennedy Bill *Henry Beetle Hough* 559

New Concepts in the Evolution of Complexity *J. Bronowski* 570

Notes from a Venetian Journal *Wright Morris* 578

March Again, *Poem* *R. H. W. Dillard* 585

Mr. Jefferson and the Living Generation *Dumas Malone* 587

AMERICAN SCHOLAR FORUM
Women on Women 599

My Graveyard, *Poem* *Judith de Ponceau Dermen* 628

SIGHTINGS
Hyphens of the Self *Charles Thomas Samuels* 630

OF WRITING AND WRITERS
Thomas Wolfe: A Memoir *Melville Cane* 637

NATIONAL ISSUES
The Right to Know *O. John Rogge* 643

THE REVOLVING BOOKSTAND
Art in History *Peter Gay* 660
Reviews by *Philip Paul Hallie, G. D. Lillibridge* and *R. W. B. Lewis* 674

THE READER REPLIES 684

INDEX 685

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nebraska

American Literature and Criticism

ROLVAAG: His Life and Art
Paul Reigstad
Examines and analyzes Rolvaag's entire canon in the context of events which shaped his artistic development. Draws on unpublished material, including letters and autobiographical fragments. Cl **$8.50**

THEORY OF FICTION: Henry James
James E. Miller, Jr., ed.
"By far the best work done on James's criticism"—Napier Wilt. Cl **$12.00**/Pa **$3.95**

THE WEST OF OWEN WISTER: Selected Short Stories *Intro. by Robert L. Hough*
Six of the finest stories by the author of *The Virginian* depict the West with an authenticity new to turn-of-the-century American letters. Cl **$4.50**/Pa **$1.95**

THE WORKS OF LOVE *Wright Morris*
Linchpin in this 1956 National Book Award winner's novels concerned with the plains. Pa **$1.95**

English Literature and Criticism

PELHAM: or, The Adventures of a Gentleman
Edward George Bulwer-Lytton.
Jerome J. McGann, ed.
The most popular of the 19th-century "fashionable novels" and the finest example of the genre, this witty book crystallizes the polished life of the Regency and contains the first permanent record of some of Beau Brummel's exploits. Cl **$15.00**

ROBERT GRAVES AND THE WHITE GODDESS
John B. Vickery
A study of Robert Graves's mythopoeic thought, its genesis, nature, and contours. Cl **$6.95**

CRUSADER IN BABYLON: W. T. Stead and the Pall Mall Gazette *Raymond L. Schults*
Stead revolutionized British journalism by introducing illustrations, interviews, bylines, and exposés. He demonstrated for the first time that a newspaper could organize public opinion to shape government policy. Cl **$8.95**

A CONCORDANCE TO THE SHORT FICTION OF D. H. LAWRENCE
Reloy Garcia and James Karabatsos, eds.
Based on all the short stories and seven short novels. Cl **$11.50**

Regents Critics Series

BERNARD SHAW'S NONDRAMATIC LITERARY CRITICISM
Stanley Weintraub, ed. Cl **$7.95**/Pa **$2.95**

BEN JONSON'S LITERARY CRITICISM
James D. Redwine, Jr., ed. Cl **$5.95**/Pa **$2.25**

LITERARY CRITICISM OF SAINTE-BEUVE
Emerson R. Marks, ed. Cl **$10.00**

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S DEFENSE OF POESY
Lewis Soens, ed. Cl **$5.95**

Drama

THE KNIGHT OF OLMEDO (El Caballero de Olmedo) The Spanish Text with a Facing English Translation
Lope de Vega. Willard F. King, tr. and ed.
Initiates the Regents Continental Drama Series, new editions of plays from periods of Western Europe's highest achievement. Cl **$12.00**

Regents Renaissance Drama Series

THE GENTLEMAN USHER *George Chapman.*
John Hazel Smith, ed. Cl **$4.75**/Pa **$1.65**

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR: A Parallel-Text Edition of the 1601 Quarto and the 1616 Folio
Ben Jonson. J. W. Lever, ed. Cl **$10.00**

GORBODUC *Thomas Sackville and Thomas Norton.*
Irby B. Cauthen, Jr., ed. Cl **$4.75**/Pa **$1.65**

THE DEVIL'S LAW CASE *John Webster.*
Frances A. Shirley, ed. Cl **$6.95**

THE WHITE DEVIL *John Webster.*
J. R. Mulryne, ed. Cl **$4.75**/Pa **$1.65**

Regents Restoration Drama Series

ALL FOR LOVE *John Dryden.*
David Vieth, ed. Cl **$6.95**

AURENG-ZEBE *John Dryden.*
Frederick M. Link, ed. Cl **$4.75**/Pa **$1.65**

SHE WOULD IF SHE COULD *George Etherege.*
Charlene M. Taylor, ed. Cl **$6.95**

THE RIVAL QUEENS *Nathaniel Lee.*
P. F. Vernon, ed. Cl **$4.75**/Pa **$1.65**

THE RELAPSE *John Vanbrugh.*
Curt Zimansky, ed. Cl **$4.75**/Pa **$1.65**

University of Nebraska Press
Lincoln 68508
UNP

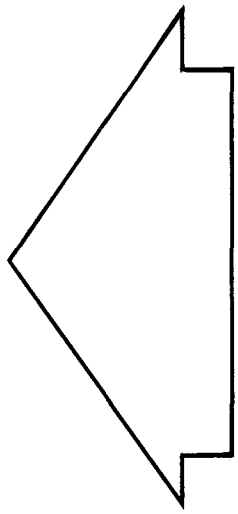
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The first issue of PROOF has already become a collector's item.

Here's what *Library Journal* said about it:

PROOF: the Yearbook of American Bibliographical and Textual Studies. Vol. 1: *1971.* ed. by Joseph Katz. 435p. illus. index. Univ. of South Carolina Pr. 1971. $14.95. ISBN 0-87249-700-3. LC 70-158622. LIT/REF

This new annual draws full marks for its format. Bound in red and gold, nicely printed, and illustrated with excellent facsimiles, it seems to bear little relationship to the usual scholarly anthology in this age of offset printing. The 14 contributors are established scholars and bibliographers, and that the anthology includes Harrison Hayford on Melville, James B. Meriwether on Faulkner, Donald Pizer on Dreiser, and Lillian Gilkes on Park Benjamin, the 19th-Century literary agent, is already enough of a recommendation. In addition, the editor has bravely included a searching analysis of the whole discipline by scholar-philosopher Morse Peckham, who in "Reflections on the Foundations of Modern Textual Editing," demonstrates the inadequacies in basic assumptions. This article should be read by all scholars, not just textual critics.



The second volume will be published in late December 1972 at $14.95.

Fellow bibliophiles (and we wouldn't be in this business if we weren't biblio*maniacs ourselves), may we suggest that you send in your order (with a check, please) before PROOF 2 becomes a collector's item also? Helping yourself, of course, to our usual discount of 20%, which in this case, our accountant says, means you pay $11.96.*

UNIVERSITY OF
SOUTH CAROLINA PRESS
Columbia SC 29208

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOURNALISM AND GOVERNMENT:
A British View
by JOHN WHALE

An examination of the interaction between the makers and reporters of policy by a distinguished London *Sunday Times* newspaperman $4.95

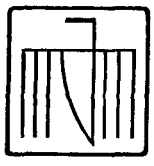
RACISM IN U.S. IMPERIALISM:
The Influence of Racial Assumptions on American Foreign Policy, 1893-1946
by RUBIN FRANCIS WESTON
Foreword by NELSON M. BLAKE $6.95

PETER PINDAR'S POEMS
Selected and introduced by P. M. ZALL
Foreword by A. L. ROWSE

The only available edition of Dr. John Wolcot, the most popular English satirist of the late eighteenth century, whose pseudonym was Peter Pindar $5.95

THE OLDER SOPHISTS
A Complete Translation by Several Hands
Edited by ROSAMOND KENT SPRAGUE

New translations of *Protagoras, Xeniades, Gorgias, Lycophron, Prodicus, Thrasymachus, Hippias, Antiphon, Critias, Anonymus Iamblichi, Dissoi Logoi,* and *Euthydemus of Chios* $7.95



UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH CAROLINA PRESS
Columbia SC 29208

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now in Paperback

A NEW EDITION OF

THE MYTH OF METAPHOR

BY COLIN MURRAY TURBAYNE

Forewords by MORSE PECKHAM and FOSTER TAIT
and an Appendix by ROLF EBERLE

CLOTH: $7.95 PAPER: $2.25

"This extraordinarily lucid book is essentially a massive experiment with basic philosophic conceptions. Accordingly, it operates on many levels, and offers varied and rich facets of interest. Yet it is unified by impressive directness of intent and style, and by an intricate and able skill in concocting a remarkable array of historical and factual materials with a complex dialectic of ideas."
—*The Personalist*

"Although the concept of metaphor is of considerable philosophical importance, surprisingly little good work has been done on the subject. It is therefore an important and welcome publishing event when a work as scholarly, well written, and provocative as Professor Turbayne's appears."—*The Philosophical Review*

". . . a clear and brilliant answer to the age-old question, how can we best account for the relationship that seems to exist between mirror-image and object."
—*Dalhousie Review*

"Turbayne's book is an extremely well written, lucid study of the role of metaphor in the attempted solutions of scientific and philosophical problems. At the outset, however, it is important to understand that by 'metaphor' he intends rather more than we would in the normal use of the word."
—*International Philosophical Quarterly*

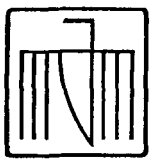
Readers of *The American Scholar* are entitled to a 20-percent discount on all our books, but please enclose payment with your order. **We pay all normal shipping costs.**

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH CAROLINA PRESS
COLUMBIA SC 29208

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

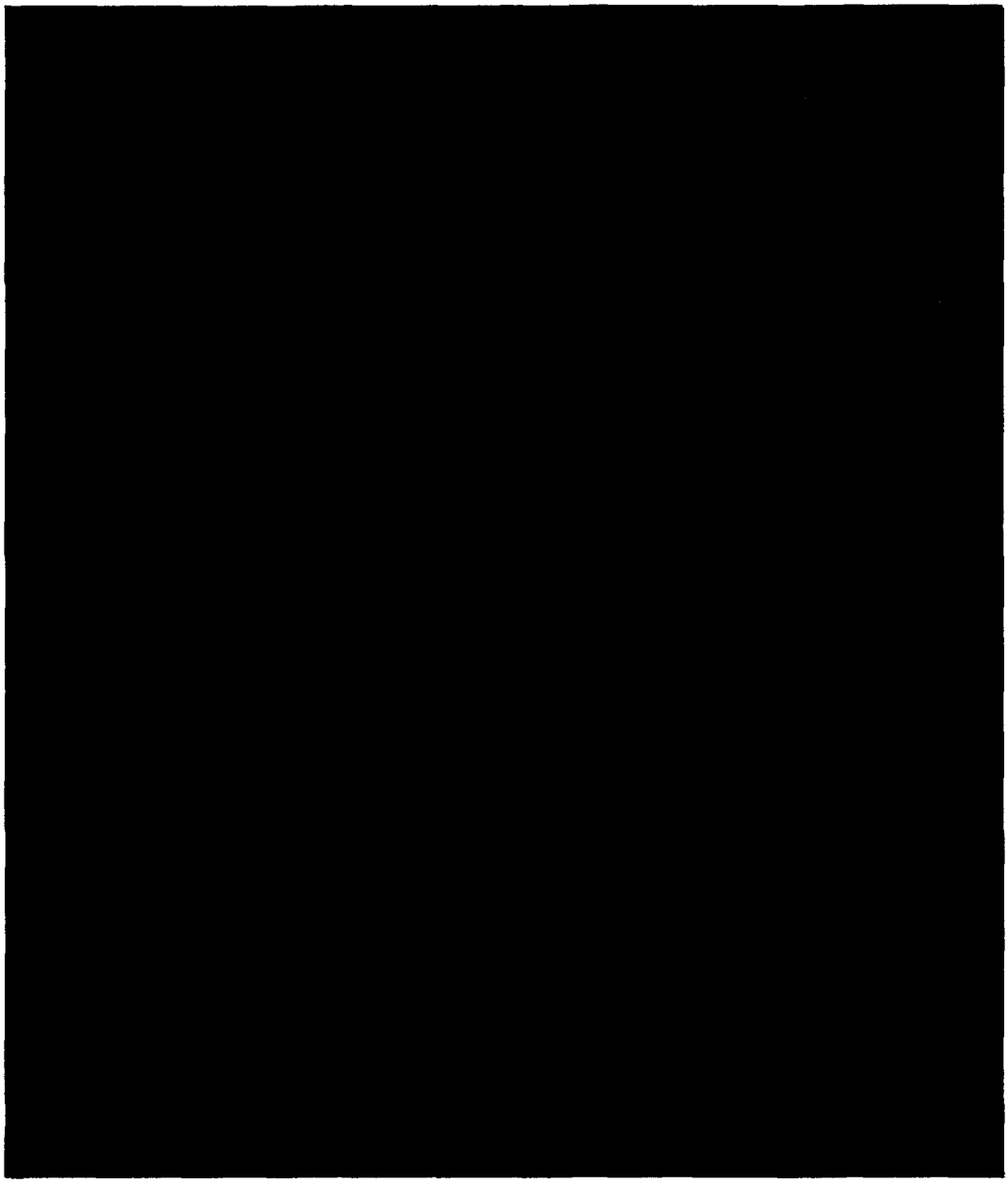
The Eclipse of Symbolism

by Peter Fingesten *$6.95*



UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH CAROLINA PRESS
COLUMBIA SC 29208

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Eclipse of Symbolism

by Peter Fingesten *$6.95*

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH CAROLINA PRESS
COLUMBIA SC 29208

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Despairing Optimist . . . . . .

RENÉ DUBOS

Professional specialization tends to distort the view of human problems. Biologists, for example, commonly give the impression that they regard the intricacies of the genetic code and of intermediate metabolism as of more importance than the living experience of the whole person. Sociologists and economists are more likely to be concerned with the exponential growth of technology and commerce than with the vagaries of human tastes. Even humanists and philosophers are prone to shy away from the problems of humanness.

Environmentalists also find it difficult not to be sidetracked by their scientific knowledge when they approach human problems. They emphasize the universal laws of ecology that govern all forms of life; but they almost ignore the fact that each person tries to create for himself a microcosm of his own choice and that the most influential part of the human environment is figuratively and often literally a room of one's own.

My own professional distortion is that of a biologist, and it is usually from a biological point of view that I look at the human scene. In the following pages, for example, I shall assume that the laws of biological evolution can help to predict some trends in the evolution of the international community. My only justification, or rather excuse, for discussing international problems —of which I have no experience—is that I have been involved recently in the International Conference on the Human Environment.

I am writing these pages one month before the conference, scheduled for June, 1972, in Stockholm under the auspices of the United Nations. I have, however, some basis for an opinion concerning the social forces that are likely to come into play in Stockholm because I have collaborated with Barbara Ward in the writing of a book entitled *Only One Earth: The Care and Maintenance of a Small Planet,* which was prepared for the conference.

The preliminary draft of *Only One Earth* was reviewed by experts from all parts of the world, and much of what I shall state in this column has been influenced by their criticisms of the book. Starting from the same set of scientific facts, the experts arrived at a multiplicity of conflicting conclusions with regard to the practical policies concerning the environment—policies, for example, about nuclear energy, pesticides, further industrialization of the world, et cetera. Their conflicts originated not from differences in knowledge or interpretation of facts, but from differences in the value judgments they put on these facts. In this regard, experts display as much diversity as nations and individual persons; they differ not only in their approach to social and human goals but even more in the selection of these goals.

The phrase "human environment" naturally evokes ecological and technological considerations. These considerations will be central to the Stockholm conference, of course, but in my judgment they will not be very controversial. The difficulties of the conference arise instead from a paradox

✪ RENÉ DUBOS, microbiologist and experimental pathologist, is professor emeritus at Rockefeller University. His most recent book is *A God Within.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inherent in human nature: namely, the widespread desire for social diversity despite the fundamental biological uniformity of mankind.

The various human races have a common origin far back in the Old Stone Age. Although they have developed minor genetic differences, all members of the human race still have the same biological needs—a fundamental uniformity that certainly provides the basis for global unity. But on the other hand, the various ethnic groups and nations differ in *social* demands and this diversity is responsible for many conflicts.

My theme will be that social diversity, despite its disruptive effects, nevertheless constitutes a force that can generate a new kind of global unity, more creative than that resulting from the biological unity of mankind.

The reasons that make the Stockholm conference so timely are obvious; they include all the well-publicized aspects of the ecological crisis. But a deeper reason for the present concern about the human environment is that all the desirable areas of the earth soon will be completely occupied by man and intensely utilized. Throughout the world the best lands are already farmed; in fact, expansion into new lands has essentially come to an end in the rich countries and is likely to be completed within one or two decades in the developing countries. Furthermore, the world supplies of certain natural resources are rapidly dwindling; for example, there may soon be a shortage of copper and uranium—and even simply of good water.

Now that the initial phase of exploration and colonization of the earth is virtually over, the time has come for its thoughtful management—or more exactly for the kind of stewardship that will make the earth a desirable place for future generations.

The Stockholm conference could be regarded as an organic response of mankind to the threats posed by the complete occupation of the earth and its rapid industrialization. One probable result of this organic response will be to complement the biological uniformity of mankind by some measure of social and technological uniformity throughout the world. In this sense, the earth may be in the process of becoming One World, with a spaceship economy. But simultaneously with the trend toward unification there exists an opposite trend that will result in the creation of an increasing number of distinctive worlds within the global One World. The reason for this increase in diversity is that man does not react passively to environmental stimuli; he responds creatively to them and through his choices he generates everywhere a large variety of unique situations.

Wherever he functions, man modifies his environment and he modifies himself through a series of feedbacks in the very act of creating his own microcosm. This interplay between man and environment often constitutes a true symbiosis; in biological jargon the word *symbiosis* denotes a reciprocal relationship between two components of a system that is beneficial to both of them and that alters important aspects of their respective development. Technology can enhance this symbiotic relationship by increasing the range of interplay between man and nature. As a visual illustration of this enhancement, I could mention that great bridges and parkways affect human lives not only by serving as means of communication but also by enriching the traveler's awareness of the landscape. The shaping of the human mind can thus be affected by exposure to details of the environment and patterns of its organization that would remain unseen in the state of wilderness.

In all living systems, evolutionary development inevitably results in differentiation and therefore in increased diversity; as just mentioned, this process is accelerated by the reciprocal transformations resulting from symbiotic relationships. It is important to note in this regard that technological uniformity is not so destructive of social diversity as is commonly believed, not even in so standardized an institution as an airport.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All international airlines use the same equipment and their ground crews operate according to the same international regulations; yet international airports retain an intense national character. The John F. Kennedy Airport is unmistakably American, Heathrow English, Orly French, Fiumicino Italian, and Kingsford Smith Australian. The human atmosphere in these international air traffic centers is indeed so national that the phrase "a cup of coffee" calls forth a beverage peculiar to each one of them and also a different social experience. Different are the ways of sitting at the bar, the tone and topic of conversations with a waiter, the manners of flirting with a waitress, the styles of approach to a taxi driver, and, I presume, the proper ways of spending a few hours with a call girl.

I have lived and worked in several countries, and have traveled repeatedly from one continent to another. Out of this experience I have become convinced that, far from becoming uniform, peoples and places are continuing to differentiate, as they have since the time of the great dispersals during the Old Stone Age. I am happy that there are many worlds on earth, instead of One World, because diversity enriches human life and facilitates the emergence of new cultures and new values. I truly believe that if we can learn to practice tolerance, the many worlds of the earth, each proud of its genius, are more likely to achieve a real and creative peace than could a homogenized and anonymous One World.

The trend toward diversification is commonly regarded as objectionable because it seems to go counter to the ideal of global unity. But knowledge of biological evolution suggests a more optimistic view of the future. Throughout the living world, the increase in diversity tends to stimulate the emergence of new organs for communication between the parts of the system and also for the control of their functions. All organisms thus achieve internal unity through integration of their anatomical parts and functional activities.

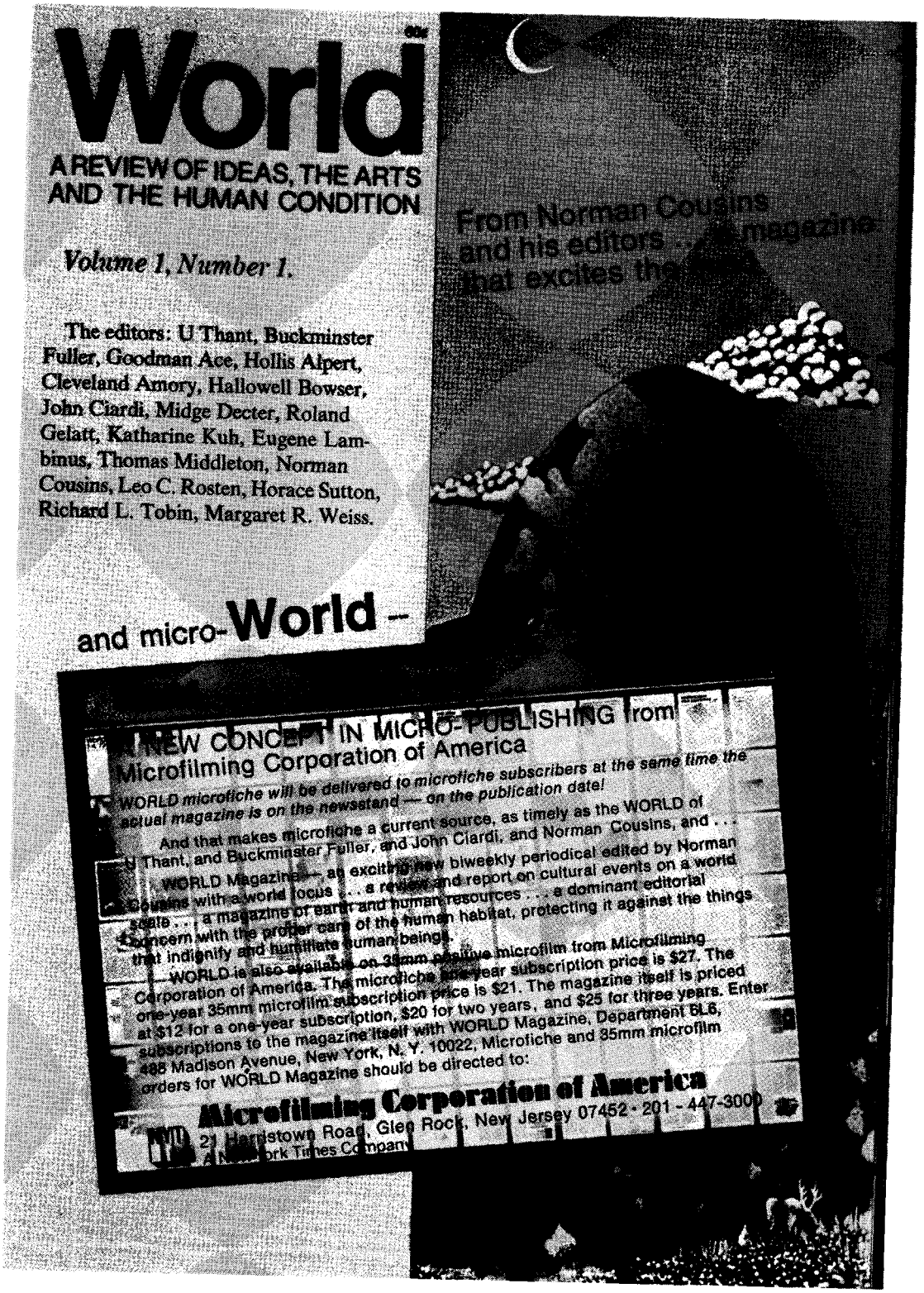
Despite the unifying influence of cosmopolitan technology, each region of the earth continues to develop its own personality as a result of the symbiotic relationships between the unique traditions of its people and the peculiarities of its environment. Whatever may happen to the technology of the building industry, American housing will continue to differ from Japanese housing; and likewise public transportation systems as well as amusement places will remain different in San Francisco from what they are in Tokyo.

The inevitable consequence of diversification is that each place will exhibit uniqueness with regard to certain activities and products; and such diversity in turn will stimulate the emergence of integrating mechanisms capable of generating a new kind of unity. This is what has happened with the various parts of the human body that have developed very complex specializations yet function together through the operation of integrating hormonal and neural mechanisms.

A process of integration is slowly emerging now in the international order. For example, institutions are being developed to protect the global resources from uncontrolled exploitation, in the hope that such resources will not be used for warlike purposes, and to give regulating powers to the agencies that will administer international agreements. All over the world, public life began with personal contacts and local barter systems; it now depends on complex communications and exchanges over vast areas; it will eventually involve the earth as a whole.

Pollution, the threats of war, disease, and the depletion of natural resources are among the problems that first elicited from the global social body the type of organic response found in the Stockholm conference. But in my opinion, the organic responses to the international complexities of life eventually will go beyond the development of mechanisms designed to prevent or minimize environmental defects. As the various regions and nations continue to differentiate—in economic activities and in life styles—they will develop new ways of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

relating to each other and thereby will become progressively integrated into a more complex organic whole. The United Nations might eventually be known as the Integrated Nations, to symbolize the achievement of unity through diversity. To repeat—differentiation always calls forth integration.

A global approach is needed to deal with the problems of the spaceship earth that affect all of mankind. But local solutions, based on local concerns, are required for the problems peculiar to each human settlement. These two contrasting attitudes concerning the environment are not incompatible; in fact they complement each other. The rational loyalty that we must develop toward the planet as a whole need not interfere with the emotional attachment to our prized diversity. As we enter the global phase of social evolution, it becomes obvious that each one of us has two countries—his own and the planet earth. We can hardly feel comfortable in our backyard if we do not care for the planet earth as our collective home. And vice versa, we cannot feel at home on the planet earth if we do not tend our garden.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By Jerzy Kosinski

The Lone Wolf

Well, well, I see the issue of these arms:
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak and all ill left;
But if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;
But since I cannot, be it known to you
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;
Unless you please to enter in the castle
And there repose you for this night.
—The Duke of York in *Richard II*

On May 24, 1956, the American Iron and Steel Institute gave a dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City, and among those invited was Ernest T. Weir, a past president, director and member of the executive committee of the institute, founder and chairman of the National Steel Corporation, this nation's fifth largest producer of steel. The institute's credo is "Right Makes Might," so it was indeed appropriate that the institute's president, B. F. Fairless, introduced as the evening's main speaker General Alfred M. Gruenther, U.S.A. Supreme Allied Commander, Europe, and U.S. Commander-in-Chief, Europe. If Ernest T. Weir listened closely to General Gruenther's address, he must have listened with some detachment, for only a few weeks before, Weir himself had addressed the Poor Richard Club on Locust Street in Philadelphia. In his speech Weir had introduced himself as "a propagandist for a point of view." His view was that since World War II, America had embarked upon a course of hostility toward Communist nations, and had become a country inclined toward the idea of war. This, he asserted, was the wrong policy for America because, for all its bluster, this policy was passive and static, another Maginot line. If this does not sound like a traditional businessman's point of view in the mid-fifties, it is because Weir was not a traditionalist; while American businessmen seldom spoke on political matters, Weir spoke often.

It was said in his native Pittsburgh that Ernest T. Weir was a man who would give in only to time. In a lifetime of nearly eighty-two years, Weir turned a rolling mill into a billion-dollar steel empire, founded Weirton, a town bearing his name, and took on the most powerful adversaries —the federal government, presidents, organized labor, and the steel industry itself. Born August 1, 1875, on Pittsburgh's North Side, when he was fifteen he was employed at three dollars a week in the Braddock

JERZY KOSINSKI, a novelist, is the author of *The Painted Bird, Steps* and *Being There.* His new novel, *The Devil Tree,* will appear in the spring of 1973. This is the first of a series of columns that Mr. Kosinski will write for the SCHOLAR.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wire Company, doing work, as Weir recalled, that nobody else wanted to do. In 1901 he became chief clerk of the Monongahela Tin Plate Mills and a few years later, at the age of twenty-eight, was named the general manager of Monessen Mills, both subsidiaries of the American Sheet and Tin Plate Company. Rising higher in positions of bureaucratic responsibility to superiors was not his aim. No matter where he turned in Pittsburgh, he saw the chimneys rising as monuments to that sturdy breed of men of achievement: Carnegie, H. Clay Frick, Schwab, Henry Phipps, Jr., and B. F. Jones. In 1905 Weir joined with J. R. Phillips in the reorganization of a decrepit tin plate company in Clarksburg, West Virginia. A few months later, after Phillips died in an accident; Weir took over as the company's president.

The business grew. In 1909 he bought land for a steel plant on the Ohio River, twenty miles above Wheeling, at what is now Weirton, West Virginia. By the end of the year the plant was working and by 1915 the company, so recently a shoestring operation, had three plants and was the world's largest independent producer of tin plate.

Weir was an avid reader of nineteenth-century English novels. Perhaps it was from them that he acquired a sense of destiny. On his birthday in 1918 he changed the name of his company to Weirton Steel Company. Weirton remained for a long time America's largest unincorporated town.

At that time the steel industry enforced a gentleman's agreement not to build mills in the Detroit area. This agreement supported the "Pittsburgh plus" plan, under which steel buyers had to pay freight from Pittsburgh regardless of where the product was produced. The Detroit automobile industry was then moving up from the third-largest consumer of steel to first place, and Detroit was Weir's target. He broke the "Pittsburgh plus" agreement by allying Weirton Steel with the Michigan Steel and Great Lakes Steel corporations. And, as a result of these mergers, in 1929 Weirton Steel became the National Steel Corporation, the only large concern to show a profit from 1930 through 1934.

Weir was equally independent in his political allegiances. Under his direction Weirton Steel was one of few major companies to resist the C.I.O.'s organization attempts. To this day the National Steel Corporation has an independent company union. This caused many to brand Weir "a lone wolf" of American industry, an image he reinforced by publicly opposing United States Steel's capitulation to C.I.O. pressure. When the National Recovery Act charged that Weirton Steel violated the collective bargaining provisions of the N.R.A. by remaining a company union, Weir denied the charge, and in a widely publicized court case he upheld his position that the N.R.A. provisions did not apply in the case of Weirton Steel.

Elsewhere a bitter feud developed between Franklin Delano Roosevelt and the New Dealers on one side and Weir on the other. It was said that F.D.R. once called Weir "that feudal lord of Weirton" and that later in his life Weir would not visit any foreign capital that erected a monument to F.D.R. or named one of its streets after him.

To oppose Roosevelt, Weir became a member of the National Republican Finance Committee, which sought funds to combat the president's re-election. In 1940 Weir chaired that committee and saw his candidate, Wendell Willkie, run against, and lose to, F.D.R.

Before my arrival in the U.S.A. in 1957 I had always assumed American businessmen to be the chief exponents of political as well as business credos. Perhaps my view resulted from the traditional belief among European liberals that the American political establishment was a mere extension of the business community. In addition, here I learned that "the business of America is business" (just as the business of, let's say, the Kremlin is the total State). Instead, I found the phrase "big business" derogatory, and that even the most ardent Republicans, including Republican presidents, did not like to ally themselves openly with big business. One may well ask: are there any prominent businessmen in the present cabi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INDIAN STUDIES

Indian Life on the Northwest Coast of North America As Seen by the Early Explorers and Fur Traders during the Last Decades of the Eighteenth Century

Erna Gunther

By combining a study of journals, writings, and sketches made by European traders and explorers who reached the Northwest Coast in the eighteenth century with an examination of artifacts gathered by these early travelers, Dr. Gunther provides a complete picture of the Indian groups of the area. This illustrated study relates almost a century of contacts with the Indians before more extensive white settlement brought changes in their culture.

1972 xiv, 278 pages illus. Cloth $15.00

The Sun Dance Religion

Power for the Powerless

Joseph G. Jorgensen

A political and economic analysis of how and why the Sun dance religion came to be. Professor Jorgensen traces the historic development of the Sun dance by the Rocky Mountain area Utes and Shoshones as a response to Indian deprivation at the hands of whites. *1972 448 pages illus. Cloth $22.00*

Red Man's Religion

Belief and Practices of the Indians North of Mexico

Ruth M. Underhill

Focusing on Indian religious ceremonies, Ruth Underhill considers religious behavior and belief and the ways in which these are adapted to various Indian lifeways throughout the continent. *Cloth edition (1965), $8.95. 1972 x, 301 pages illus. Paper $2.95*

Social Anthropology of North American Tribes

Second Edition

Edited by Fred Eggan

"Since its first appearance this volume has had a great deal of value for those interested in social anthropology, the new material makes the book even more useful and it will no doubt remain a standard reference."—*American Sociological Review Cloth edition (1955), $9.50. 1972 xv, 574 pages Paper $3.95*

The University of Chicago Press

5801 South Ellis Avenue Chicago 60637

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

net? University professors seem to have achieved a proximity to the presidency that big businessmen can only dream of. The Democrats, afraid of the taint of big business, openly long for contributions from big unions, which seem to me at least as formidably conservative as big business. Those traditional opponents, unions and big business, no longer seem politically so far apart.

It may be a tragic fact of the American power structure that at the highest levels it is the military that represents the products of big business. The generals mediate between the businessmen and the government; hence it is only natural that a general would retire into a business that has always surrendered its interests to him. Today the retired general advises the chairman of the board but that board is not asked to advise the Pentagon.

I take Ernest T. Weir as an example because it might be of interest to listen to his advice now, even though in his own time few people in power listened: neither his Republican friends nor his Democratic enemies. In 1947, speaking to the joint meeting of the Engineering Society of Detroit and the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, Weir stated what was the guiding principle of his life:

> The greatest need in the world today is the practical thinking and the practical action of practical men on its problems great and small. . . . For too many years . . . the direction of affairs has been in the hands of the other type of men—the unpractical thinkers. The unfortunate results of their handiwork are repeated in a dismal pattern around the world, and the pattern includes our own United States.

It is the engineer who, like the businessman, represented to Weir the rational mind at its most pragmatic. Accepting the profit-and-loss principle as Weir did and as indeed any business must do, Weir contrasted the man of industry, rational of necessity and predictable in his drive, with the American political leader who is bound by four-to-eight years' cadence of political power. Not content with the performance of his industry in the present, Weir looked with a practical eye far into the future of steel. What politician could or would speculate reasonably about his party in the year 2000?

Appearing in 1948 before the House Foreign Relations Committee Weir stated:

> To those who are alarmed with the prospect of an expansion of Russian Communism, I say that a serious depression in the United States is the greatest thing to fear.

Opposing General Marshall and his "do-either-what-we-tell-you-or-nothing" attitude of Congress toward Europe, Weir argued:

> If the nations of Western Europe were actually in danger of going communistic, then I believe that condition would be its own most powerful argument against giving any aid at all. Stated as "aid to stop communism," the whole proposition reduces itself to a form of bribery. And we just can't make the bribe big enough—if, in fact, the political thinking of an entire people can be bought at any price. The aid that we could give to the extent of our practical ability, or even beyond it, would not be sufficient to produce a quick improvement in the lives of rank and file European peoples. If these peoples are to resist communism it will not be because of billions from America but because of their own inner conviction that there is a better way of life and their own inner determination to have that better way of life.

And again, speaking twenty-one years before America's recognition of Red China and Nixon's trip to Peking, Weir said in his "Statement on Our Foreign Situation," released on January 5, 1951:

> The present Chinese Government is the result of the revolutionary fight which has been waged in China for many years and from which the communist faction has emerged with total victory. As a result, they believe that Chiang Kai-shek is completely finished as a leader—that he has no influence in the affairs of China now and will not have in the future. In the opinion of our friends abroad, who know much more about China than we do, the overlord system which Chiang Kai-shek represented is completely ended.
>
> From the factual standpoint, therefore, the present government of China represents the more than four hundred million Chinese—at least twenty percent of the world's population

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—and there is no apparent good reason why the United States should not have recognized this government as the representative of the Chinese people. If this had been done, it is felt, the present disastrous situation in Korea would not have developed. Our European friends believe that continued recognition of Chiang Kai-shek is unjustified by the facts of the situation and that persistence in this position simply stirs up additional resentment against the United States.

Even at that time Weir foresaw the necessity of distinguishing between Chinese and Soviet objectives:

There is no natural bond between the Russians and the Chinese. From the Chinese standpoint, Russia is an occidental foreign power the same as the United States and other western nations, and even now, observers with long experience in China report a growing resentment among the Chinese over the presence of Russians in China. It would be a gross error if the United States, through avoidable action, should provide the unifying bond that is now lacking between Russia and China by making our country their common enemy.

Weir brought to the debate on China a practical vision and a clearheaded sense of reality. Speaking on December 3, 1953, before the governing body of the National Industrial Conference Board in New York City, he said:

China is a touchy subject. It is my opinion that whether or not we admit Communist China to the U.N. or sit down with her in five-power negotiations in the near future, eventually we are going to recognize her and deal with her in some way. Whatever mistakes may have been made in the past, we have to live in the world as it is now.

Without hysteria or passion Weir predicted that American aggressive tendencies toward China would necessarily involve a larger conflict:

Eventually, we must deal with a Chinese regime that we may not like unless we propose to replace that regime with one we do like. To do that, of course, would mean war, and bear in mind that it would not be war with China alone but war with all of Asia. My only comment on that will be to repeat a remark made to me by President Eisenhower during a conversation in Paris two years ago. He said: "War with Asia would be endless and hopeless."

In June, 1953, in the climate of McCarthyism, Weir privately published a pamphlet, *Notes on the Foreign Situation Based on a Trip Abroad.* A large section of the pamphlet was devoted to a domestic problem: military spending. It is obvious that Weir wanted his point to be made as strongly as possible. His statement not only had been reprinted in many American newspapers and magazines, and even quoted by the Soviet *Pravda,* but in response to requests he distributed, at his own expense, over three hundred thousand copies. With a businessman's sense Weir argued:

When nations continue to enlarge their military machines, there is ever-present danger that the machines will be used. Of this I am sure. If such thinking should become the basis for our national course of action, the United States will become a leader without followers. . . . We would run the serious risk of really having to "go it alone." Some of our extremists indicate they are willing to do just that. I would hate to have on my conscience the burden of deciding to take that action. . . . We have become so accustomed to a war economy that some people think we must have it to sustain employment and production. The plain fact is that war production is economic waste. Progress is not built on waste. All the great advances in human history have come in times of peace. If peace can be established, the prospects for development of the world economy are so great that there is not an individual anywhere who will not benefit. . . .

I am often surprised at how many of us who oppose governmental policies, whether foreign or domestic, direct our efforts only against the politicians on Capitol Hill, in City Hall, at the courthouse and the governor's mansion by either boycotting them or trying to seduce them into sharing our point of view, rather than by exploiting the polarization already existing within the business community. Especially today the political man is a television image, a product of his own public relations men. The businessman, however, remains grounded

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the almost tangible reality of his market, his profits and his customers, whether actual or potential. Weir recognized these differences. At the annual convention of the National Association of Purchasing Agents on June 5, 1951, he criticized the businessman for being "a political neuter":

> Why should businessmen withhold their talents from politics? What is it that makes these men, who are so conscious of their responsibility in their own jobs, think that they can shrug off their political obligations? Many of them do not even vote. And as for any more active participation, the response of the great majority is "that's not my game; that's for the politician." The truth is, in my opinion, that the average businessman is a political neuter because politics is a strange field to him; because he begrudges the time and effort he would have to give to it, and because he has the idea that the public is "anti-business" and thinks the safest thing to do is stay in his shell. And, in my opinion, none of these reasons is valid.

Yet Weir felt that the American businessman was by his very success a potentially powerful figure:

> The average businessman has gotten where he is because he has *more* than average ability. He has the mental capacity for factual analysis that leads to sound conclusions and right actions. Obviously, his batting average has to be pretty good to keep him moving up—or at least keep him where he is. These talents are exactly the ones that must be applied to political activity if the tremendous power now contained in it is not to become an actual danger to the welfare of the people of this country.

According to Weir, two things kept the businessman from being a stronger force. First, while he applied the latest methods to his business to ensure profits and progress, the businessman chose to stand back from the political arena and merely complain about what government did. Second, the businessman faced the politicians' old tendency to keep him at arm's length. By contrast Weir strongly believed that political activity of the American businessman was vital to a healthy national life. Weir mistrusted political leaders with equal strength and saw, perhaps more clearly than they, the instability of a nuclear balance of terror:

> Wars have never been started by people but by leaders. And in many cases leaders have started wars for reasons of their own rather than for any true national purposes. But no leader has ever started a war unless he felt sure he would win, that he would benefit, and that the victory would be worth far more than its cost. No leader could ever feel less sure of any of those things than he can today.

Weir felt that political leaders themselves were bound by "horse-and-buggy" thinking in an age that demanded "jet plane" thinking. In a situation as delicate as that of the postwar nuclear world, Weir knew that the stakes were high: coexistence or annihilation.

> In the meantime, the leaders of government must continue to deal with each other in a world in which war has become outmoded. The trouble is that the dealing is still by methods and conventions which include war as the final instrument of decision. And these old-fashioned methods may cause somebody to blunder into the new-fashioned war that nobody wants and everybody dreads. That is the danger we live under today.

These misgivings, articulated in a commencement address at Bethany College in June, 1955, are even more appropriate today.

Both in his views and in his peripheral political role, Weir typifies the painful predicament of the American businessman. The American ethos credits him with the creation of the American Way of Life while denying him a direct share in this life as expressed by the political process. Unlike a politician's responsibility to an amorphous electorate the businessman's responsibility is concrete. If and when his business fails, he must hold himself primarily responsible. I recall that when I visited the cemetery at Broadway and Wall Street, which is only one of many branches of the Trinity Church Corporation, the guide cheerfully reassured me that the majority of those buried there were businessmen,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bankers and other Wall Streeters who committed suicide in 1929. They killed themselves, I realized, when the Depression took from them the ultimate credibility of their existence. When I asked the guide, "Are there any politicians here?" she seemed surprised. "Politicians?" she asked, "Why would *they* kill themselves?"

I am convinced that American political life would benefit not only from our engaging the business community directly in our political process, but also from our studying its views and pronouncements in the historical contexts from which they stem. And here I do not mean just a businessman's view on business theory or on philanthropy. As long as this country is founded on private enterprise, and regardless of our personal likes or dislikes of that system, an American businessman remains a central figure in the trinity of politician, businessman and union leader.

For a Child Gone to Live in a Commune

WILLIAM STAFFORD

Outside our ways you found
a way, no name for your home,
no number, not even words.

I thought your voice held onto curves
over cliffs when you said, "We let the animals
have whatever they wanted."

I forgot to tell you: this house too
is a wanderer. Under its paint it is
orbiting all I ever thought it would find—

Those empty spaces. It has found them.

✪ WILLIAM STAFFORD teaches English at Lewis and Clark College. His most recent poetry collection is *Allegiances.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Essays on Religion and the Ancient World

Arthur Darby Nock
Zeph Stewart, editor

Arthur Darby Nock (1902–1963), noted for his unique contributions to classical scholarship and the history of religion, saw the essence of religion not in philosophy or theology but in piety and cult, in the practices, expressions, and beliefs of the common man. For this volume, Mr. Stewart has garnered a substantial selection of Nock's most important essays and has indexed and cross-referenced them as well. 2 vols., $35.00

Durkheim

Morality and Milieu

Ernest Wallwork

In this first major study of Durkheim's moral philosophy and its relation to his sociology, Mr. Wallwork argues that Durkheim's moral philosophy is based in the classical tradition stemming from Plato. "This is one of the most thorough and scholarly studies of Durkheim ever done in English."—Robert N. Bellah $10.00

Lore and Science in Ancient Pythagoreanism

Walter Burkert
Edwin L. Minar, Jr., translator

For the first English edition of his distinguished study, *Weisheit und Wissenschaft: Studien zu Pythagoras, Philoloas und Platon,* Mr. Burkert has extensively revised both text and notes, taking into account additional literature that has appeared since 1962. $25.00

Stanley Morison

Nicolas Barker

Designer, editor, author, printer, publisher, typographical and liturgical scholar, Morison was a great figure of the printing craft. His private life was as varied as his professional life. Barker offers a fascinating narrative that will be recognized as both the definitive biography and an authoritative account of 20th-century typography. $17.50

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Letters of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Volume III, 1844–1856
Volume IV, 1857–1865

Andrew Hilen, editor

During these years, Longfellow gained renown as the poet laureate of America, based on publication of such works as *Evangeline* and *The Song of Hiawatha*. The 1500 surviving letters, reproduced here, document both his personal life and the contemporary scene. Included are exchanges with such figures as Emerson, Hawthorne, and Charles Sumner. *A Belknap Press Book*. 2 vols., $40.00

The Unknown Distance

From Consciousness to Conscience
Goethe to Camus

Edward Engelberg

Arguing that Conscience and Consciousness have slowly drifted apart from their once nearly identical meaning, inward knowledge of oneself, the author demonstrates from a wide range of examples in literature and philosophy how the division shaped the attitudes of intellectuals. He concludes that the cleavage of Conscience from Consciousness is untenable. $12.00

Spanish Painting and the French Romantics

Ilse Hempel Lipschutz

Here is the first study of the role of Spanish painting in the French literary imagination. Balzac and Hugo, Musset and George Sand are among the writers the author discusses. She also provides reproductions of more than eighty paintings and engravings, including works by Velásquez, Murillo, Zurbarán, and Goya. *Harvard Studies in Romance Languages, 32*. $20.00

HARVARD

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 79 GARDEN STREET, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS 02138

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the scholar cornered

The Scholarly Life

GILBERT HIGHET

It is a curious life we lead, the life of scholarship. Difficult and demanding, most certainly; frustrating, far too often for comfort; poorly rewarded in material terms; and calling for a great deal of spiritual stamina. Sometimes I ask myself how many of my colleagues, given an opportunity to change their careers and take up some quite different vocation, would accept, and abandon the world of scholarship. My friend Moses Hadas and I were both tempted. We had been away from Columbia on leave in different areas during World War II; and although we both continued to read Greek and Latin whenever there was an opportunity (just as a professional musician would try to get in some practice every day), we had after some years fallen out of touch with the new books, and the current periodicals, and such research as was still going on. And of course we were far, far removed from both libraries and classrooms. Meanwhile we had been acquiring different skills, and had found ourselves to be competent in new and unexpected fields. When we were being released from military (or paramilitary) service, each of us separately was offered two or three new jobs. They paid better salaries than we could expect as professors, and in some ways they seemed to be more important. Without consulting each other, we thought over the proposals for some time, and then turned them down to return to Columbia. I never regretted this decision, and, as far as I know, neither did Moses Hadas; but it was not an easy decision to make. One consideration in particular made it difficult. We both remembered how, after the *first* World War, the young soldiers returning had piled into colleges and universities, not so much to study as to have a high old time; and how hard in that rackety atmosphere it had been both to teach them and to maintain the steady pace of scholarly research. We were afraid that the soldiers of the *second* World War—which was for Americans a far more serious and long-drawn-out affair than the first—might prove, when they entered college, to be unteachable, resistant to authority, and contemptuous of intellectual work. For us to return to Columbia as professors, and to find that we had to try to teach a gang of war-weary or war-hardened veterans, who had been long removed from the world of the mind and conditioned to reject or evade discipline wherever possible, would have been a sore trial. But things turned out exactly opposite. The ex-soldiers who came in on the G.I. Bill became the keenest and most intelligent students we had ever had, or even hoped to have. Those were the days when the humanities program in Columbia College really flourished. Moses Hadas and I both taught humanities as well as Greek and Latin; and in those postwar years we had the experience, so rare and precious for teachers, that we got from our classes almost as much stimulus as we gave them.

✪ GILBERT HIGHET is Anthon Professor Emeritus of the Latin Language and Literature at Columbia University. His most recent book, *Explorations,* is a collection of essays about literature, language and life. He is the author of *The Classical Tradition, Juvenal the Satirist* and *The Anatomy of Satire.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In ways like these, the academic life is rewarding. But it is undoubtedly difficult. The main reason is this. It forces us to combine two different activities. These demand two sets of qualifications, which are in some ways interconnected, but in other ways quite alien to each other. Learning is one of these activities, hard enough in itself. The other is teaching, also a hard job. Few men and few women have minds large enough and characters sufficiently firm yet flexible to cope with them both at once.

Consider first the life of learning. It is based on certain principles which people outside the academic field seldom fully understand or appreciate.

The first of these is *devotion:* devotion and diligence. The Germans pithily call it *Sitzfleisch,* "flesh to sit on," because they admire the willpower that keeps a man at his desk or laboratory table hour after hour, while he penetrates inch by inch to the heart of a problem. But many of us now find that *Sitzfleisch* is not so important as what newspapermen call "legwork"—the patient, unremitting pursuit of a set of facts from book to book, from one library to another, sometimes even from one country to another, until they are caught and nailed down. The principle is summed up in a quaint anecdote from a bygone era. In the year 1847 President Martin Routh of Magdalen College, Oxford, had reached the age of ninety-two without losing his faculties or his position as president. (He was so old that he remembered seeing Samuel Johnson as an undergraduate.) One of his students approached him with respectful deference, saying, "Mr. President, give me leave to ask a question I have sometimes asked of aged persons, but never of any so aged or so learned as yourself. Every studious man has had occasion to experience the special value of some one axiom or precept. Would you mind giving me the benefit of such a word of advice?" Routh thought for a while. Then he replied, "I think, sir, since you care for the advice of an old man, sir, you will find it a very good practice" (here he looked the student archly in the face) "*always to verify your references,* sir!"

Like most ideals, the ideal of devotion has its comic side. The classicist Ingram Bywater used to complain that some of his colleagues had "a dithguthting appetite for *facts.*" Both the nobility and the unworldliness of the devoted scholar are summed up in "A Grammarian's Funeral" by one of the greatest modern comic poets, Robert Browning. As the specialist in Greek grammar is carried to his grave, his students, bearing the bier, tell how even when he was dying he continued his research:

So, with the throttling hands of Death at strife,
  Ground he at grammar;
Still, thro' the rattle, parts of speech were rife.
  While he could stammer,
He settled Hoti's business—let it be!—
  Properly based Oun,
Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic De,
  Dead from the waist down.

Or it might be put in a livelier way. As Lord Halifax said, "The struggling for knowledge has a pleasure in it like that of wrestling with a fine woman."

It is amazing, and sometimes appalling, to lesser men when they see the exacting routine and the formidable achievements of such a devoted scholar. One of the most impressive in the classical field was Isaac Casaubon, who died in 1614 at the relatively early age of fifty-five, leaving a very moving diary of his daily work together with sixty handwritten volumes containing his notes on the Greek and Latin books he had studied. This was not mechanical copying, but intelligent abstracting and commenting. He himself declared that it was the only sure method of checking failures of recollection, adding, "No one knows any more than he holds in his memory." In modern science there have been many such paragons of diligence: for example, Thomas Hunt Morgan, who won the Nobel Prize for establishing the chromosome theory of heredity. Together with two student-colleagues, Bridges and Sturtevant, he reared hundreds of generations of *drosophila,* the fruit fly, through an unbroken series of seventeen years, keeping them in a single

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

room at Columbia, giving them an annual vacation at Woods Hole, and at last using one of the humblest of creatures to prove one of the most important facts about physical life on this planet.

There are two different methods of arranging and shaping a career thus devoted to scholarship. Some young scholars are not clearly aware of this difference, and do not know that they must make a choice.

Suppose you write a book on a large theme, which you feel to be important: the age of Jefferson; the concept of Mind; the theory of business cycles; West African kinship systems. Suppose, further, that it is reasonably well received, and that the publisher tells you he will have to reprint it. Of course you will correct any misprints and false attributions and factual errors which you and your reviewers have detected. But what more should you do? Now (if not before) you must make the decision. Should you make substantial changes in the book, to meet important objections raised by critics? And thereafter should you go on concentrating on the same subject, reading and (when invited) reviewing all the new books on it that other scholars bring out, searching for fresh material and new arguments to improve your original work, updating it every three or four years so that it goes into a second, a fourth, a sixth edition—in fact, should you spend your life rewriting your book, so as to ensure that it continues to hold a secure, perhaps even a dominating, place in the field?

Or, having once covered the theme, should you follow the example of Pontius Pilate, saying, "What I have written I have written"? And should you then move on and explore a different field, which presents the charm and the challenge of novelty?

To make the choice between these two methods is partly a matter of disposition, of character. The chemist Wilhelm Ostwald divided scholarly explorers into romantics and classics, implying that the different concepts of research held by different scientists were shaped by their temperaments. Will you decide (as Swift put it) to resemble a spider, spinning out endless webs from its own vitals, or a bee, visiting flower after flower and extracting a different sweetness from each of them? Will you be like those individualists one sees out west in Colorado and Wyoming, who dig their own little vertical mine shafts into the earth, and spend the rest of their days extracting ore from the same small vein? Or will you be a wandering prospector, trying first this mountain range and then that, never working out a single lode but always adventuring further forward?

The answer lies partly in your character; but also in your conception of strategy. It depends upon what kind of impact you wish to make in your own area of scholarship. For young scholars faced with such a choice, there is one device that may help them to decide. This is to study the careers of eminent men among their predecessors, and select one or two models to emulate. If they are Greek and Latin scholars, they may determine to follow the example of Housman, who spent most of his professional career in producing incisive and penetrating texts of three and only three Latin poets (whom, incidentally, he did not much admire); or they may rather choose to follow Norden and Wilamowitz, who produced a steady flow of ambitious books and interpretative articles, very rarely turned back to revise and re-edit any of their publications, and constantly surprised even their admirers by the novelty of their work and the fertility of their intellect.

It is good for us to study the lives of elder scholars. As well as giving us hints on career strategy, it helps to teach us the second principle of scholarship, which is *humility*.

The founder of scientific medicine, Hippocrates, stated the ground of this principle in the famous aphorism: "The life so short, the craft so long to learn." Never shall I forget a conference held by the New York Academy of Medicine, where I was privileged to hear some specialists discussing their Hippocratic craft. A friend presented me to the senior physician of the group,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New books from Harcourt Brace Jovanovich HBJ

Hannah Arendt
CRISES OF THE REPUBLIC

One of our most original political thinkers views the major American upheavals in three long essays—"Lying in Politics," "Civil Disobedience," and "On Violence" —and an interview, "Thoughts on Politics and Revolution." $6.95, paper $2.95

Andrew Billingsley and Jeanne M. Giovannoni
CHILDREN OF THE STORM

Black Children and American Child Welfare

This definitive history of the U.S. child welfare system charges that it is failing black children and should be reformed. Illustrated. $8.50

Harry S. Broudy
THE REAL WORLD OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

A realistic analysis of how positive reforms can be effected within the American public school system that serves 50 million students in 50 states. $8.95

Bruce Ennis
PRISONERS OF PSYCHIATRY

Mental Patients, Psychiatrists, and the Law

A young civil liberties lawyer examines the stigma of involuntary commitment to mental institutions and its effect on later lives through 12 dramatic case studies. Publication Nov.1. $6.95

Mary McCarthy
MEDINA

A startling account of a bizarre and frightening event, the sensational trial of Captain Ernest L. Medina, who was accused and acquitted of the charge of murder at Mylai. $2.45 paper

Walter Teller, Editor
TWELVE WORKS OF NAÏVE GENIUS

12 self-reliant, nonconforming Americans, including an escaped slave girl, a whaler's wife, and two painters, tell their own stories in a unique perspective on 19th-century American life. Illustrated. $7.95

Frank Hercules
AMERICAN SOCIETY AND BLACK REVOLUTION

A black scholar and educator rejects both revolution and enforced integration as solutions for racism in America. Includes controversial evaluations of black leaders on the spectrum from Martin Luther King to Huey Newton. Publication Nov.15. $12.95

S. I. Hayakawa
LANGUAGE IN THOUGHT AND ACTION

Third Edition

A revised and updated edition of one of the classic works on language written by the president of San Francisco State College. Publication Nov.1. $6.75

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who was about seventy-five years old, and told me that he was an expert on the structure and functions of the human brain. The old man smiled, and said, "If I live to be a hundred and retain my faculties, I think I might begin to understand something about the central nervous system."

Indeed, the problems that we study would be difficult enough even if they remained static; but they grow, and change, and interact, so that only a very immature or conceited scholar can now think of "mastering the subject." We should all do well to remember the snub administered by that fine Platonist William Hepworth Thompson to the arrogant young philosopher G. W. Balfour: "We are none of us infallible—not even the youngest of us."

The third principle of scholarship is far easier to apply now than it has ever been throughout history. This is *organization.*

The pattern of intellectual systematization was first set in the western world by Aristotle. Before him there had been small groups of specialists like the Hippocratic school of physicians; Plato and others had formed societies of intellectuals with shared interests; but it was Aristotle who first envisaged the world of knowledge as a whole composed of separate areas, each of which could be intensively studied; who realized that, before any one of these could be investigated, brute facts must be assembled; and who set his colleagues and students to assemble them. Most of us, in so far as we are scholars, are Aristotelians. Plato the poet wrote a book about an ideal state with a perfect constitution, created by his mind and the mind of his teacher Socrates—a state which, he acknowledged, would never come into existence unless by an almost messianic miracle. Aristotle, the physician's son, assisted by pupils and colleagues, collected the actual constitutions of one hundred fifty-eight real states; in his book *Politics* he drew conclusions from this factual material.

In establishing systematic research, one important further step was taken by the Greek scholars who worked in the Museum (the word meaning shrine of the Muses) in the new city of Alexandria. It was they who created the first great library in the Mediterranean world, sought for authentic manuscripts, collected texts, copied archives, and compiled hundreds of reference books. And they did not confine themselves to literature and history. Endowed by the Macedonian kings of Egypt, the Museum was the first university in our world, housing experts in mathematics and astronomy (Conon of Samos) and polymaths such as Eratosthenes, who calculated the circumference of the earth, set up the first systematic chronological scheme of history, and investigated the prime numbers.

It is really only in the last century and a half that modern scholarship has overtaken and passed the intellectual organization of those Alexandrian scholars. The chief modern representative of this ideal in the humanistic field was that imperial figure, the historian Christian Mathias Theodor Mommsen, who died in 1903 after a long and marvellous life of nearly ninety years, during which he accomplished as much as ten ordinary savants. His masterpiece of organization was to send teams of researchers all over the western world to collect and copy all the Latin inscriptions in existence. Working for more than a quarter of a century under his directing genius, they built up a collection covering many thousands of inscriptions, arranged in about forty huge tomes with superb indices—one of the greatest monuments of historical investigation ever created. Mommsen himself declared, "Scholarship suffers from waste of energy, as a plant suffers from a worm at its root. The remedy is organization and concentration." It is worth noting that he was born in a poor and lonely parsonage where he saw little of any other children except his two brothers and one sister, that he was educated at home by his father, and that he did not go to school until he was nearly seventeen. There, however, he joined a classicists' club, and realized for the first time (in his own words) that "men polish each other as diamonds do." When he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

became chairman of the little club he made a speech that contained a firm statement of the rule he followed throughout his career: *Immer strebe zum Ganzen!* "Work always toward completeness!"

Closely allied to this intellectual ideal is a fourth principle of scholarship. I write of it with some diffidence, because I have seldom been able to apply it. This is *collaboration.* Forty or fifty years ago (in the field I know best) a book would come out with one author's name, and with few if any acknowledgments—except to institutions of learning—in the preface. Now it is the accepted thing, particularly in Britain, for the author to thank three colleagues and friends for reading his book *in typescript,* two more for reading it *in proof,* and four or five others for discussing individual chapters with him after they were drafted. The result of this practice has been to raise the standards of scholarly precision very considerably, and, I believe, to engage scholars more deeply in their work.

Not only that. We have all known colleagues who, although learned and diligent, have been unable to put their learning down on paper. They always want to do a little more research before committing themselves, to rethink their interpretation of two or three major problems, to wait until somebody else's book appears, or to postpone writing until the blessed sabbatical arrives. Such men have a block. Sometimes collaboration with another scholar can make the block disappear. The two partners meet regularly. Each feels that he must produce something for the other to work with. A plan that frightens or discourages one man can easily be carried out by two. The drudgery, through being shared, diminishes. Each, from his experience, suggests methods that the other had not thought of. In such a case, two heads are ten times better than one.

No doubt there are exceptions: lonely geniuses such as Isaac Newton. He was twenty-two, living in a remote Lincolnshire village without intellectual companionship, when he worked out the binomial theorem, the principle of integral calculus, the composition of light, and the gravitational explanation of the motions of the moon. For such a man, you might think, scholarly collaboration must be unfruitful or impracticable; and indeed, he himself, when first invited to join the Royal Society, wrote in an immortal phrase that he was "reluctant to extend the circle of his acquaintance." And yet some of Newton's good work was done under the stimulus of criticism from Hooke, and some in response to the admiration and encouragement of Halley. These and other such men were in a certain sense Newton's collaborators. An incident from his later life illustrates this. The Swiss mathematician Jakob Bernoulli published two problems, and defied anyone in the scientific world to solve them within six months. Newton solved them both within twenty-four hours. His challenger was his collaborator.

The life of learning has many more ideals, some of them more difficult to define than these, and more difficult to attain. There is the gift of *interpretation,* which enables people from one culture to understand the inhabitants of another and alien culture. As a classicist I often envy a professor of Japanese in an American university, who can talk with a professor of American and English literature in a Japanese university, and I wish that I could just spend a few hours with an ancient Greek or Roman scholar, even a morning in the Museum of Alexandria. In those few hours I could clear up twenty questions that have bothered me for fifty years. There is also the priceless gift of hermeneutics, *discovery,* by which a few of us are enabled to locate and explore new fields of enquiry, to connect hitherto isolated data and give them fresh significance, to devise novel investigative methods that solve hitherto intractable problems. To possess and exercise that gift is the highest reward of the creative scholar.

Difficult and demanding, the principles

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of learning. But what of the principles of teaching?

They are different: occasionally they seem to conflict with the principles of scholarship.

For example, should a teacher manifest *humility*? Toward his subject, yes. Toward his pupils, certainly not. He knows far more than they do; and he usually works much harder. It is not uncommon nowadays, before a doctoral defense, to receive a dissertation that has been so carelessly written and proofread by the candidate that the examiner is forced to spend several hours checking and altering false references and correcting both spelling and punctuation. When you have to do such donkey-work for a student aspiring to the highest academic degree, you know very well who is the donkey, and you do not feel constrained to humility in his presence. No: the difficulty is to find a middle way, between decent modesty and necessary authority. Arrogance is always wrong. We should not think that teaching means "casting sham pearls before real swine." Or at least we should never say so.

As you grow older and presumably more distinguished, your relation with your students changes. Although inevitable, this is sometimes disconcerting; but you must adapt yourself to the change. Mannerisms and attitudes that were appropriate to a man or woman of thirty are usually quite inappropriate when he or she has turned fifty. I still recall attending a lecture-course on an important and difficult theme: the *Republic* of Plato. The lecturer used no notes, seldom glanced at the text, and delivered his informal, almost shapeless disquisitions, not standing at a lectern or pacing the platform, but perching jauntily on a table and swinging his legs. All right, perhaps, if he had been a brilliant youngster on whom informality sat well. But he was pudgy and balding and well over fifty years of age. It was impossible for the young to respect him: it was difficult even to listen to him with concentration. As he grew older, he should have modified his manner, and adapted it to the change in his age-relationship with his students; and so must we all.

Devotion to the subject is the one principle that inspires both sound learning and sound teaching. If one is really keen on a discipline, one's enthusiasm will usually communicate itself to the students. Even if they do not share it, and find the subject itself dull or repellent, they will become aware of the wider possibilities of intellectual adventure. They may not become disciples—or not immediately—but they will be moving along the road to conversion.

One warning. Devotion to a subject in the world of scholarship sometimes involves hatred of one's rivals. This should be excluded from lectures and from discussions with students, except just possibly on the graduate seminar level. To tell a captive audience how your last book was flayed and mutilated by a personal enemy, or to hang up the effigy of an absent scholar and shoot burning arrows at it, may relieve your own feelings, but will alienate the young people. Their interests are still divided between the academic cosmos and the larger world of moneymaking, social maladjustment, and political strife. Before they come to class, they have read the papers, or at least heard the radio. They have been told about a gigantic financial swindle, a race riot, a guerrilla war. If they see you getting excited because one of your pet theories has been hamstrung by somebody they have never heard of, they will certainly respect you no more than before, and may lose some of their interest in the subject you are trying to teach them.

Love of one's subject is best shown through constant intellectual *renewal.* The young are narrow-minded. The young are shortsighted. They cannot, without an exceptional effort, conceive how large and complex an important intellectual discipline is, what a wealth of material and multiplicity of problems it embodies; the teaching they get in high school tends to make them superficial, and to suggest to them that arduous long-term thinking and research are not necessary for higher

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mental achievement; they are bombarded by the outer world with trivial novelties in news, fashions, and entertainment; their inner life is distorted by the temptations of sex and drugs; and they tend to believe that we, their teachers, are "sot in our ways" and go on placidly doing the same sort of nothing year after year.

It is our duty therefore, indeed it is one of our chief functions as teachers, to show them that the world of the intellect is in constant flux, that our own minds are always meeting and grappling with new challenges, and that the most important part of our work is discovery and reinterpretation. A colleague tells me that he recently handed out a set of bibliographies dealing solely with new and stimulating articles in specialist periodicals—the periodicals that our students seldom read until they approach the Ph.D. degree, sometimes not then, nor even later. He ran through the titles, telling the young people what problem each article raised and how it was handled.

Silence. Astonishment.

Then one of them asked for more of the same, with the significant remark, "I never knew there was so much going on!" They had assumed that the world of scholarship was static or moribund, like those stars called "white dwarfs," which gleam faintly before they become dead, cold, black dots; and that we ourselves, if not dead, were at least cataleptic. Not so. Ours is a lively world, ringing with conflicts and buzzing with problems. One of the central principles governing both our teaching and our learning is incessant *renewal*. After a long career of strife and accomplishment, the first great Athenian, Solon, said that his last years were governed by this rule: "I grow old learning much and always learning."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New from Columbia

THE QUANTIFICATION OF CONCERN:
Some Aspects of Social Accounting
ELI GOLDSTON

A noted leader in American business and industry brings his experience and unique perspective to the question "How can society reorganize and harness the forces of government and the marketplace in order to achieve better social goals?"

A Carnegie-Mellon University publication $4.50

PUBLIC PAPERS OF THE SECRETARIES-GENERAL OF THE UNITED NATIONS
Volume 2: Dag Hammarskjöld, 1953-1956
ANDREW W. CORDIER AND WILDER FOOTE, EDITORS

The second volume in this series, and first of three to be devoted to Hammarskjöld, covers a key period in his development of the office and its influence on the foreign policy of all nations. $22.50

AN INTRODUCTION TO CHINESE CIVILIZATION
JOHN MESKILL, EDITOR, WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF J. MASON GENTZLER

A major new text on Chinese civilization. The first half of the volume contains a concise but detailed history of China by Dr. Meskill. The second half consists of ten separate essays by individual authorities on important aspects of Chinese civilization.

Companions to Asian Studies $17.50

BLACK SHORT STORY ANTHOLOGY
WOODIE KING, EDITOR

Twenty-nine stories from the 1950s and 1960s that bring the reader to a profounder understanding of the Black experience. $12.50

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

Address for orders: 136 South Broadway, Irvington, New York 10533

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New from Columbia

THE DISCONNECTED
PENN T. KIMBALL

An examination of the "disconnected"—the minority poor of the United States who rarely take part in the political process because of the voter registration system which, by its institutional structure, deliberately excludes them.
$10.00 cloth, $2.95 paper

JOHN FOSTER DULLES:
A Stateman and His Times
MICHAEL A. GUHIN

A reassessment of Dulles which shows a man above all responsive to his times, whose approach was constructed on the pragmatic standards of statesmanship and was not distorted by moralistic premises or narrow idelogical considerations. $12.95

THOMAS HARDY AND RURAL ENGLAND
MERRYN WILLIAMS

A discussion of Hardy's complex attitudes towards social change as mirrored in the obscure people of his Wessex villages. Ms. Williams shows how Hardy strove to preserve what was best in the past without perpetuating generations of injustice. $10.00

SPINOZA'S THEORY OF TRUTH
THOMAS CARSON MARK

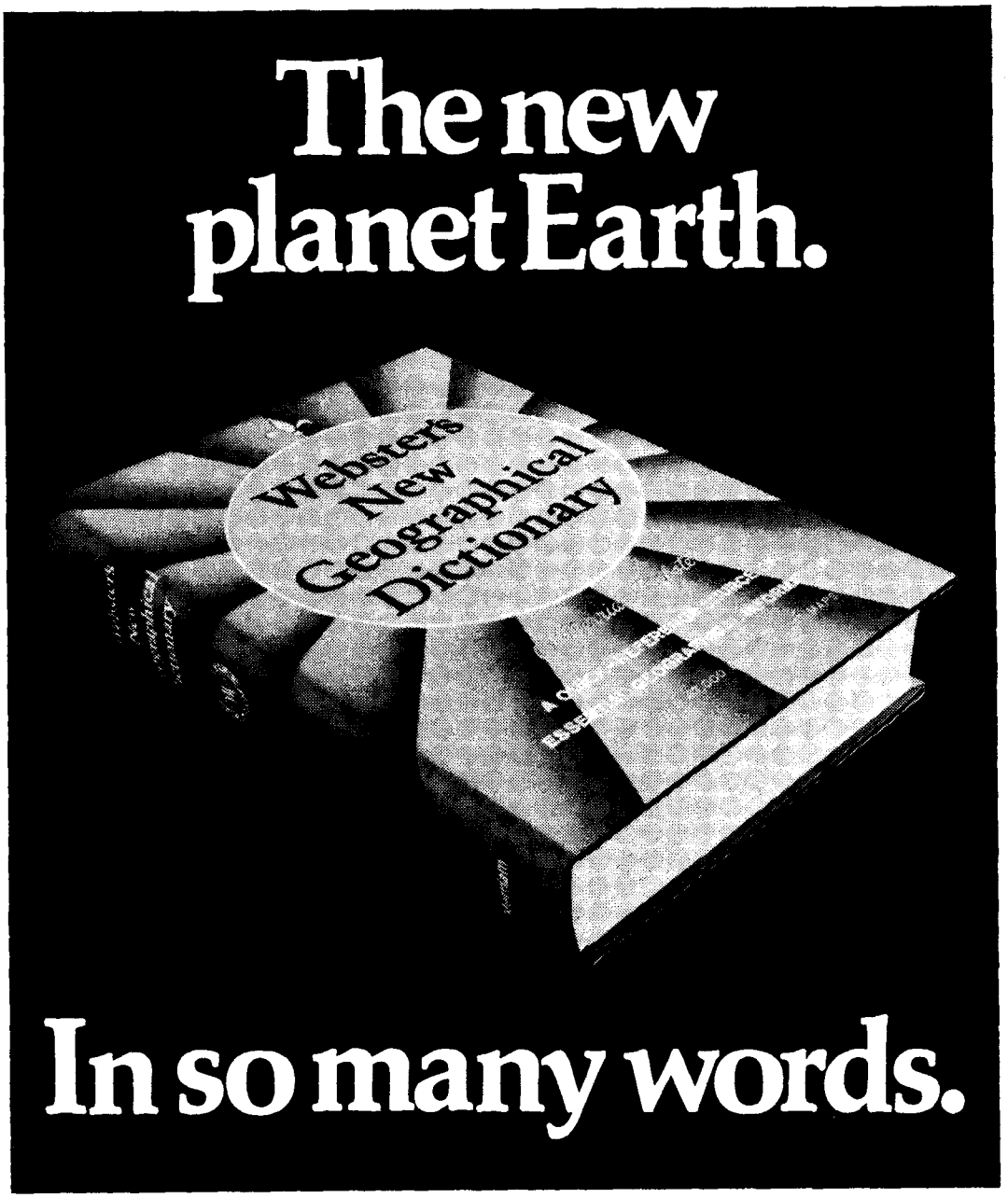
Challenging the assumption that Spinoza held a coherence theory of truth, this study offers a new view, placed within the context of Spinoza's entire system and in relation to theories current in his time. $7.00

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

Address for orders: 136 South Broadway, Irvington, New York 10533

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The new planet Earth.



In so many words.

Brand new. From Merriam-Webster. All the countries, regions, cities and natural features of the world in a single alphabetical listing that runs for 1,408 pages and contains over 47,600 entries and 217 maps. It's the most complete, up-to-date and accurate book of its kind, with over 15,000 cross-references, 1970 census figures, and 450 geographical terms translated from other languages. Whatever you're using now is out of date. *Webster's New Geographical Dictionary* is here. Look for it wherever fine reference works are sold. It can put a whole new world at your fingertips for only $14.95.

Merriam-Webster Dictionaries, Springfield, Mass. 01101

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Turkey-Gobbler Strut

A Dangerous Political Infection

GERALD W. JOHNSON

TO PLAY FAIRLY with the reader, a writer who touches any political subject in a campaign year ought to begin with a frank statement of his own position to make possible a reasonable discount for bias. Accordingly, I acknowledge that as a lifelong Democrat I regard the election of Senator George S. McGovern as rather to be desired. But as merely a Democrat, not as an item in either party's herd of livestock, I do not believe that a McGovern victory in November is essential to the salvation of the nation. The nation has already been salvaged. McGovern accomplished that in June, when he yanked his party out of the slave galley of the military-industrial complex and restored it to its rightful status as the party of inveterate opposition to war, famine, pestilence and Nixon. Re-equipped with a real opposition, the two-party system is restored, and with a real, not a nominal, two-party system the nation is reasonably safe, no matter what the name of the occupant of the White House for the next four years.

The point is that an alert, vigorous and intelligent opposition is a president's best immunization against that most insidious of political ailments, loss of perspective in relation to his own position. Humor, said Hazlitt, is comparable to the slave who stood behind Caesar in his chariot to remind him in the midst of his triumph that he was bald. That is probably the best immunizer of all, but our presidents, Lincoln excepted, have not been notable for a sense of humor, and a lively opposition is the next best protection against delusions of grandeur.

The incumbent of the office is a case in point. Every profes-

✪ GERALD W. JOHNSON, an essayist and historian who lives in Baltimore, has been speculating on political infections, dangerous and otherwise, for the SCHOLAR off and on for some years. His most recent book is *The Imperial Republic.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sional observer of American politics has taken note, some with approval, some with distress, of what they call Mr. Nixon's sharp turn to the left in the past year and a half. The designation is questionable. A sharply increased concern with problems that sharply concern the people seems rather to be a turn to the facts of life, but let that pass. Ever since his demand that the electorate give him a Republican congress was met with a flat refusal, Mr. Nixon has been struggling with the grievances of the people with marked assiduity, if less marked success.

Unquestionably, he is a chastened man. Therefore the possibility of his re-election may be viewed, if without enthusiasm, yet equally without fear that it would portend the collapse of the republic. More plausible is the theory that he would, like Coolidge and the singed cat, be better than he looks. Thus at the time of writing, in midsummer, a Democrat might expect to vote for McGovern, but with no faint impulse to commit suicide if Nixon wins.

In this comfortable frame of mind one may find it possible to look forward to the campaign with pleasurable, not to say gleeful expectations, for it bids fair to be one of the most entertaining in our political history. For one thing, the incidence of whirling dervishes on both party platforms already surpasses anything known since the first (1896) campaign of William Jennings Bryan, and this without forgetting the Bull Moose eruption of 1912, with its marches to Armageddon to the tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and the prayerful exhortations of George W. Perkins, Morgan partner and both financial backer and spiritual adviser of the movement.

This year, the announced withdrawal from the arena of Mrs. Martha Mitchell is a loss, but it is doubtful that she could have rivaled the entertainment value of Maryellin Lease, of the Bryan days. In any case, Maryellin's advice to the Kansas farmers, "Raise less corn and more hell!" is already being promulgated by voices sufficiently raucous. If, as some predict but others deny, the vice-president goes into action at the height of his form, we shall hardly miss Ignatius Donelly's long-worded and -winded eloquence, while the McGovern cohorts already include an amply sufficient contingent of Sockless Jerry Simpsons. Imagination balks at at-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tempting to guess what other apparitions may materialize, but it is small risk to prophesy that they will be numerous and incredible.

It is well within the bounds of probability that it will be a hard season on the humorless, but they live a hard life anyhow, mistaking the jarring of every passing oil truck for the first shudders of the crack of doom. Their own temperament dooms these poor wretches to months of intense suffering, and nothing can be done about it. It is immaterial that some of them see McGovern, and others Nixon, as the personification of the Foul Fiend. Their sufferings, like action and reaction, are opposite but equal.

It is possible, however, that as the campaign reaches its highest intensity, even the majority who usually maintain a fairly firm grip on reality may have moments of trepidation when the very earth seems to be giving way under their feet. When the bongo drums are reaching their highest intensity and the spinning witch doctors approach the speed of particles in a cyclotron, even a pretty hardheaded citizen may be swept by the excitement into making a fool of himself. It is very much in order then, indeed, it is elementary prudence, to consider whether there may be any factor in the situation that may act as a febrifuge, reducing the temperature of the body politic below the danger point.

One that comes to mind at once is the lack of novelty in the current manifestation. This holds good, even though it flatly contradicts the outgiving of numerous pundits who aver, "There never was anything like it before!" Bah! Something like it has been happening at intervals ranging from fifteen to thirty-five years since the first presidential election that was really contested, that of 1800. True, the exterior decorations, the trinkets and gewgaws that dazzle our eyes are always different, but the fundamental cause of the upheaval is always the same. It is a deep and wrathful disgust with the way the country has been ruled in recent years.

How pervasive it is, is a question that will not be answered conclusively until November 7, but the nomination of McGovern, contrary to the predictions of all the experts, is conclusive evidence that it is widespread. If it is strong enough to force his election,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

then one may say with assurance that we have been through another upheaval similar to those that occurred in 1800, 1828, 1876, 1912 and 1932. The election of 1860 was in a different class, for that one did provoke an effort to disrupt the Union. There is not the slightest evidence that anything of that sort threatens us today, so it is a reasonable assumption that, regardless of the outcome in November, the net result will be pretty much what it was after the other upheavals.

The election of 1876 also was a special case. Few historians today doubt that Samuel J. Tilden won that election. In the popular vote he had a majority of two hundred fifty thousand, but the electoral votes of three states were challenged and the matter was not referred to the House of Representatives, as the Constitution provides, but to an *ad hoc* electoral commission composed of eight Republicans and seven Democrats. Two of the challenges were supported by pretty strong evidence, but all three had to be thrown out to give Hayes an electoral majority of one vote. It was done, regardless of legality, because there was serious danger of a renewal of the Civil War unless the remnants of the Army of Occupation were removed from the South. Hayes was elected and the army was removed. There is no documentary evidence of a deal, but there wouldn't be. No participant in a job like that would leave written evidence.

In each of the other cases, what happened was the ejection of the group in power—in 1800 and 1828 not the party in power, for the parties had not yet crystallized—a group of men who were believed to have arrogated to themselves power that belonged to the electorate, and for several years thereafter there was a marked increase in at least outward deference to the will of the majority.

But after the passage of one to three decades it all had to be done over again, for in the land of political lotus-eaters that is Washington politicians tend to forget their politics and to assume that the power to rule the country is theirs by right, not by delegation. Thus they drift into the crime of *lèse majesté*, not recognized by the penal code, but punishable by political exile. Usually it is unconscious. It creeps upon the victim like an insidious dis-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ease, and when he is accused of arrogance he is genuinely astonished—which merely adds to the complainant's sense of outrage.

A peculiarity of the present situation is that the disgruntled cannot ease their surcharged bosoms by voting against the party in power because, since 1968, the feeling has been growing that both parties are about equally guilty of arrogating to themselves power that rightfully belongs to the voters. The sharp rebuke to the leadership of the Democratic party given by the nomination of the rank outsider, McGovern, is proof enough on that side. If Mr. Nixon is re-elected in November it will be because it is not as great, or certainly not as energetic, in his case.

Naturally, this analysis of the situation will be greeted with hoots of derision from professional politicians, Democratic or Republican. In all probability their scorn will be no pretense, but quite sincere, reflecting an actual belief that the suggestion offered here is ridiculous. But it must be taken into account that one reason for their unbelief is the embarrassing implication that they have been mismanaging their own business, just as any merchant who contrives to outrage more than half of his customers is thereby convicted of being a poor businessman.

Things move with such speed these days that by the time these lines come under the reader's eye they may seem as antiquated as a description of the battles between Commodore Vanderbilt and Daniel Drew, but as the time for the Republican convention drew near it was fairly clear that the issues on which the voting was likely to turn would be Vietnam, inflation as reflected in the high cost of living, unemployment, and the disaffection of various minorities, chiefly but not entirely ethnic. The displeasure of the Zionists, for instance, is not ethnic, nor strictly religious, for some Jews who are Zionists in politics are freethinkers in religion, and many who adhere to Judaism in religion are not Zionists in politics. The blacks, by far the largest ethnic minority, up to forty years ago were solidly Republican, so far as they participated in politics at all, and if they swung Democratic in 1932 it was not by reason of their devotion to the gold standard, or the protective tariff, but because Franklin Roosevelt—and especially his wife—showed them the respect that is due to people who are, *de jure* if

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not *de facto*, fully entitled to the rights of citizens of the first class. That is not a purely ethnic motivation.

Optimistic Republicans were predicting that Vietnam would not be an issue because the president, by some brilliant improvisation, would remove it before the balloting. Less optimistic observers regard that as rather a thin chance, but assume, for the purpose of argument that he does achieve, not merely a cease-fire, but a negotiated peace, signed, sealed and delivered. Will that remove the issue?

That depends on one's conception of the real issue. It is obvious that the war has grown increasingly hateful to an increasing number of Americans, but do they hate it simply because of its heavy cost in blood, money and time? The history of the country hardly justifies that assumption. This war has outlasted any in our previous experience, but we have spent more blood and more money in other military clashes without producing such an effect. The Civil War was the effect, not the cause, of a deep division in the country, and in the Second World War the resolution of the country hardened, not softened, after each lost battle.

Much more plausible is the theory that the present disaffection is based much less on the fact that we got into a long, frustrating and expensive struggle than on the way we got in. Our original involvement in Vietnam was due to the eccentric diplomacy of John Foster Dulles, and the effects President Kennedy inherited. But he did not inherit a war because President Eisenhower had been too wise to permit Dulles to throw troops into Southeast Asia. Kennedy did that on his own, at first only drill sergeants and commissioned officers as "advisers." There is some evidence that Kennedy grew very uneasy about the whole adventure and was edging toward withdrawal when the assassin's bullet struck. What is not guesswork is that his successor had no such qualms. Johnson increased the commitment and, once elected president in his own right, went at it in a big way.

All this was done by the relatively small group of men who held power in Washington, not all of the same party. Prominent among advocates of strong action was Richard M. Nixon, who

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had a large following among Republicans. But it was done without any consultation with the electorate, not even with the constitutionally ordered formality of asking for a declaration of war from Congress. The nearest approach was after the Tonkin Gulf incident when, at the request of the president, Senator Fulbright—of all people!—put through a resolution authorizing the president to use all necessary force to repel attacks on our warships. Later Fulbright became convinced that the "incident" on which his resolution was based was of doubtful authenticity, but that is a detail of no great importance as regards the real issue.

The real issue was whether the people's right to rule, which they necessarily delegate to certain agents chosen by ballot, had been arrogated to themselves by those agents. A declaration of war is so momentous a function of government that the Constitution denies it to the executive. He may request the legislature to do it, but it is only a request, never a demand. But President Johnson never requested authorization to make war on North Vietnam and received only the right to repel attacks on our forces.

That issue remains and will remain even if an armistice shall be arranged at once and a formal peace established before Election Day. We cannot erase the past, but we can make a repetition of the mistake less probable by an unmistakable declaration that it was a mistake.

The other issues are less sharply defined, but through all of them this same question is raised. Inflation and unemployment, for instance, raise the question of whether the economy, to the very large extent that the government can affect it, is being managed in the interest of the whole people, or only in that of a favored few. Is race prejudice—a term more exact than that vague and wooly "racism"— being subtly encouraged to undermine the Fourteenth Amendment's decree that no citizen of any state shall be denied the rights and privileges enjoyed by citizens of the United States?

So, also, with the rest. All of them, on analysis, come down to the one question, "Who's running the show, anyhow, and for whose benefit?" Does the final power still rest in the hands of the people,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or has it been arrogated to themselves by the people's agents, to be used to the profit of their friends and accomplices?

How seriously this question is being taken by the country as a whole is a question that can be answered with finality only when the ballots are counted in November, but the whole campaign is, and must be, directed by the Republicans to provide an answer favorable to President Nixon, and by the Democrats to provide an answer favorable to Senator McGovern.

Here is a guess, however, that by and large, the answer will be favorable to the people. That guess is not based on the statistical analyses of Dr. Gallup, or any other of the popularly accredited soothsayers, still less on the outpourings of the tub-thumpers on the hustings. It is based in part on the political history of the republic, and in part on the essential reasonableness of the people's demand.

For what was it that they required in the previous upheavals that were direfully pronounced apocalyptic and turned out to be only mildly reformist, and what do they require today? Only a modicum of politeness in their chosen agents.

Do they repudiate leadership? Far from it. They adore leadership and search for it constantly. Do they loathe dictators? Not a bit of it. By general consent the most dictatorial president in our history was Andrew Jackson, whose popularity steadily mounted until at the end of his eight years he was able to dictate the election of Martin Van Buren as his successor. Does their commitment to democracy, like that of the sansculottes, mask a thirst for the blood of aristocrats? Nonsense! The three American presidents who came nearest to making their lightest word the law of the land, Washington, Jefferson and the second Roosevelt, were all aristocrats, but all approached the people with a punctilio that Chesterfield could not criticize.

The perfect diagnosis of our current malaise is to be found, I believe, not in the record of any exalted figure in history, but in the fall of a far more obscure personality, Roscoe Conkling, a Senator from New York, now forgotten, but in his time regarded as a very Goliath of politics, who spent eighteen years in Washington, four in the House and fourteen in the Senate. In

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his early days he earned his reputation for he laid out the opposition in windrows; but by little and little he came to regard power as his, not by delegation, but by divine right, and in the end he was brought down by a gibe. It was when an opponent, with deadly accuracy, objected to "his haughty disdain, his grandiloquent swell, his majestic, supereminent, overpowering turkey-gobbler strut."

Alas, it seems that the Turkey-Gobbler Strut may justly be described as an occupational disease among American politicians, regardless of party, who have lived too long in Washington. It is not always politically fatal, but its mortality rate is high, and it sometimes results in banishment to the quarantine station of a man showing few, if any symptoms of infection, but known to have been in close contact with strutters in the terminal stage. For proof of this, ask Humphrey.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The China Nixon Didn't See

NEVILLE MAXWELL

THE SLOGANS ARE UBIQUITOUS, inescapable—on walls, in windows, picked out in skyline lettering, they flash and linger on the retina: Drink Coca-Cola; Play Sony; Try a Little VC10-derness. Cross the border from Hong Kong into China, from one world to another, and slogans await there too, white on fresh red hoardings, fading on old walls, picked out in stones on a hillside: not so ubiquitous, not nearly so insistent, but now tantalizing—illegible.

So it becomes a set task of my interpreter, waiting at Canton station, to translate slogans: Serve the People; Dare to Think, Dare to Act; Put Politics in Command; Eradicate Bourgeois Ideology, Foster Proletarian Ideology. China is more important to the world as an idea than as a place, and these slogans look like the first clues to the nature of the idea.

But what do they mean? Even when translated, some of them remain opaque. Eradicate Bourgeois Ideology. This is put to me again as one of the themes of what is described as their own "ideological remolding" by a group of young workers in a textile factory. I have been through the factory, noted the machines the workers have recently evolved or modified to speed production, drunk many cups of green tea and taken down columns of production figures.

These indicate that there has been a marked surge since the last years of the 1960s, and this is explained primarily in terms of the changed attitudes of the workers themselves and their mates. They use the phrase, and I ask: what exactly is meant by "eradicating bourgeois ideology"? A moment's discus-

✪ NEVILLE MAXWELL, senior research officer at the Institute of Commonwealth Studies at Oxford University, and author of *India's China War*, spent nine weeks in China at the end of 1971.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sion in Chinese, then an answer: "Well, it means stop thinking like a bourgeois." That seemed circular. "But what does it mean to you? What is the characteristic that for you sums up what you call bourgeois ideology?" No discussion this time, but an instant and unanimous answer in a word: "Selfishness."

The other part of the slogan translated itself; "proletarian ideology" must mean selflessness. So the slogan I first saw blazoned on a new bridge in Canton, lumpy and jarring in English, needed a double translation. Language first, and then from the idiom of politics into what we would call ethics. It then came out as something like, Forget Yourself, Think of Others, a rephrasing of the key injunction issued by Chairman Mao Tse-tung in 1967, climactic year of the cultural revolution: Fight Self, Fight Self-Interest.

The slogans are only a visual echo of a profound educational effort, sustained constantly and in every quarter of the society. The lesson starts in the kindergarten, where the toddler is encouraged not only in self-reliance but in its necessary complement, mutual aid—and those are two more of the most insistent maxims in China. The teaching goes on through every stage of life, persistent, but never, it seems, hectoring; in songs and dances, in city theaters or the open air, where the traveling troupes act for the nomads I met in the grasslands of Inner Mongolia; in the study sessions that are daily—and sometimes twice daily—held in every factory or workshop, every rural village, in any lane or courtyard of the cities.

The favorite texts are the "three constantly read articles" by Mao: "Serve the People," a threnody on the accidental death of a Long March veteran, of which the essential message is "all people . . . must care for each other, must help and love each other"; "In Memory of Norman Bethune," a Canadian surgeon who died in 1939 while working with the Communist Eighth Route Army, and of whom Mao said, "We must all learn the spirit of absolute selflessness from him"; and "The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains," a fable of peasant perseverance and Homeric optimism.

These are the basic lessons of a didactic drive aimed at nothing

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

less than the construction of a new morality, driving out the values of the old order and replacing them with principles for conduct and attitude that will reflect and reinforce the exaltation of public welfare over private interest.

This, then, is the idea that China embodies now. The Chinese see and express it in political terms. But essentially the concepts are moral.

Exhortation is the smaller part of the teaching, which relies primarily on example. Example, indeed, and emulation, provide the dynamic of Chinese society, which has no place whatever for competition—unless the ghost of competition is seen in the emulation of excellence. But excellence lies in *attitude* far more than in achievement; it is the spirit in which tasks are tackled that counts, not the quantity or even quality of work done.

Even less is excellence related to the kind of work; no occupation in China now has kudos attached to it—except manual labor. This, which always has been—and remains—the theme of existence for the masses, is in China the great leveler, antidote for the impulses of self-aggrandizement (what we could call ambition) or self-indulgence, which are seen as the essence of the "bourgeois." So a man is bourgeois not because he or his background in the old order was middle-class, but because he in some, or every, way puts himself above the common good. Thus, as Mao put it, a change from one class to another can be accomplished by a change of feelings.

If nine weeks of travel in China brought me to that interpretation of the idea of the society, I had made also a journey in political self-exploration. Perhaps this should be so for every Western inquirer there—he may find himself even more alien to China in social attitude than in race or nationality. In the *Quotations* of Mao (there is no better *Baedeker* for travel in China, in both dimensions) one comes across this: "In class society every kind of thinking, without exception, is stamped with the brand of class"; and in myself, as in the reactions and writings of kindred visitors, I saw that sometimes demonstrated. Skepticism is crucial for the writer; but beneath skepticism may sometimes lie a search for grounds for disbelief that is defensive, at bottom self-serving.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For if China is what it appears to be, then the challenge China throws at our own society and all who live well within it, is profound.

But there must be skepticism. If Chinese society appears harmonious as well as dynamic, relaxed as well as equal, must it not be somehow deceptive? Utopia means "no-place"; there must be a fallacy here. Human nature—how about that? The Chinese have their answer ready; they have, after all, thrashed out these questions as long as anyone. Your "human nature," they say, is the misshapen thing your own society requires it to be—competitive, in-turned, uneasy, limited. "We don't think in terms of human nature but of human capacities—and we think those are limitless."

By transforming his thinking in accordance with the moral norms and material aspirations of revolutionary society, man vastly increases his capacity for action—for invention and creation as well as for labor. Thus the transformation of the inner world of man makes possible—indeed entails—the transformation of the objective world of his environment. In Marx's phrase, man becomes the sovereign of his circumstances. So if the inner landscape of Chinese man is changing, this should be reflected, demonstrated, in the physical landscape of China.

In the modish terms of agricultural development, then, red revolution becomes green revolution? Even from the train, smooth if somewhat leisurely to Peking, the answer is clear. Perhaps the settled Chinese countryside has always looked like an endless panoramic garden, but it is changed. The crabbed fields of traditional Asia, stunted progeny of countless centuries of subdivision, have gone, replaced by broad sweeps of cropland divided only according to the requirements of farming. There are still tiny, "ten-sided" fields, as the Chinese call them, dug out of odd corners, sandwiched between rocks, elongated alongside roads or railways, or perched on the shoulders of seemingly inaccessible hills. But these express not the struggling peasant farmer's search for land, but the community's resolve that no patch of ground, however unpromising, should go to waste.

Gone too is the other sign of the poor peasant economy, the solitary figures, dwarfed by the landscape, toiling alone. The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

characteristic sight now is that of a team, from a dozen to several score, men, women and, at high season, children, working together. Sometimes, and especially when at constructional rather than seasonal jobs—breaking new ground, digging a channel or sinking a well—they fly red banners, expressing and fortifying the élan with which such work is tackled.

If the rice and cotton fields, size apart, must look much as they always have, the myriad assertion of *trees* on the landscape is wholly new. Copses, avenues, plantations, whole forests, planted, tended, endless in their numbers and variety—it is as if every Chinese has planted at least a hundred trees, and has only just begun.

The social organization behind all this is the people's commune—and wherever you go in rural China you are in a commune. I visited sixteen, in five provinces and Inner Mongolia; some I had singled out myself, some the Chinese had suggested; others I saw because, finding a gap in a well-packed program, I would call in on a village at random, unannounced and unexpected. Walking across the fields to a team, this one mostly of women and youngsters, stripping jute—I notice the older women have brought low wooden stools for comfort. They stop and cluster, friendly, invite me to the village—tea again.

By the time we get there, half a mile away, three members of the revolutionary committee, the leadership of this unit of the commune, have come in from the fields at the double to greet me. Pleased, curious, gratified by a stranger's interest—no foreigner has come to the village before—welcoming. Chairs and a table are brought into a sunny courtyard outside the granary, once a landlord's house.

When I say I want to talk about the commune, spontaneously they begin with the history of their tiny corner of the revolution; then they give direct replies to specific questions about crop yields, income, and its distribution: How much to the emergency fund? How much for capital accumulation? How much distributed to the members? The secretary brings his books. Problems? "Well, yes, we're still waiting for a tractor. We ordered one—a 'walking tractor'—two years ago, but everyone wants one now. It's not so

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bad, though; we've started electric ploughing." What on earth is that? "We connect up electric motors to winches and use those to pull the ploughs—much faster and better than cattle; we do almost all our fields that way now."

(Whatever suspicions they bring, most Western visitors to China seem to become convinced that things are not staged for them—the difficulty is to convince others who have not been to China. I never felt that any attempt was being made to mislead or deceive me; and those random calls in unexpecting villages confirmed that what I saw and heard in prearranged visits was no different, in content or feel, from what I would get if unannounced.)

The communes are organizations, not institutions. They were the culmination of the Chinese peasantry's steady move along the path of collectivization after 1949, from the "mutual aid team," a pooling only of labor and a few tools and animals, through the cooperatives, where land too began to be pooled, to the "advanced cooperatives," where ownership of the land began to be vested in the collective. And then, by all the evidence, spontaneously, these advanced cooperatives began in 1958 to federate so as to be able to take on the big schemes of irrigation and land reclamation called for in "the great leap forward." These took the name "people's commune," were investigated, approved and commended by the leadership ("Communes are fine," said Mao, for once prosaic). Within a year, after an extraordinary burst of organization, all of China was structured into communes.

Since then there have been many modifications, even reversals; urban communes no longer exist because the structure was found unsuitable for cities; I saw no communal dining hall, and heard of none in use now. They had been tried in the first impetuous rush and, like much else, discarded as impractical. "We really should aim at having them again," said Mrs. Sung, one of the remarkable leaders of the exemplary Tachai Brigade in Shansi. "They make sense—but they won't work until they can cater to everyone's different taste, and even then probably some people would eat at home."

There are now just over sixty thousand communes, and from

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what I saw of them, they are flexible and sophisticated organizations, democratically run, the vehicles for a continuing revolution both in farming techniques and in peasant attitudes. They are at once the apex of the collective structure and the base of the administration, combining the roles of the lowest unit of government (the old *hsiyang*) with that of organizing and rationalizing production. The commune is responsible for education, health and hygiene, defense (it runs the militia), farming and all the "side occupations," which can range from beekeeping to noodle-making to cormorant fishing; and also for the proliferating range of a light industry, using local raw materials and sources of power, which, under the maxim of self-reliance, is beginning to industrialize China's countryside.

But it is in the field of development projects, conceived, planned and carried out under local resources, that the communes' achievement has been most dramatic. Diking rivers or even straightening out their bends to create new arable land, tunneling and throwing up dams, digging reservoirs and systems of connecting channels ("melons on a vine"), establishing plantations and tree belts against erosion—there seems no practical limit to what the villagers of China will now take on.

The hamlet or village (described as a "production team") is still almost universally the basic unit of the communes, the element in which ownership of land is vested. From six to a dozen or more of these teams will comprise a production brigade (the size varying with local conditions), and these, totaling at least several hundred families, are able independently to take on such tasks as the local sectors of river control projects, and also to provide services—schools, clinics, workshops, shops, and pensions, loans and grants—to the members or teams. The commune itself is a federation of these brigades, able to call on the labor and resources of all for projects of common benefit, to cooperate with other communes in even bigger schemes, and to begin developing substantial industrial projects as well as a fuller and more developed range of services for all members.

The sense of community is tangible in the communes. The structure appears to give the members the feeling of participa-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion and control. The leadership at each level is elected, and full meetings of the teams are held several times a month, brigade meetings only a little less often; it is at these meetings that such matters as the division of income between capital accumulation, community services and distribution to members are decided.

Meetings of the commune as a whole are unmanageable as a rule (tens of thousands or more are involved), but the commune leadership is elected by the membership, and keeps in close operative contact with the brigades. Since the cultural revolution, the leadership of the communes is almost always entirely drawn from within; there are no more "directors" appointed from above.

In all but a very few "advanced" brigades, the peasant family maintains its private plot—allotted, not owned—making up in sum about six percent of the commune's land. This provides a family with vegetables or the like for its own consumption (often tobacco is planted), and can also be an additional source of income since surplus produce is saleable to the state.

Ideologically the private plot is now seen to be neutral, a practical device rather than a concession to the "spontaneous capitalist tendencies," which, as Mao saw, the peasants sometimes demonstrated in the early years after liberation. "The peasant's emotional attachment to his land," upon which so many sympathetic Western agronomists have placed so much emphasis, has been shown in China to have been largely mythical—or perhaps to have been circumstantial rather than innate, like a mid-Atlantic swimmer's attachment to his life belt. What the Chinese peasant can now be seen to care about is the level and content of his life, and by all the evidence I saw, he has been wholly convinced that that is best served by collective ownership and communal effort.

The cultural revolution was concerned above all with attitudes. The old hierarchical society and all its institutions had been swept away, but, like roots beneath a hastily weeded field, the attitudes that reflected and upheld the old society persisted in the new, and by the mid-1960s were confidently sprouting. The cultural revolution, in all its far-ranging turmoil, harrowed and weeded the social

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ground again. It was a second revolution, as momentous as the first although it took place primarily in the dimensions of thought and attitudes rather than of institutions. And the cultural revolution—which the Chinese see as a continuing process—has its own special institutions—the May 7th cadre schools (named after the day in 1966 on which Mao Tse-tung pointed to the need for them).

If the people's commune is the key instrument for the transformation of both the outer and inner worlds of the Chinese people, the cadre school is the society's fundamental fail-safe device. It is the institution designed to prevent the reseparation of government and governed that would undo the revolution—to prevent the bureaucracy from becoming, as it has in Russia, a new ruling class.

In a cadre school, manual labor is the headmaster and the pupils are officials and brainworkers. The principle is that all those whose occupations or positions of leadership tend to separate them from the masses should return regularly to field or factory work. All cadres except those who are old, weak, ill or disabled, should get down to manual labor again, Mao suggested, and a network of cadre schools was accordingly set up. Every ministry in Peking has its cadre school somewhere in the countryside, and so do departments of provincial governments and city administrations.

There are no teachers at the cadre schools, no staff. Field work, and work in the workshops and small factories that the schools have set up, is one source of teaching. Then, "There are teachers everywhere in the countryside around us," one of the elected leaders of my cadre school pointed out. He meant the local peasants, especially those who had been among the great mass at the bottom of the social pile before liberation. "They have good moral attitudes, they have know-how, and they work hard," he said. "Our cadres compare themselves very badly with the peasants, but they learn from them." But it is by no means all manual work and no study at the cadre schools. Regular sessions of several hours a day are spent on the group or private study of the Marxist classics.

At a May 7th cadre school I visited they force-feed ducks for the favorite dish of the people of Peking. They also rear pigs, grow peanuts, provide for themselves all of their meat, cooking oil and vegetables; and, on the fields they have created out of sand dunes,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they grow more than half the rice that their one-thousand-odd intellectuals, appetites sharpened by manual labor, can eat in a year. But recently the leadership invited criticism and was inundated, the main complaint from the members being that the school was stressing production instead of the ideological education that should be its main function.

When the system shakes down, every official (which means women as well as men) will spend regular periods at a cadre school, a sort of sabbatical—but more frequently than one in seven years. At present the cadre schools are not functioning really as intended. They are serving also as catchment centers for those whose jobs or institutions were done away with during the cultural revolution, and as a result too many of the people I met had been at the school too long. For example, one young woman, a teacher at a "spare-time school" (for adults) before the cultural revolution, had been at the cadre school two years. She had had a baby in this period, but was still separated from her husband and other child who lived in Peking. She spent at least one weekend a month at home, but plainly her family was one, perhaps one of many, still caught up destructively in the turbulence of the cultural revolution.

It is not only at the cadre schools that manual labor is central to education; since the cultural revolution it has been programmed intensively into every stage, beginning in kindergarten (if training the children to keep their rooms tidy and clean counts). Primary school children can be seen gardening in the vegetable plots that supply their own meals, or carrying sand for the foundations of an extension; at the secondary level, the children leave school for a fortnight or even a month and take their places doing light work in factories. In the universities the principle goes as far as half study, half work; students run their own workshops, maintain their own farms, and spend a month or so each year back in the communes or factories—"back," because now there is no other way to the university except from the field or workbench.

"We found the old way, the 'life of three doorways', had come back," said a professor at Peking University, meaning the doors to the school, the university and then to an office career. He was recalling what the university had become before it was caught up

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in—indeed became a seedbed for—the cultural revolution. Cork-like, irrepressible, the bourgeoisie had reasserted itself. Bookish, attuned to examinations, ready to serve the people still perhaps, but only if that could be done with clean hands, students from middle-class backgrounds were found to be almost dominating in the universities. This reflected too the bourgeois attitudes toward the university—and therefore toward society itself—which had continued strongly entrenched in the faculties.

It is here, perhaps, in the universities or other academic institutions, that the middle-class foreigner is most likely to find himself trying to empathize with the few, the elite deprived of status, the elite *manqué*. In China now these people could feel themselves among the deprived. But what they miss, the vast mass of their compatriots never had; and what the great mass of the Chinese now have, those who were bourgeois have too—material sufficiency and a conscious and creative role to play in the consolidation and development of the new society.

From the fields, back to the fields. In every commune I visited I met educated youngsters from the cities, often university graduates, some of whom expected to stay in the commune, others who would eventually move on to other work. These young people bring mechanical skills and often scientific techniques to the rural areas, and are among the key agents in the effort to close the manifold gaps between urban and rural ways of life and thought—to erase the distinction between worker and peasant.

Again projecting one's own attitudes, one looks for signs that these educated youngsters may be unwilling exiles in the rural back-of-beyond, putting up with the cold comforts of farm life because they have to. There must be some like that, but those I met seemed wholly at one with their adopted environment. Many were doing those jobs in the communes for which their training made them especially fitted. Often they were "barefoot doctors," the paramedical, volunteer—and unpaid—health workers who underpin the commune clinic services; or they were working in the small factories and workshops that are pushing the communes and regions toward self-sufficiency. But even so, they are no different from, certainly no more important than, other commune members.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Take a group of girls, all about twenty, with whom I spent an hour at the "Valley of Stones" brigade in Hopei province, one in particularly hard land, within steep hills closely pocked with rocks. I met them first as they walked back for the lunch break from their work in a "shock team," or work commando. They were tunneling into the next valley so that their brigade could use tractor and trailer to bring in soil for the fields it was terracing out of the hills, rather than having to carry it in basket loads on shoulder poles. I called on them at home in the evening—they shared a two-room house—and asked them how they had adapted to the ways of the countryside and the country people. They laughed at the memory of what they had been when, only two years before, they came to the brigade: "We couldn't even carry one bucket without splashing the water." How had the villagers treated them? (I was thinking in terms of distrust, even animosity, imagining perhaps what it would be like for young city girls transplanted to an Indian village.) "They worried about us at first, we had to learn so much, but they helped us." The girls saw their families in the cities only once a year, for a couple of weeks, but plainly they felt their lives to be in the village now—where, they explained with giggles, they all expected to marry in due course.

My question about marriage may have been out of place. The emphasis in China is now strongly on late marriages. A twenty-eight-year-old chemist, back in Shanghai from a purchase mission for his factory, invited me in for a talk and tea. Making my way down a lane in Shanghai (not easy passage because of the earth piled over the long air raid shelter that ran down the middle), I had greeted him in his doorway. He had stayed overnight at his parents' house. His father, now retired, was responsible for recording all the electricity consumption in the locality and was out on his rounds noting the meter readings. (There always seems to be occupation and relevance for the aged, in helping to provide the close network of communal services that in China does so much of the work that the state or municipality is responsible for here.) When I asked the young man why, at twenty-eight, he had not married, he put it in terms of late marriages being "better." Who said they were better? Well, population could be a problem, and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

late marriages were part of the answer. He was a member of the Communist party. Had he met anyone he wanted to marry? Yes, and luckily, he said smiling, she thought they should wait another year or so too.

There are air raid shelters everywhere in China, and while I was there it seemed that there was a sudden intensification of shelter construction; fresh piles of earth appeared on Peking's streets, and in Shanghai whole neighborhoods seemed to be tunneling under city blocks. Working at night by floodlight, every factory was extending or strengthening its shelter. This activity appeared to reflect a sudden tightening in the Sino-Soviet deadlock, with China's rejection of a Russian proposal for another summit meeting to discuss the boundary question. My visit had started in Peking with a purposeful foreign policy orientation on my side, and the officials responsible for my program advised me to talk about foreign affairs in the communes and factories too. I found there an interest and familiarity with such subjects that was often astonishing. This familiarity derived, I found, from the regular read-and-discuss sessions over the newspapers and a journal, restricted in circulation until recently to cadres and party members (and secret so far as foreigners were concerned), which runs long extracts from foreign newspapers, books and agency reports.

Everywhere I talked about China's position in the world I found a predominant concern with the danger of attack from the "social imperialists" (the Russians), a conscious focusing on Mao's warning, "Be prepared for war, be prepared for natural calamities," on the northern and western frontiers. Everyone seemed aware of the Soviet troop and missile concentrations along the borders and in Mongolia, and the people as a whole seemed braced, although stoically rather than tensely, for war. But Mao's linkage of war with "natural calamities" is apposite in many senses: stockpiles and regional and local self-sufficiency would serve both contingencies; and besides, the Chinese do look on war as an event as much beyond their control as an earthquake, to be met and dealt with as it comes. The conceived context is always that of attack on China, probably invasion, and the Chinese know how it will have to be met if it comes—by people's war.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This concern with what is felt as the threat from Russia relegates to second place any interest in the United States, even, when I was there (through October and November, 1971), in President Nixon's coming visit. I usually had to bring it up, but when I did, the impression was strong that although a consensus had been reached, it reflected vigorous initial disagreement, even contention, about the proposed visit. The consensus expressed was that China's agreement to allow Nixon's visit was wholly consistent with her past policies (it was always emphasized that it was he who had asked to come, and it was pointed out that the Chinese had agreed, not invited in the initiative sense). The proposed talks were put in the context not only of the sixteen years of the Warsaw exchanges with the Americans ("If we talk at lower levels it would be irrational to refuse to talk at the level where decisions are taken"), but also of the negotiations with Chiang Kai-shek into which Mao and his colleagues entered at the beginning of the civil war. And all this comment was informed by a sense of vindication—which became triumph with the admission of Peking to the United Nations —in the perception that Nixon's coming was admission of the failure of America's twenty-year siege of China. It was seen, then, as a journey to Canossa. But the Chinese would not make Nixon stand in the snow, for that is not their style; they would politely bring him indoors, and listen to what he had to say.

Confidence, then, was the overwhelming keynote of all the impressions of China. Confidence in the resilience of the state to meet and survive attack. Confidence in the capacities of liberated man, the almost Promethean will expressed in the lines from Mao I saw set in a soaring aqueduct of the Red Flag canal system, among the most dramatic demonstrations of local initiative in China:

> Bitter sacrifice strengthens bold resolve.
> Which dares to make the sun and moon shine in new skies.

To be seen straight, China must be viewed through the past. The Chinese themselves insist on this, and reminders and recollections of the time before liberation are deliberate and sustained. Some communes, even brigades, have little exhibition halls. Sketches and models, usually made by the teachers and children, illustrate

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the tyranny of the landlords, their unbridled power and the cruelty with which they exercised it. A series of drawings tells the history of one of the village families before liberation, and through this, of the village itself. "It was work for the landlords, no bed at night, sell your daughters, live as beggars." A glass case contains a beggar's bowl, a landlord's false-bottomed measuring baskets, the wooden pillow one family used for eighty years—and, prominently, a homemade rifle, memento and symbol of the day when the villagers, responding to the first Red guerrillas, began their long struggle to what they call, and intensely feel as, liberation. More commonly than such exhibitions, recollection sessions are used to evoke the bitter past. Village elders recount to the young their life under the old regime, with the moral expressed: But for the Communist party, but for Chairman Mao, so it would be still.

But "village elders" misleads—it is all so close in time, although so far removed from the actuality of the present. "I was a slave until liberation": and that not from a graybeard, but from Pili-chau, a Mongol of thirty-seven, whom I spoke to among the crew of an open-hearth furnace in the Paotow steel mill, and later visited at home. Born, the third generation, into slavery, he had served one of the cattle lords of the grasslands until he was fifteen. Then, freed when the Red Army came to Inner Mongolia, he had joined up, and after seven years was discharged to become a steelworker. With spells at a technical institute and another steelworks behind him, he lives with his family (wife, mother and four children) in a little three-room house for which he pays two percent of the family's income as rent. His wife, also Mongol, is a pneumatic driller in the plant. Plainly, he feels his house a palace.

For the traveller, then, who sees China against the backdrop of her recent past, or against his own knowledge of what other parts of Asia are today, the impact is powerful. (Until I saw Shanghai, teeming but brisk, clean and humanly purposeful, I had imagined the pullulating miseries of Calcutta to be beyond remedy.) The Chinese confidence that they are on the right path, that their achievements are only a beginning, and will one day be seen as relevant for all mankind, is telling.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But as the Westerner articulates such reactions, he hears his own echoes of the past—the voices of those who went to the Soviet Union and proclaimed a vision of a brave new world. The liberal political imagination was deeply bruised, perhaps maimed, by the discovery, often self-delusively late, of the failure of the Soviet revolution, and there is a consequent tendency to see the phenomena of the new China through the distorting lens of Russian developments. But because revolution has failed once—or indeed a thousand times—does not mean that it must always fail. As the Chinese see it, they have fought and won the first great battle against the seed of betrayal with which every revolution is pregnant at birth. They ascribe to that victory the dynamism and sense of direction that is palpable in their society—and to me it does appear that all of this is generated from within, not imparted from the top—that China is driving, not driven, orchestrated, not regimented.

As a human experiment, China is not new. Conscious attempts to plan and establish a just and equal society are as old as civilization. But there has never been anything on a scale so vast. And never could such an attempt be more widely relevant than now, when the very questions about man's nature and social destiny that China is confidently answering are being so sharply posed in the West.

In the Chinese countryside the confidence is wholly contagious. But to return to Peking is to begin to doubt. The style of mystery, of indirectness and opacity that the government affects is wholly at odds with the openness of the society. The emergence of profound policy differences even at the very summit of leadership would not in itself be disturbing—but the hugger-mugger of transparent secrecy about it is. So Lin Piao and the Chairman have disagreed: Why must photographs be withdrawn, books recast, slogans reordered? Why must Lin, yesterday's heroic "close comrade at arms," be today's nonperson? It seems to express fear of disunity, and that is ominous for the continuity of will and leadership after Mao. But beyond even that, it is petty, an affront to the common sense of the Chinese people, and discordant with the grandeur of the venture on which they are embarked.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Wedding Toast

RICHARD WILBUR

St. John tells how, at Cana's wedding-feast,
The water-pots poured wine in such amount
That by his sober count
There were a hundred gallons at the least.

It made no earthly sense, unless to show
How whatsoever love elects to bless
Brims to a sweet excess
That can without depletion overflow.

Which is to say that what love sees is true;
That the world's fullness is not made but found.
Life hungers to abound
And pour its plenty out for such as you.

Now, if your loves will lend an ear to mine,
I toast you both, good son and dear new daughter.
May you not lack for water,
And may that water smack of Cana's wine.

✪ RICHARD WILBUR teaches at Wesleyan University. His latest book of poems was *Walking to Sleep* and his translation of Moliere's *School for Wives* was published in 1971 and produced on Broadway by the Phoenix Theatre. He is now working on a book of children's poems to be published next spring. "A Wedding Toast" was written for his son's wedding.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Kennedy Bill

HENRY BEETLE HOUGH

ANYONE COULD TELL the age of the offshore islands of Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket. The record was open for all to see, from boulders and heroic contours left by a retreating glacier to the confirmed insularity of wild moors, hills and woodland, and finally to character-reflecting houses in which lived not only the spirit of ancestors but a harmony of natural pursuits of land and sea. Lately, though, there had been a troubling newness, an imported conformity to supplant the native and traditional.

No doubt about it—"development," at first tentative, then in speculative buying of hundreds of acres of open lands—was advancing almost day by day. How could the islands have hoped to escape the pressures of an overpopulated, feverishly mobile economic world?

On Martha's Vineyard 230 acres of Waldron's Bottom, groove of a subglacial stream flowing long ago to the sea, was bought for $20,000 and within six months sold for $232,000. A mile-long straight-line development would traverse this furrow of the glacial age with a modern road faced by two lines of house-lots.

An untidy camp site of thirty-four acres was sold for $245,680, and a new "family-type camp site" won approval by a board of health strongly oriented toward the real estate business. In West Tisbury a developer planned 208 house-lots on ninety-three acres with streets twisting in the manner of a labyrinth. In Edgartown another developer proposed 180 houses on half-acre lots, fitted gridiron style into 120 acres. This developer offered an alternate, prettier plan, with drawings of trees, but with the same number of lots.

What had happened was that Cape Cod—and indeed almost

✪ HENRY BEETLE HOUGH, an editor of the *Vineyard Gazette* since 1920, has written extensively about Martha's Vineyard and its relation to the world. His latest book, *Tuesday Will Be Different,* is a collection of essays.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all the vastness of the mainland United States—having been exhausted for quick speculation, the money-makers had turned to Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket. The islands were up for grabs in a process too familiarly identified with these times.

Most of the developers were old hands with a record of conquest elsewhere, and they were happily astonished to find so easy an opportunity—open lands with so little protection, zoning, where it existed, showing the weakness of control stubbornly resisted and tardily arrived at.

The islands offered small total acreage—Martha's Vineyard with an area of a hundred square miles including many great ponds, and Nantucket with forty-six square miles—but they were open, scenic, provincial as well as insular, and unprepared. Much talk of ecology and much work by conservationists had brought little fundamental change except for the setting aside of a number of wildlife sanctuaries.

So here were the peril and the challenge. In an era of new ecological awareness and a frightening, consuming giantism of growth, many communities still hoped for a second chance. The islands, although barely, had their first chance before them, and it was likely to be their last. What would they do?

Nothing much by themselves, obviously. Martha's Vineyard was at the greater disadvantage with six townships and historic disunion, no background of experience in such matters, natural distrust of interference, a scattering of opinions and motives, and more than the normal inertia of electorates in general.

This was the state of things—going, going, and how soon gone?—when on April 10, 1972, Senator Edward M. Kennedy offered in Congress a bill "to establish the Nantucket Sound Islands Trust, to preserve and conserve the said Islands." The bill avoided making them a federal preserve for, Senator Kennedy said, "to do so would ignore their fragility, would chill their liveliness, and would, in fact, accelerate their destruction."

The bill would be administered as to policy by a commission of twenty-one members, eighteen from the islands themselves, working in a "partnership" with the secretary of the interior. There were to be four classes of Trust lands: Forever Wild, in-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cluding the beaches which would become public domain, existing buildings to be removed after twenty-five years; Scenic Preservation, and two categories, County Control and Town Control, that were soon merged into the single Town Control, since the range of county authority is narrow.

In Forever Wild and Scenic Preservation lands, after enactment of the bill, there would be no more building—a drastic and to some a stunning proposal; meantime building would be allowed in the latter upon demonstration of "need." Otherwise, on the principle of "first notice" the bill imposed a "freeze" as of April 11, after which builders and others could go ahead only in peril of having their structures removed when the bill became law—if it did.

Senator Kennedy termed the bill a novel approach to the distinctiveness of the islands, but most islanders were so jolted, defensive and angry that the distinctiveness was befogged in the emotional issue of the bill itself. Here, if anyone cared to study it in a small demonstration area, was another modern instance of what is known in barbarous phraseology as a "gut reaction."

A few thought the bill "wonderful" and were bold enough to say so, but opinion generally bowed before the spirit of outraged opposition as trees before a great wind. Nobody liked the way the bill had been prepared—"in secrecy," almost conspiratorially, it was hotly said. Some said they didn't like the man who offered it. "Federal control" and "federal bureaucracy" were reiterated phrases. "Home rule," waved like a banner, was another. Some, of course, including some builders, real estate men, and caterers to the rising mass public, saw an economic threat of close personal application. But this was lightly argued. Sophisticated members of a democracy know that political matters must be argued "on principle."

Resentment of outsiders belonged particularly in the tradition of both islands. This became more clearly defined in the outrage of the "elected officials," a phrase emphasized over and over—selectmen, county commissioners, state representatives, and so on —who had not been consulted by Senator Kennedy. Not consulted—ignored! Why didn't you come to *us* first? The "elected

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

officials" turned wounded esteem and outrage into electric force.

As in most emotional frenzies, a leader would sharpen the anger to working effectiveness. On Martha's Vineyard this role was seized by Robert Carroll, a good example of the "political man" except that he was shrewder and wittier than most.

Bob Carroll had been a friend of Ted Kennedy since way back in 1952, when he had "introduced him around" during Jack Kennedy's campaign for the Senate. As political ties continue, so had this one, and on occasion Bob had put his private plane at Ted's disposal. But Bob had not been consulted in the drafting of the bill. It had come upon him as that great injury to an "inside" politician, a surprise.

Bob could have been a rabble-rouser, but it was not a rabble he had to arouse. It was, to make the matter at once completely specific and completely general, you and I. It was, in contained miniature, island-bound, the ever-present constituency of men and women anywhere and everywhere. So with the naturalness of a storm rose the swirling current of intolerance.

The first airing of the bill on Martha's Vineyard was at a press conference called by Thomas Hale in the office of his shipyard. He wasn't an "elected official" but the crisis of the islands had concerned him and his wife deeply. Both were well grounded in principles of land planning and broader fields still, and had taken initiatives that brought them into consultation with Senator Kennedy's office during the preparation of the bill.

A day had not passed before one heard of muttered threats to burn down Tom Hale's shipyard. Muttered threats can be the worst kind, and in politics on the island, as elsewhere, there is no way of judging their seriousness. When one respected citizen protested such threats, another respected citizen snapped out, "Well, it ought to be burned down."

To sign petitions against the bill became an imperative just as at other times in almost any place wearing a miniature American flag in your lapel becomes an imperative.

Senator Kennedy's representative, K. Dun Gifford, sized up by more than one observer as "a Kennedy type"—keen, good-looking, self-possessed—arrived to face two hostile audiences on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Vineyard, afternoon and evening, his "cool" maintained against angry demands that the bill be withdrawn. No, he said, Senator Kennedy would not withdraw it.

Well, who had drafted it? The question was raised again and again. Senator Kennedy had drafted it, Mr. Gifford said. "Maybe that's why it's so badly drawn," said Gregory Mayhew, state representative, eliciting the laughter his remark had asked for.

Why had the "elected officials" been ignored? Mr. Gifford said that Senator Kennedy had thought it best to have a working paper for a beginning. This was a politic reply, but obviously any other approach would have helped speculators and set off a scramble of divided opinion.

"Federal control" was thrown at Mr. Gifford many times—of course. Had not one selectman counted only five references to the administering commission in one section of the bill as against forty-four references to the secretary of the interior?

At these first meetings and later, the chorus, stated or implied, became, "We can do it ourselves!" But building permits that had been issued at the rate of one a day were soon being issued at the rate of two a day.

By the end of May, seventy acres on Chappaquiddick were being sold for $850,000, and two mainland promoters were buying a thousand acres to be cut into lots of various sizes, some as small as three-quarters of an acre. Definition of "need" under the Kennedy Bill was left to the selectmen of the towns who acted in obvious defiance, although some later wanted guidance in the exercise of an unfamiliar authority.

The few early voices raised in support of the bill were as important as the few independent voices always are everywhere. But with the number of such hardy spokesmen so small here, one wonders about the prospect of a crisis when there are no spokesmen at all.

James Alley of West Tisbury's general store, former selectman and articulate citizen, wrote in a letter to the *Vineyard Gazette:* "The price of crow on Martha's Vineyard is going to go up at least to $2 a pound. A lot of it is going to be eaten by the outspoken opponents of the Kennedy Bill . . . Where did this bill come from

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the ideas in it? It didn't fall from the sky, Chicken Little."

And Henry Carreiro, contractor, wrote, "I want to save the Island. If I have to give up being a builder I can learn something else." But he was sure he and others would hold their own. "As it is now, the off-Island contractors and subcontractors are driving me nuts."

Dr. Nicholas Freydberg, retired sociologist living in Chilmark, spoke up for the bill as "just about our last chance" and held a discussion meeting at his home, joined in the late evening by K. Dun Gifford. For this Dr. Freydberg was denounced by the full board of Chilmark selectmen as a johnny-come-lately and do-gooder. There were threats of retaliation, and he was forbidden to walk across a neighbor's land to the beach.

Out of this meeting, however, grew a Committee to Support and Amend the Bill, with John Alley, Jim's brother, also a partner in the general store, an important leader.

On May 26 in a front page editorial the *Vineyard Gazette* "came out" for the bill—"we can recognize in it the common purpose of us all." This was received calmly, partly because it must have been expected and partly because an emotional safety valve had operated in the weeks since April 11.

But Bob Carroll and others were writing to Senator Brooke that the Kennedy Bill "will destroy one of the last areas to be governed by the town meeting system" with an annual loss of $9,800,000 added to a $350,000,000 loss in land values. A group of youthful Vineyarders went to Boston on their own initiative to discuss the bill with Mr. Gifford. They were generally in favor. Bob Carroll, addressing the Martha's Vineyard Lions Club, called the bill "a complete lie." "We have the loveliest community in the world right here on Martha's Vineyard," he said, "and you and I have made it that way without any outside help."

Presently, though, he thought outside aid from a public relations firm would be necessary to fight the bill. The wife of a Chilmark selectman concluded a published statement with the words: "Through our own efforts and with God's help we will be able to preserve and conserve our own Islands." To this a property-owner rejoined: "With such august help does not the hiring

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of a public relations firm smack of presumption?"

Either way, Bob Carroll's Island Action Committee was doing well on its own. Bumper strips appeared—"Don't Trust the Trust" and "Island Trust for the Upper Crust"—repeating the alarm that the bill would make the Vineyard "a rich man's island." With land going at $10,000 an acre there seemed something in this notion, although the boom, not the bill, was responsible. It seemed conceivable that the bill in the long run might do a good deal to protect landowners who were not rich, for unless the cycle of boom-and-bust could be interrupted, only one outcome was at all likely.

The "rich man's island" theme touched upon an inevitable conflict. The "summer people" who, as a class, seemed to have plenty of money—and to prove it by meeting most of the island tax bill, even as much as ninety percent in Chilmark—had never been allowed a voice in town affairs. Greg Mayhew, state representative, put a general island feeling in this way: "They think in a different vein from us."

The Island Action Committee mailed out an appeal that was answered by Mrs. Ralph Berendt:

> Since you have solicited the support of this voteless taxpayer in your drive to defeat the bill, here are the terms upon which you can have it:
>
> Start immediately for the achievement of voting rights for all property-owners as in Connecticut.
>
> As matters stand, your words "concept of home rule," "local integrity" and above all your quote: "Many people are not willing to accept plans that have a direct impact on their lives without having some direct voice in making the plan . . ."—all these words sound so hypocritical that I marvel at your audacity in addressing them to me.
>
> As long as I must submit to taxation without representation, while watching home rule bring jet planes, drag its feet on zoning, and generally failing to regulate and preserve, I welcome federal intervention. Are you willing to help me change my mind?

No answer, of course, was forthcoming. Many established "summer people" had long dealt in gingerly fashion with town officials, seeking to avoid the appearance of meddling. Others, a minority, had been free with advice that was conspicuously not

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

taken. All had looked on, year after year, at the deterioration of island resources they greatly prized. Few were willing to speak up now, perhaps reluctant to be dragged into the populist campaign of the Island Action Committee or, even more likely, yielding—in Felix Frankfurter's phrase—to "the lovable invitation to do nothing." The role of onlooker had gained popularity on the continent and on the islands alike.

The Vineyard Open Land Foundation, at any rate, voted through its trustees to support the bill as furthering its own aims. The foundation had been started a couple of years earlier by Edward J. Logue and others, mostly "summer people," with the purpose, broadly stated, of buying vulnerable tracts of open land and reselling them as planned space in a land program appropriate to Martha's Vineyard. Funds were not forthcoming as expected, and the mainland trustees were completely occupied with their own affairs except for a few weeks of a year, so that by 1972 the foundation's scope had dwindled to land-planning for a fee. The Kennedy Bill might accomplish most of the original purposes, although by different means, and free the foundation of responsibility.

The necessity of permitting controlled building in the Scenic Preservation lands had been recognized, and amendments were now proposed that might win some town support. For instance, revised plans excluded summer property-owners from the Islands Trust Commission, representatives of conservation groups were also dropped, and selectmen were to be allowed to appoint themselves to the commission and continue serving in town office also. These changes attracted no support and were later dropped.

Mr. Gifford met with the island selectmen to explain the amendments, but the meeting had been rigged to keep him bogged down with questions and digressions. The selectmen wanted an "alternative," not an amended bill, and when at last, at 9:30 p.m., Mr. Gifford was to get to his subject, the island's rather pliant professional planner was called on to explain some scheme for a holding action against development.

At five minutes to midnight, Bob Carroll was recalling remarks made by Roger Baldwin seventeen years previously: "He

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was worried about our having town meetings when all the bright people weren't around here. The other day I went to Scarsdale where all these geniuses come from and I saw how they've screwed up Scarsdale. I don't want that for Edgartown."

Meanwhile the directors of the Vineyard Conservation Society had endorsed the bill, although not unanimously, and agreed to work for it with modifications. Later this vote was watered down by an expression of willingness to work for that still nebulous goal of the "elected officials," an "alternative." The Martha's Vineyard Garden Club, voice of ecologically aware women, favored the bill with a few constructive changes, and the directors of an activist group known as Concerned Citizens, numerically larger than any of the others, had voted their endorsement and circularized the membership urging prompt expression of whatever opinions might be held.

Tardy among island organizations was the Dukes County Planning and Economic Development Commission, established in 1966 with federal and state funding and advisory functions. In 1969 this commission had initiated a comprehensive study by the engineering firm of Metcalf & Eddy. In October, 1971, the engineers reported that the county, "one of the few bastions of rural environmental splendor left along the eastern coastline of the United States, faces clear and present danger from despoilers." "Terminal environmental cancer" was seen closely impending.

Now, in mid-May, 1972, the commission, having so far done nothing about the report, sent out a questionnaire in ironically mild terms. "Do you feel that Dukes County's environmental and economic future is in jeopardy from the present state of development?" Metcalf & Eddy had asked a question blunter and more direct: "Can you be the exception and protect the rural environment of your county from the ravages caused by unrestricted development or will your failure to act decisively and rapidly result in the indeterminate destruction of natural resources as has happened elsewhere?"

The commission, still ignoring or forgetting the engineering report, went on to inquire: "Should a locally established, countywide or regional governmental unit be created to take the initiative

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and have the authority to develop a program which is aimed at the conservation and preservation of the Island . . .?"

The words "locally established" were obviously intended to head off the Kennedy Bill, which was referred to only at the tail end of the questionnaire. Ninety percent of those replying answered the first question in the affirmative, and fourteen percent managed to record support for the bill.

Some "elected officials" and others saw their pot of gold, the "alternative," in the Vermont land control law and a Massachusetts bill based upon it. But the Massachusetts bill was killed in committee, and usable features of the Vermont law had been incorporated in the Kennedy Bill. It turned out also that the Vermont law bypassed home rule completely, allowing town governments no role whatever.

April 10, the day the Kennedy Bill had been introduced, was long, long past. At the end of June the extremes of polarization had not been modified, although within the extremes there had been gains for a middle ground, and Nantucket had advanced well beyond the Vineyard in seeking a realistic solution within the framework of an amended Kennedy Bill. The small part played by logic would be astonishing to anyone unfamiliar with politics, and, seen in small compass on so clear an issue, perhaps astonishing even to the politically sophisticated.

Mr. Gifford had again assessed the range of local options: zoning, subdivision control, health code, building code, historic district commission—"Even if all the towns had in force and effect each of these land-use tools; and even if each of these tools was aggressively enforced to the fullest extent possible under state and local laws and the home rule amendment—the net effect would be not to limit the number and extent of subdivisions, but to control their design, placement, and appearance."

The facts were incontrovertible. Mr. Gifford added that in perspective it could even be said that the Kennedy Bill would create and restore local control where it did not, today, exist. If this statement was arguable, no one attempted to argue it—but the quest for an "alternative" went on. Perhaps by now there was less a quest than a hope that something would turn up.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What would happen next? No one could predict. At the end of June the managing editor of the *Vineyard Gazette* said, "There's no story about the bill for this week." And there wasn't.

July edged in, thick, soft, and dripping with fog. Arriving vacationers poured from the crowded ferries, cars proceeded almost bumper-to bumper through the main streets of the larger towns. The big diesel sight-seeing buses were back, turning with difficulty in narrow ways, blending their fumes with the exhausts of ordinary automobiles. Motorcycles were back, too, blasting and roaring. All the fumes were absorbed in the soft universality of fog—but fog now with less of saltiness than of city blocks. The all-encompassing reality, of course, was—summer. Impatient, teeming, straining, fretfully active summer.

Through the fogbank old houses, copses, open hills, boulders and outlying shorelines loomed like ghosts, the fantasies of remembered summers past and forever gone.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Concepts in the Evolution of Complexity

J. BRONOWSKI

VITALISM IS A TRADITIONAL and persistent belief that the laws of physics that hold in the inanimate world will not suffice to explain the phenomena of life. Of course it is not suggested, either by those who share the belief or by those like me who reject it, that we know all the laws of physics now, or will know them soon. Rather what is silently supposed by both sides is that we know what kind of laws physics is made up of and will continue to discover in inanimate matter; and although that is a vague description to serve as a premise, it is what inspires vitalists to claim (and their opponents to deny) that some phenomena of life cannot be explained by laws of this kind.

The phenomena that are said to be inaccessible to physics are of two different kinds. One school of vitalists stresses the *complexity of the individual* organism. The other school of vitalists asserts that physical laws are insufficient to explain the direction of evolution in time: that is, the *increase in complexity in new species,* such as man, when compared to old species from which they derive, such as the tree shrews. The two grounds for finding physics to fall short are therefore quite distinct, and I shall discuss them separately. I begin with a summary sketch of each.

The first ground, then, is that the *individual* organism (even a single cell) functions in a way that transcends what physics can explain, and implies the existence of laws of another kind—what Walter Elsasser calls "biotonic laws." Elsasser argues that the development of an organism is too complex to be coded in the genes, and

✪ This is part one of an article by JACOB BRONOWSKI, who directs the Council for Biology in Human Affairs at the Salk Institute in La Jolla, California. Part two will appear in the Winter, 1972-73 issue of the SCHOLAR. The article has appeared in *Synthese* and *Zygon.*

Copyright © 1972 by J. Bronowski.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that there must be larger laws of biological organization that guide it overall. Eugene Wigner argues that development and reproduction are subject to so many statistical variations that there can be no certainty that the organism will survive them unless it is controlled by higher laws.

These arguments do not differ in principle from the classical argument, put forward (for example) by Bolingbroke early in the eighteenth century, that an organism is at least as complicated as a clock, and that we cannot imagine a clock to have come into being by accident. True, neither Elsasser nor Wigner speak of origins, but both imply that the configuration of parts and the sequence of functions in the cell require a higher coordination than is provided by the laws of physics—by what one might call the simple engineering rules between the parts of the clock. Bolingbroke ascribes this higher coordination to God, and Elsasser and Wigner to biotonic laws, but this is only a difference in nomenclature.

The second school of vitalists finds another ground for claiming that the laws of physics are biologically incomplete, namely in questions about the *evolution* of organisms. Michael Polanyi asks questions of this kind, although he lumps all levels together—origins, functioning of individuals, and the sequence of species. He claims, as vitalists have always done, that there must be an overall plan that directs them all, and I shall criticize the confusion of meanings in his idea of plan or purpose. I shall distinguish between two concepts, the usual concept of a closed or bounded plan (that is, a tactic or solution for a defined problem), and a new concept of an *open* or *unbounded* plan, that is, a general strategy.

But beyond these concepts, there remains the crucial question raised by Polanyi—and others before him, of course, in earlier forms. Evolution has the direction, speaking roughly, from simple to more and more complex: more and more complex functions of higher organisms, mediated by more and more complex structures, which are themselves made of more and more complex molecules. How has this come about? How can it be explained if there is no overall plan to create more complex creatures—which means at least, if there is no overall law (other than evolution as a mechanism) to generate complexity? In particular, how do we square this direction with the Second Law of Thermodynamics, which (as

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a general description subsuming ordinary physical laws) predicts the breakdown of complex structures into simple ones? This is the constellation of questions to which I shall give most attention.

The course of my argument will incidentally reveal what additional physical laws we expect to discover as we continue to unfold the chemistry of life. In essence, they can be expected to be laws of specific relations between a few kinds of atoms that govern the *stability* of the structures that can be assembled from them. These are indeed laws of cooperative phenomena or ensembles, but they are highly particular and empirical, being simply accounts of the stability to be found in different conjunctions of matter under the conditions we know on earth.

I shall assume that we are all familiar with the way in which heredity is mediated by genes, which are molecules made up from four fairly small chemical bases that are strung out on two paired strands of DNA. Since there are many varieties of living creatures, and many genes in each, there are many different forms of DNA, in each of which the sequence of bases is different and is characteristic for directing some chemical process in that creature. The sequence of bases in a molecule of DNA spells out the twenty amino acids that in their turn make the proteins. We have a simple hierarchy: the four bases are the four letters of the alphabet, each set of three letters makes up a word that is a fundamental amino acid, and the twenty words in their turn are assembled into different sentences that are the different proteins.

The book of heredity is not the whole book of life. It records only those instructions that make a species breed true, so that the child is revealed as a copy of the parents. Yet this is far-reaching, because the living child, the living cell, is not a static copy, but is a dynamic process in which one action follows another in a characteristic pattern. We only dimly understand how the process of maturation unfolds this inborn ability. Nevertheless, we have made a beginning by seeing how the processes of making one protein after another are programmed from the vocabulary of life so that they develop a stepwise, coordinated sequence.

Elsasser has argued that the development of living creatures (some of which consist of only a single cell) is too complex and too

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

closely integrated to be directed by the genetic machinery. To this fundamental and, so to speak, primitive claim a biologist can only reply that there is absolutely no evidence to support it. No counting of constants, no calculation of the content of information in a set of chromosomes, can give any ground for it, because we simply do not know what the inner relations and restrictions between the parts of a complex molecule are. We do not even understand yet why a long protein molecule folds into the specific geometrical configuration that is its own, and not into any other. But we expect to find these laws, and we expect them to be no more esoteric or biotonic than, say, the laws that inform us that some assemblies of fundamental particles in physics make up stable atomic nuclei, and others do not.

In the same way, there is no evidence at all that the interaction of genes, either on the same or on different chromosomes, requires any kind of master law. In general it is mediated by local relations in the organ that is being shaped, just as the growth of a set of normal cells on a microscope slide is controlled in a regular array by chemical contact between the walls of neighboring cells. It may be that there are some places on the chromosomes where master controls reside, but if so, they can be expected simply to have the character of special genes. We already know that there are some master genes that control groups of other genes, for example by making them all more mutable or more stable.

A single-cell bacterium goes through its life cycle on an exact schedule, and every step in the sequence is a rearrangement of and within the molecules that compose it. So the machinery of the cell, the clockwork that drives and demonstrates its life, is a constant shaping and reshaping of its molecular material. It is suggested by vitalists that these cycles are so matched to its environment that they have the manifest plan or purpose, they are patently *designed,* to preserve the life of the bacterium. Of course this cannot be simply on the ground that the processes of life are cyclic, for there are plenty of physical actions, say in gravitation, which are cyclic—from the tides to the seasons. Nor can it be on the ground that there is something mysterious about the resistance of a cycle against disturbing forces, for that is displayed by any cycle—for example, a spinning top. The fact that a living cell is geared to go on living in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the face of a disturbance is no more supernatural than the fact that a falling stone is geared to go on falling, and a stone in free space is geared to go on moving in a straight line. This *is* its nature, and does not require explanation any more (or in any other sense) than does the behavior of a ray of light or the complex structure of an atom of uranium.

Therefore the vitalist must have some more sophisticated idea of a plan than the mere persistence of a cycle, or even of a linked group of cycles. Usually what he does is to propose a distinction between different levels of explanation (and, by implication, of action). He says that we may well explain the mechanics of each cycle, but that this still misses the point of what they achieve as a totality; and that this achievement, namely the perpetuation of life in general, cannot be understood except as an overall plan or purpose.

I shall return to the discussion of the concept of plans later. Here I will content myself with repeating again that although there is much about life that we do not understand, there is no evidence at all that this is because there is a mystery in its basic processes. Living matter is different from nonliving, but not because it follows different rules. The rules of organization by which the parts of a cell work together, the sequence of procedures that make it live, are understandable in the same terms as any other molecular process. The basic structures and sequences of life follow from those of dead nature without the intervention of any special powers or acts. There is no evidence for vitalism in the analysis of the cell, or of any simple assembly of cells that we know: a microorganism, a limb, or a cancer.

A different and deeper question has been raised by Eugene Wigner. He remarks that living cells go through their life cycles by taking nourishment from the environment, and incorporating it either into their own structure or into that of daughter cells. During this transformation, he argues, quantum effects make it impossible to ensure with certainty that the cell will make an accurate copy of itself (or of some specified modification of itself); and therefore the laws of physics cannot suffice to explain how living matter perpetuates itself. Wigner calculates in detail how the manu-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

facture in the cell of exact or similar, specified copies can be shown to be (in his phrase) "infinitely unlikely." Even if we treat the calculation as only indicative (as Wigner himself does at the end of his paper) the indication is that copying of any specific molecule (a strand of DNA, for instance) must produce an unacceptable error, as a result of unpredictable quantum events. And this, Wigner implies, flies in the face of our daily observation of the process of reproduction.

The argument is strange because it uses the same quantum effects that Max Delbrück and Erwin Schrödinger used long ago, to arrive at exactly the opposite conclusion. Schrödinger reasoned that quantum effects are essential to explain the uniqueness of a living form. Wigner turns this reasoning upside down, and concludes that no living form can maintain its identity in the face of quantum disturbances.

When we examine the argument that leads Wigner to his conclusion, its limitations are evident (and are acknowledged by him). Wigner's procedure is to transform the quantum state vectors of the cell and its nourishment taken together, into the state vectors of the two similar cells that are to result (and of the rejected part of the nourishment). It appears that the number of equations to be satisfied is far larger than the number of unknowns at our disposal, if it is assumed (as in the absence of any more specific knowledge Wigner has to assume) that the Hamiltonian matrix that represents the transformation consists, apart from its symmetry, of *random* elements. But of course this begs the whole question, because it necessarily disregards all relations within the matrix of transformation—that is, the organized inner structure of the process of ingestion and cell division. So long as we do not know the relations between the elements of the matrix, the counting of unknowns and variables at our disposal is quite inconclusive, and can be wholly misleading.

But in fact Wigner's procedure is (as he admits) even less realistic than this first criticism implies. For it is the nature of any argument that proposes a count of unknowns and variables that it can only assert or deny the existence of a solution that makes the outcome of the process *certain*. Even if we were to accept Wigner's assumptions, therefore, we could only conclude that the process

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of cell division as he idealizes it cannot be guaranteed to yield a second similar cell with *certainty*. But nothing is asserted, or could be concluded, about any process of cell division that has only a *probability* of producing viable offspring—even if the probability is as high as ninety-nine percent. The reasoning is not applicable to probable outcomes, however high or low.

Experience shows, however, that no biological process works with certainty, and that few organisms produce similar and viable offspring with as high a probability as ninety-nine percent. We must therefore recognize that Wigner's argument misses the essence of biological processes, namely that they do *not* function with certainty. Indeed, the evolution of more highly organized forms of life than the cell would not have been possible if they had done so.

A cell in its task of simply living makes proteins over and over again from the same blueprint, and now and again it also replicates the blueprint when it divides in two. No conceivable machinery, within the known laws of nature or any that we might think of, can carry on this endless work of copying with zero tolerance—which means, without making individual mistakes from time to time. We put these mistakes down to quantum effects, and that is right; yet in a sense quantum physics is simply a formalization of our well-founded and much wider conviction that no natural process can work with zero tolerance and so be immune from error. Just as we know that perpetual motion is impossible, and can derive a great part of classical mechanics from this Law of the Impossible, so we know that perpetual accuracy of reproduction is inconceivable, and we can regard quantum physics as a specification of that knowledge: the specification of a nonzero tolerance, namely Planck's quantum constant, below which we cannot press.

The discrepancy arises because life has two separate components, and Wigner ignores just that creative component that is characteristic of life and is absent in dead matter. Life is not only a process of accurate copying: that is carried out quite as neatly in the geometrical scaffolding of a dead crystal. Life is also and essentially an evolutionary process, which moves forward only because there are errors in the copy, and every so often one of these errors is successful enough to be incorporated as another step or threshold in its progression. It is important to understand that the living

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

creature combines both procedures, and to see how it does so.

The accumulation of individual errors is certainly a handicap to a cell: but we have to distinguish between two kinds, or better between two places, of error. Errors made now and again in producing a molecule of a protein that is merely a momentary step in the metabolism of the cell are not likely to be important, for the next molecule of the protein can be expected to be normal again. But there are some proteins that play a basic part in the productive machinery of the cell, and act as jigs or machine tools to help make copies of other proteins. When such a master molecule is wrongly made, it will in its turn cause errors in the making of other copies, and as a result the error will be cumulative. Leslie Orgel has suggested that errors in such master molecules may be the cause for cells breaking down, and the suggestion is supported by recent experiments. Moreover, if Orgel's picture is right, every cell must break down sooner or later when it accumulates errors in some master molecule. There can be no immortal cells. Indeed, Leonard Hayflick has found in careful experiments that by the time a cell has divided about fifty times the clone of cells formed from it all fail to divide. *The machinery of life ensures the death of individuals.*

But exactly this machinery also ensures the evolution of new forms. *The errors that destroy the individual are also the origin of species.* Without these errors, there would be no evolution, because there would be no raw material of genetic mutants for natural selection to work on. There would only be one universal form of life, and however well adapted that might have been to the environment in which it was formed, it would have perished long ago in the first sharp change of climate. When Wigner and Walter Elsasser say that there must be some biological law different from the laws of physics in order that copying in the organism shall be free from error, and the storage of the instructions that govern its exact form and development from the cell shall be perfectly accurate, they are asking for the immortality of the individual but ensuring the destruction of species. We have only to look about us to see that the evidence is against them, on both counts.

(This is the first part of a two-part article.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Notes from a Venetian Journal

WRIGHT MORRIS

ACCUSTOMED TO THE BIZARRE, our friend from California has come to see for himself if we are living in Venice. We assure him that we are. A lease has been signed to ensure our exile. Already my wife has been lost and found. Bells are ringing. The light seems to vibrate with their clamor. Our friend impatiently waits for this unaccustomed racket to stop. Through the gate at the entrance he has left open we watch a barge drift past, we hear the lap of water, we note the cases of Campari, Punt e Mes and Coca-Cola. The man at the tiller—he leans on it as though on a fence rail—wears a striped T-shirt, the smile of a happy pirate. To my wife he waves. She is popular with pirates from the way she goes up and down the city's bridges. He is there and gone. There are shouts like a street brawl as he greets his friends.

*

Her name is Dora. She acquired us in an involved transaction concerned with the washing of two bed sheets. The sheets are large, the color and weight of sailcloth, deliberately constructed to outlast the sleeper. But they are not easily washed. To be used as sheets, rather than a shroud, they have to be ironed. The first takes water, which is not in short supply; the second takes electric current, which is sold by the drip, like maple syrup. We persuaded a lady in the Campo Margharita (we saw her, Vermeer-like, ironing at an open window) to wash and iron our two sheets for nine hundred and fifty lire. That's a dollar and fifty cents, and it took her a week. This led to a discussion with the baker's wife on the curious

✪ WRIGHT MORRIS' book, *Love Affair, A Venetian Journal,* will be published this fall by Harper & Row. The book features color photographs taken by the author.

Copyright © 1972 by Wright Morris.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scarcity of laundries in Venice. She had not heard about laundries. Anything that gets dirty is washed by a maid. Pillows are fluffed, rugs are beaten, children are watched and scolded by a housemaid. If one had a house, what one had to have next was a maid. Dora Rizzoli, a Rossellini-type woman long accustomed to making crucial decisions, proved to be willing to wash and iron our sheets, and thereby acquired us.

*

The mind-boggling gift of Venice is that it has escaped the tyranny of wheels. The motor launch coughs, the exhaust pollutes the air, but man *walks*—he does not run for his life. Only time will accustom us to a fact so profoundly bizarre. Of all unreal cities, this is the one that has its roots deepest in the imagination. Men dreamed it up, and now it is sinking into the ooze that will preserve it. Venice submerged may well prove to be stranger than Venice preserved. The gondolas in the Piazza are merely a reminder that this city was born of illusion, and that what man takes from the sea, the sea will repossess. As if it were sugared the smog polluted air crumbles stones, discolors marble, and adds the final refinement to our taste for mutilations, our love for man-made ruins.

*

What is there left to say about the Piazza?

My friend Pietro admits to the difficulty, but being Venetian he is not speechless. He spreads his hands in the manner of a man invoking rain. It's the muscles of the eye (he tells me) rather than the leg, that are exercised. It is all solid stone—yet it is all illusion. For this effect one waits for the evening performance, and the lights come on. Stand at any point, look about you anywhere, and the figure of man is the measure. He is diminished, but not overpowered. He is exalted, but not exaggerated. Man is the measure here as he was in Athens, another colony of shrewd merchants. The gaze is horizontal, rather than up: the pigeons both maintain and establish proportion. Let that man with his eyes on heaven

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

calculate the risks. No amount of gawking exhausts this prospect, and no amount of exposure depletes the impression. Amplitude and control, spiritual in its effect, sensible and secular in its practice. Pietro is now speechless. I am speechless. But this does not surround us with silence. A babble of tongues, a clamor of bells, and the music of three orchestras, are now free to compete for our attention with the whir of the world's greatest air force, as it comes and goes, performing intricate maneuvers flawlessly.

*

Luigi Bono sells beads and scarves, earrings for pierced ears only, money clips, postcards and maps of Venice, along with plastic gondolas and gondoliers who make gaily sorrowful music. This morning his stand is in the Campo Morosini. Tomorrow it may be elsewhere. Coming upon him in a new place is to renew and celebrate our friendship. The postcards and maps he sells to me. The beads he strings about the neck of my wife.

"*Bellissima*!" he cries. The beads are purple. What a surprise to find that purple is her favorite color. How should he know that? Was she ever in Chicago? Luigi's first cousin, Marcello, lives there. Because it is my wife, and the color is purple, he throws in, gratis, a packet of postcard views of Venice by night. The Festa del Redentore! Fireworks! Like a night bombing!

Luigi's buoyant good humor, his radiant optimism, is that of a long accustomed desperation. "Enjoy life!" he cries. Together, for a moment, we all make merry. He has beads to sell, and my wife has bought them. He feels good. She feels good. I feel generous.

*

Now that we are hers Dora bangs on counters and buys American soap flakes with a new assurance. The coupon that comes in the box she keeps for herself. "For the Signora Morris," she says, as she orders, and then stops on the Zattere for an espresso. I am pointed out, as I pass, as a writer of American movies. She likes movies. She is eager to see those starring my wife. It also pleases

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fabrizzio, the waiter, to be serving such a writer and movie mogul. Here in the sun on the Zattere things are looking up. He wipes off the seat where he wants me to sit. He serves with my espresso a paper napkin. That is unheard of. He reminds me that one only lives once.

I do not write for the movies, I am no mogul, but in Venice I am less sure of this than elsewhere, the *trompe l'oeil* speaking with more persuasion than the facts. With Fabrizzio and Dora I have in common the instinct for fiction, the craving for illusion, and what is a mogul if he is not a purveyor of high romance?

*

It's important to remember—I sit lecturing my wife—that many tourists in Venice are Italians. They honeymoon here. They bring their children. They stroll about and gawk like the folks from Des Moines. Two tables away—his knees spread to avoid collecting bread crumbs—a father lectures his son on Italian history. All around his soup plate crusts are strewn, like wood chips. His feeling for his subject makes him animated. He is a handsome man, of the Mastroianni type, with a wandering eye. That my wife is attentive enhances his performance. His son is like him. The boy wears shorts that display his plump Italian knees. It is a help that his wife is away, buying beads, while he impresses his son with history. The boy is not bored. He drinks his Coca-Cola through a straw and takes pride in his father's pride, his animation. That too sums up Italian life, and I appreciate the view of it they give me. Family ties. Italy a collection of gordian knots. Venice is sinking, Florence is dying, Rome is rotting, the lira is falling, but what is Italian is not yet threatened. The father talks to his son. The son listens and watches his father eat soup.

*

Near San Giorgio Schiavoni, made holy by Carpaccio, the alley we followed ended in a court where a piece of bent pipe provided a fountain. A big white and gray tomcat, indifferent to our

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

intrusion, stood erect as if to snatch fish from the stream of water, his left paw delicately placed on the bent pipe for balance. In that posture he took little bites of the water, as the dogs of my boyhood took it from sprinklers, or garden hoses. Between bites, showing his long pink tongue, he licked the drops from his cheeks and whiskers. His thirst sated, still indifferent to us, he took himself off.

"What a picture!" cried my wife. "Did you get it?"

I got one, but not the other. I had settled for the blurred, vulnerable impression on my mind's eye. More basic than my impulse to capture the moment had been my instinct not to disturb it. My eyes were not as sharp as the lens of the camera, but they would prove to have a wider field of vision. The cat that got away, of all the cats in Venice, would prove to be the most memorable. The camera confronts the traveler with a choice of impressions—a souvenir that is sharp, and goes into his album—or one that is unrecorded, fragmentary, doomed to fade, and inexhaustible.

*

A summer Sunday in Venice, throbbing with bells, dazzling with heat and light or prostrate under the *sirocco*, gathers under one sky all the Sundays of the world that never seem to end. In the cooling dusk the eyes and the spirit may recover briefly, to gaze upward at a sky like emeralds, but there is still the shuttered night to be lasted, the howling and strumming from the tourist barges, some of them trailing gondolas like coffins, adding the appropriate Venetian refinement to Dante's hell. Blending with the soaring arias from the barges, their strings of carnival lights shimmering on the water, strains of "Home on the Range," or "Moonlight on the Wabash," sung with the strident passion of the homesick exile, provide the ultimate lament for souls resigned to a watery grave.

*

These October days we've had barges from Chioggia, painted like banners, moored in the Rio Trovaso. The men sleep on the decks. We see them plainly at the end of the tunnel that leads to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

our garden. Lanterns gleam in the hold where they sit eating; they glance at me with the eyes of men sorting booty. These seadogs are another race from Venetians; they have the air of whalers among city people. Their voices have a deeper register; it pleases me that their speech smacks of faraway places. I think of wandering Greeks, of affluent Phoenicians, of barbarians who raid and loot by water. As the sky cools, the light of dusk enhances the color of their barges. The city before them lies waiting to be ravished, while the leaders discuss the terms of the ransom. The mood is optimistic. A carnival will celebrate the settlement. In the morning, however, I am pleased to find them gone, having sailed at dawn for Byzantium, their holds crowded, their decks jammed, with impressions that remain unchallenged. We did not come here to gawk at seadogs who have lost their bite.

*

In an abandoned eastern quarter, crossing a bleak *campo,* we made our way through and among a troupe of actors in the midst of a historical movie. Swords clashed. Suits of armor clattered as soldiers bearing spears pursued a young man and a maiden in the guise of a priest. Through his megaphone the distracted director asked us to please move a little faster. Who did we think we were? I thought it a good question. In Venice we are all actors seeking new options, in search of new roles. When I thought about it later I felt that his movie would have been better if we had been in it. A prophetic touch! Tourists fleeing the pressures of history. A little confusing, perhaps, but truer to Venice, where the *déjà vu* is truer to life. The time machine in Venice runs forward and backward, and the instant replay is one of its innovations. One moment you are on the lip of the future, then careened into the past. If there is a questionable illusion in Venice, it is what one assumes to be real in the present, like the daily news.

*

I've been telling my friend, Pietro, that Henry James sat here,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

regally sipping tea. Pietro is impressed. Little he cares about Henry James, but he respects the past. After all, what else is there? In Venice one sees the present in the orderly perspective of history. No one ever suspects it of being all there is. The paintings of Bellini, in the Accadèmia, are like windows that open out on a city where little has changed. Carpaccio walked here observing the costumes, Veronese and Titian observing the women. Aschenbach passed here on his way to the Lido, pausing to have his face repainted. To wear a mask, to play a role, is to do no more than what comes naturally. From the crowded wings one steps with assurance to the center of the stage. At the edge of the footlights, their decks crowded, boats shuttle between enchanted islands, yet in this city of water, from where I stand in the Piazzetta, no water is visible. It is the props that are moving, as if the city itself were being towed out to sea.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

March Again

R. H. W. Dillard

The stable universe is slipping away from under us.
—Alfred North Whitehead

How the light returns to you,
How even the gray bark of trees
Seems to shed light and the ground
Is as bright and as fluid as air.
How your skin opens like an eye:
You are warm as glass, as clear.

In the evening it snows
And the wind rattles the roof
Like knuckles or bullets,
The curtains puff away
From the closed windows.
You hold to the lamp's circle,
Well away from the wall.
Only blood moves through you
Like light through fog,
You close your eyes
And the room silently moves.

In the morning the wind sharpens
The pond to blades, to light,
Wave on wave on wave.
You grow dizzy and each step
Is like walking on water,
Is like walking on knives.
The wind is around you like a wall.

How you are stirring like a bulb
In soil, you open like an eye,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The lids curled back like lips
In a snarl, how you follow
The shadows of birds, a tatter
As of discarded paper or shavings,
How the day stretches like dogs
And the shadows shrink in the grass.

Christ could have swum away
From the cross on air,
But he chose to be nailed
To the ground. You grow dizzy
And each step is like walking
On water, is like walking on knives.
The ground sheds light like a lamp.
The wind rattles the trees like bones.
Only blood calls you to move
Well away from the walls.

✪ R. H. W. DILLARD's poetry collections are *The Day I Stopped Dreaming About Barbara Steele, News of the Nile* and *After Borges.* He is chairman of the graduate program in English and creative writing at Hollins College in Virginia.
Copyright © 1972 by R. H. W. Dillard.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Jefferson and the Living Generation

DUMAS MALONE

FOR NEARLY A CENTURY and a half Thomas Jefferson has been peacefully sleeping on the hillside below the lovely house he designed and erected. To awaken him and usher him into our crowded and noisy world would be unkind, but it is a pity that we cannot get word to him, somehow, that his name has been given to a distinguished lectureship that was recently inaugurated by the National Endowment for the Humanities. He wore his honors lightly, as a gentleman and scholar should, but none of these ever gratified him as much as those he received from men of learning. In our country his preeminence as a patron of learning in all its branches remains beyond challenge to this day. At the height of his political success a bitter political foe referred to him as the "moonshine philosopher of Monticello," but from the pages of history he stands forth as the nearest American approximation of the universal man. To say this is certainly not to claim that he approached perfection; his reach exceeded his grasp, and he made mistakes—some very bad ones. Nor is it to reduce him to an abstraction. In fact, it is impossible to dissociate his achievements and failures from his complex and endlessly fascinating personality. I cannot hope to do justice to that here, and I can make little more than passing reference to his extraordinarily diverse interests and activities. Nothing that bore on human enlightenment, happiness, or well-being was alien to him; and, as a French visitor to Monticello observed, he placed his mind, as he set his house, on an elevation from which he might contemplate the universe.

On leaving the presidency at the age of sixty-six he said wistfully, "Nature intended me for the tranquil pursuits of science by

✪ DUMAS MALONE gave this paper at a recent National Endowment for the Humanities celebration to inaugurate a series of lectures that bear Jefferson's name. Mr. Malone is biographer in residence at the University of Virginia where he is working on a comprehensive life of Jefferson, the father of that institution.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rendering them my supreme delight." (By "science" he meant knowledge—all knowledge; what we call science he would have called natural philosophy or natural history.) For forty years there had been a contest for his time and attention between public duties and personal interests, but if he harbored the thought that contemplation of the universe unfitted one for affairs of state, he is not known to have said so. Nor did he perceive any conflict whatsoever within the realm of learning. Replying to the letter informing him of his election as a member of the National Institute of France, he said, "I accept it as an evidence of the brotherly spirit of science [learning] which unites into one family all its votaries of whatever grade, and however widely dispersed through the different quarters of the globe." To him the contention of Lord Snow that the intelligentsia of the western world are polarized in two antagonistic cultures would have been unthinkable.

Obviously, no one can hope to match his diversity in our age of intense specialization, but he offers a timely reminder of the unity of human knowledge. He may suggest that we have overvalued the expert, who can be an exceedingly narrow man and whose wisdom outside his own field is dubious, to say the least. In our fiercely competitive society it may be much more difficult to glimpse the universal than it was in his day, but surely somebody should try to see it. No one of us can be as well rounded as he was, but in a society that is characterized by excess in so many forms we would be well advised to seek a better balance. According to some interpreters, this highly cultivated man who became a patron saint of democracy was a mass of contradictions. He has often been called a hypocrite. Contradictions there were, as indeed there are in all of us, but I am most impressed with his equilibrium—or, to use a musical rather than a physical term, with his polyphony. He was not only a man of reason but also a man of boundless enthusiasm for things he believed to be of prime importance. One of these, unquestionably, was knowledge. Long ago in the hills of Albemarle or in the village of Williamsburg he learned what all true scholars and dedicated scientists must know, and even the humblest student and rankest amateur can find out: namely, that the pursuit of knowledge is one of the most fascinating activities in which human

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beings can engage. And, during the years following his retirement from the presidency, he found that its satisfactions were enduring.

He pursued knowledge because he liked to, but, living in the bright springtime of the modern mind, he believed that the world would, or at least could, be saved by knowledge. This faith was not dimmed during the reaction that followed the revolutionary era in America and Europe. In the last decade of his life, in almost the last letter he ever wrote to his friend DuPont de Nemours, he said: "Enlighten the people generally, and tyranny and oppressions of body and mind will vanish like evil spirits at the dawn of day." His actual hopes were not quite so high as this exhortation would suggest; he did not really believe that human society would or could attain perfection. But he did believe it capable of almost unlimited improvement. How disappointed he would be to learn that despite the vast increase in knowledge and its dissemination since his day, tyranny and oppression are still worldwide. Quite clearly, knowledge is not enough. It must be accompanied by the will to use it, and the wisdom to use it humanely. But surely the world cannot be saved by ignorance. There are dimensions of the human mind that Jefferson did not perceive when, following Lord Bacon, he divided its faculties into memory, imagination, and reason, and gave to reason a primacy that is questionable in the light of human experience. But if we cannot depend on intelligence to solve our problems, what in heaven's name can we depend on? Jefferson did not place his faith in a static accumulation of information, but in the mind itself. That it must be kept free was axiomatic. The quotation in the memorial to him in Washington fully deserves the emphasis that is accorded it: "I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man." To him the freedom of the spirit was the most precious freedom, and this implacable foe of prejudice and superstition in any form pinned his hopes for human betterment on liberated intelligence.

But, turning from the general to the particular, we may ask: what has all this to do with the problems that most distress us here and now? Mr. Jefferson has been dead nearly a century and a half. Why look back to him for guidance? Why look to history at all?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Such questions have been asked most insistently by the young, who are normally impatient and more disposed than their elders to think in terms of speed. Some of our problems unquestionably clamor for quick solution, and, in an era of instantaneous news and supersonic speed, impatience is to be expected. From our point of view the age of Jefferson was unbelievably slow-moving, and one would not expect a congenital optimist, who was notably patient as a reformer, to be to the taste of our young activists. But they should be pleased with one of the most characteristic of his utterances: "The earth," he said, "belongs always to the living generation." To be sure, this should be regarded as a statement of fact, not as a value judgment. The father dies and the son takes over, but whether this is for better or for worse depends upon the son. As he may dissipate his inheritance so may a prodigal generation squander a priceless heritage. Jefferson first wrote these words in a revolutionary period, when shackles were being cast off in France as they had been in America, and at that precise moment he was particularly concerned that the living should not be overburdened with inherited debt. It will be recalled that during his presidency he sought to prevent just that. We are concerned here, however, with more than financial matters, and certainly we cannot deny that the sins of the fathers have always been visited upon the children through successive generations. We are still reaping a bitter harvest from the seed the slave traders began to sow more than three centuries ago, and posterity will have to make the best of the ravaged earth that we shall leave it. There is a continuity in human affairs that is inescapable. There is something else that is inescapable: the responsibility that goes with ownership. As Mr. Jefferson reminds us, the present has to solve its problems in the light of its own circumstances: it cannot expect the past to solve them.

This is certainly not to suggest that there is no value in studying the problems of the past and the efforts of mortal men to meet them. By sharing the experience of the past we can immensely enrich our own experience and broaden our perspective. History abounds in suggestive parallels that can contribute greatly to the understanding of situations that are similar but not identical.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Knowledge of the American and French revolutions undoubtedly enables one to understand better the Russian and Chinese revolutions, but it is just as important to note the differences as the similarities. We can unquestionably profit from a consideration of the efforts of Jefferson—or of Washington or Lincoln for that matter—to meet the particular problems of his time. To live with great men through great events is a great experience and a highly educational one.

It is a noteworthy fact, however, that Jefferson did not expect to be remembered for the offices that he held, not even the presidency, or for the ways in which he handled particular problems. He recognized that with the passage of the years the constitutional framework could and should change and that anybody's policies could become outmoded. As his instructions for his famous tombstone show, he wanted his name to be associated with things that were not subject to limitations of time but that involved changeless values. And to this day he is best remembered, not as the holder of the highest office in the land, but as the herald of what he himself called self-evident truths for which he made no claim of originality whatsoever. These were not for his own age only; he proclaimed them to each and every subsequent generation. His voice can still be heard in the Declaration of Independence and his Bill for Establishing Religious Freedom; and his faith in enlightenment took enduring form in the columns and arcades of the university he fathered.

Although he founded a university, he is not famed chiefly as a creator of institutions. In fact, his present-mindedness tended to make him relatively indifferent and at times even hostile to them. (I am referring primarily to public institutions, not to private ones like the family. He was one of the most devoted family men who ever lived.) Believing as he did that the earth belongs to the living, not the dead, and being concerned as he always was to maintain a maximum of freedom, he was opposed to an established church, fearful of a permanent military establishment, and undisposed to develop a bureaucracy of any sort. He did not favor change for light and transient reasons, and this optimist was generally a gradualist. Early in his first presidential term he quoted with approval

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the remark of Solon that "no more good must be attempted than the nation can bear." To the fiery revolutionaries of our own time he probably seems a tame and timid creature. But no contemporary of his perceived more clearly the inevitability of change and the necessity that institutions keep pace with it. "Nothing is immutable," he said, "but the inherent and inalienable rights of man."

He was in his sixties, by which time one is generally beginning to dislike any sort of change, when he referred to the absurdity of requiring a man to continue to wear the coat that fitted him when he was a boy. In our day, when we have outgrown so much of our institutional clothing, the metaphor has particular appropriateness. It is not that all our garments are too small; both in government and business some appear, in fact, to be much too large for either efficiency or responsibility. (One thinks of the disease known as elephantiasis.) But there can be no possible doubt that many of these garments are ill-fitting. All human institutions—political, economic, educational, religious, and the rest—tend after a time to proceed on their own momentum and to be valued for their own sakes. We tend to become forgetful of the purposes of their creation. Any dynamic society faces the perennial task of revitalizing its institutions and adjusting them to changed circumstances. In our own case the problem is enormously complicated by the fact that circumstances have changed so greatly (often for the worse) and with such unexampled speed. Mr. Jefferson lived in what was called *the* age of revolution until our age preempted the term. I have lived through far greater change than he did. In scope and dimension the Russian and Chinese revolutions far exceeded the American and the French. I myself am only dimly aware of the managerial revolution and I am a bewildered bystander in the atomic age, but I am certainly competent to comment on the revolution in transportation and communication, since I vividly remember the horse-and-buggy days. Therefore, I am personally aware that the automobile alone has effected a revolution in the American way of life. Indeed, I am constrained to say that it is the Frankenstein monster of our era; our creature has become our master and threatens to destroy us.

This is a far cry from the age of Jefferson, who never even saw

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a train, who in fact never saw anything faster than a horse! He cannot be expected to tell us how to escape from perils of which he never heard and the like of which he did not even imagine. But he can remind us of the purpose of institutions and thus help us to assess the values of our own. One of the self-evident truths mentioned in the Declaration of Independence is that government was not instituted for its own sake but for the sake of human beings; man was not made for the state but the state for man. So, by inescapable logic, are businesses, schools, and everything else, even churches. The purpose of them all is to advance and maintain human rights, human interests, and human values, and their success or failure must be judged by these standards. Under our historic philosophy, therefore, a major task of any and every generation is to humanize its institutions.

How to do this is, of course, an enormously difficult problem, requiring all the intelligence and good will that can be mustered, but surely the first question that should be asked about anything and everything is: What value does it have for people? And, as it seems to me, the humanist is one who recognizes the primacy of human values and seeks to promote them. This leads me to say that the perennial task of humanistic scholars, of whom I regard myself as one in spirit if not in attainment, is to keep the humanities human. Learning can become very barren when pursued for its own sake remote from life; and scholarship, like everything else, must be tested at last by its human value. Pedantry is an ever-present danger, and so is intellectual snobbery. By humanization, however, I do not mean popularization as it is commonly understood. We do not have to cater to the whims and fancies of the moment in order to demonstrate our humanity, and our usefulness cannot be measured by the standards of the marketplace. We can continue to be respectful of the English language. We certainly do not need to resort to vulgarity, which is in abundant supply already. Victorian squeamishness is out of date among scholars as it is in other quarters, but those who are aware of the beauty and grace as well as the elemental power of great literature, can serve our loud and anarchistic age by upholding standards of good taste and good manners.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If I have devoted disproportionate attention to the field of learning, when there are such massive problems elsewhere, I have done so in part because I strongly believe in self-criticism. Workers in all fields may be invited to apply the test of human value to what they do, or make, or sell. They need not and should not disregard economic values, but they should do more than tell us how much money they themselves make. It will be recalled that Mr. Jefferson was chiefly responsible for our adoption of the decimal system of coinage, which has so greatly facilitated our monetary transactions through the generations. But he himself seems never to have used the dollar mark. In his account books to the end of his days he used a capital *D*. This practice may suggest that in financial matters he tended to be old-fashioned. Alexander Hamilton undoubtedly thought him that. The property he esteemed most was real property—land and what was on and in it. He charged his colleague, the first secretary of the treasury, with seeking to flood the country with paper. It is a fair guess, I think, that he would regard our world of stocks and bonds as more remote from reality than the one he lived in. And I do not doubt that this man who never used the dollar mark would be surprised by the tendency in our society to put it on everything. (Innumerable illustrations could be adduced. One that should come to the mind of any sports fan is the customary practice of summing up the winnings of golf and tennis players, whose achievements and rank, one would assume, can be ascertained from the adding machine. A more significant one is afforded by the attempt, recently reported in the papers, to determine the monetary value of a human life and the expense to which society is warranted in going in order to save it.) A word might be coined for this reduction of achievements and things and people to monetary terms. This might be "monetize" or "dollarize." The process of "monetization" or "dollarization" has gone so far that we may be disposed to take it for granted. We may need a visitor from another generation, like Mr. Jefferson, to remind us that there are other measuring rods, other criteria.

I am too impressed with his realism to believe that, if he could observe our society, he would denigrate legitimate economic in-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

terests and basic economic values. But perhaps a fresh eye from the past could perceive more clearly than we can the major problem of which we are beginning to be aware. It is that of reconciling the economic system with values that transcend the economic and may be said to be those of life itself. The problem has been brought very forcibly to our attention of late in connection with the environment and the limits, actual or alleged, of material progress. In fact the problem ramifies in all directions, and we are confronted with a whole series of dilemmas. Very recent history affords a striking example. Our government, desiring to stimulate a lagging economy, has made it easier for people to buy automobiles by removing the excise tax on them, but certainly it can be argued that we have too many cars already. My sympathies are with those who must decide which horn of a dilemma society is to be impaled on; in very many cases they will have to choose, not between good and bad, but between the greater and the lesser evil. No specific formula can be provided in advance, but I think that Mr. Jefferson as a reader of the classics and a disciple of the Renaissance could suggest a general principle that is timeless: "Man is the measure of all things." Man—not money.

Yet, as we must recognize, man himself is the main polluter, the insatiable consumer, the great destroyer, his own chief enemy, a dreadful creature in many ways. But there is really no such thing as man; man is an abstraction. The reality is people, individual human beings: male and female, young and old, rich and poor, villains and heroes, saints and sinners. (However else they may be described, they are amazingly durable and quite indomitable.) It has been said that the most important thing about Thomas Jefferson was his attitude toward people. It is indeed a noteworthy fact, a wonderful fact, that he retained his faith in them after all he had gone through. It should be pointed out, however, that although gullible at times, he was no sloppy sentimentalist with respect to people. He viewed them as individuals and fully recognized that there were fools and rogues among them. He did not suffer fools gladly and he admitted to John Adams that the rogues had a way of getting on top. In the Declaration of Independence he said that all men are born equal, but, quite clearly, he did not believe that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they were or could be equal in all respects. Undoubtedly he regarded them as equal in rights, as equal before the law. (I cannot enter into the now-obvious contradictions imposed by slavery.) Although full equality before the law may never have been attained in our country or any other, even among freemen, the principle is undeniable and immortal. Equality of status, while approximated in particular instances in our history (on the frontier, for example), has never existed in our society as a whole, and, in fact, cannot be expected to do so under conditions of freedom, since these permit men to lag as well as to strive, to fall as well as to rise. (No condonation of the ever-widening gap between the very rich and the very poor is intended. To any humane mind that is inexcusable.) Jefferson was especially concerned to remove artificial restrictions of every sort. In this way he sought to promote equality of opportunity, as he did more positively in his educational proposals. More than most of his contemporaries, he emphasized the importance of environmental factors, and he displayed no interest whatever in genealogy, but he recognized that differences in native endowment are a fact of life, and this man of the hills never thought that society could or should be reduced to the monotony of a level plain.

Nowhere is this better shown than in his dialogue with John Adams, when these two old men exchanged views on aristocracy in their justly renowned correspondence. Adams introduced the subject in letters full of quotations from Greek and Latin that he commended to the consideration of his learned friend. The Sage of Monticello replied: "I agree with you that there is a natural aristocracy among men. The grounds of this are virtue and talents. . . . There is also an artificial aristocracy founded on wealth and birth, without either virtue or talents. . . ." These two veterans were agreed that this artificial aristocracy was a "mischievous ingredient in government," while differing about the means to prevent its ascendancy. Jefferson continued to believe that a free citizenry would generally choose wise and good men to represent and govern them. His countrymen have never forgotten that he retained his faith in political democracy, but many of them have been unaware of the faith in ability and character with which he sup-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plemented it. At the age of seventy he wrote John Adams: "The natural aristocracy I consider as the most precious gift of nature for the instruction, the trusts, and government of society."

His desire to safeguard, develop, and utilize this "precious gift of nature" is clearly manifest in his educational proposals. His belief, so advanced in his day, that educational opportunity should be universal has subquently gained all but universal acceptance among his countrymen. In fact, they have made a religion of it. Coupled with it, however, was an idea that was long overlooked, namely, that progression from one stage of free education to the next should be based on the selective principle. Details need not concern us, but we should note that the test was to be, not status or wealth, but merit. As we know, this test has been widely applied in recent years in connection with scholarships and other grants, and as a result, fresh reservoirs of talent have been tapped. (This would delight Mr. Jefferson.) One wonders, however, if this wise policy is not now threatened by a tide of indiscriminate egalitarianism. Society cannot be expected to provide unlimited education for everybody regardless of ability, and it cannot afford to be indifferent to excellence.

There are those in our country today who would describe Jefferson as an elitist, whatever that may mean. Although he was a foe to special privilege and vested interests, he certainly was not disposed to reduce human society to the dull level of mediocrity. In his day they do not seem to have talked about elitists, and at the height of his career he was designated by his supporters as the "man of the people." His enemies used other terms, but during most of his presidency his popularity was immense. This may seem surprising, since he disliked crowds, built his house on a mountain, and, in our terminology, was indubitably an intellectual. These things were less disadvantageous in politics at that time than they afterwards became, but one would not suppose that, even then, such a highbrow would have been hailed beyond any of his major contemporaries as the people's friend. Since he made hardly any speeches, and no presidential tours, he was only a symbolic figure to most people. But his humanity, besides being reflected in policies, was abundantly manifest in his personal relations. Friendly

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

warmth was natural and habitual to him, according to John Adams, and, characteristically, he showed respect for the opinions and personalities of others, high and low alike. He treated his department heads as peers and he was noted for making his dinner guests feel at home. At the end of his presidency his French chef said that he had never enjoyed working for anyone so much. This may have been partly due to the fact that as a gourmet Jefferson could appreciate his chef's dishes, but there can be no doubt of the affectionate relationship between them. Nor can there be any doubt of the affection between Jefferson and his Irish coachman, with whom he exchanged many letters after his retirement. He received innumerable communications from persons all over the country—students seeking advice about books, observers of natural phenomena who hastened to report these to him, inventors of potentially useful or obviously absurd devices. All were aware of his interest in any sort of contribution to knowledge or improvement. There was a good deal of old-fashioned formality in the hundreds of replies that he penned with his own hand to these people, who were surely not his equals; in our casual age these letters seem a little stilted. But they were in no sense patronizing; they were notably devoid of arrogance. Respect for the personalities of other people may not be obtainable by legal or governmental means, but surely it is the essence of good manners, of democracy, and of equality.

Thus, through the generations, Mr. Jefferson has been speaking not only in the language of high intelligence but also in that of universal humanity.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American Scholar Forum

Women on Women

At a recent meeting of the Editorial Board of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, *there was a prolonged discussion about devoting considerable space in the magazine to various aspects of the present ferment concerning the status of women. Toward the end of the discussion, a woman member of the board slipped a piece of paper to me. On it she had written, "The question is: If we win, what will we lose?" I thought this a provocative question with which to begin a discussion of the condition of American women today. Therefore, in letters inviting various distinguished women to participate in such a (tape-recorded) discussion, I quoted it. It did, indeed, become a touchstone for the gathering, which took place in a conference room at 757 Third Avenue, New York City. Lillian Hellman was the moderator.*

—HIRAM HAYDN

ANN BIRSTEIN[1]: The remark that seems to have begun this whole discussion was made, I gather, at a recent AMERICAN SCHOLAR meeting, by a lady on that board who, in speaking about the women's movement, said something to the effect that "if we win, what will we have lost?" I thought of that now because my first instinct was to lose *her,* and because that kind of thinking reflects what is to me about as close to the nature of the enemy as is possible. The tradition of the older woman, somebody successful, established, who's made it on her own and really doesn't want anybody else to come along for the ride. I think it's a very common thing.

LILLIAN HELLMAN[2]: I wonder if that's what she meant, or—

Ms. BIRSTEIN: I'd be glad to hear any other interpretations.

NANCY WILSON ROSS[3]: Well, maybe she's speaking for another kind of woman, and I believe there are a lot of them who *do* think—I'm not one—but who do think that they are going to lose some nameless value that they can't quite explain, but they certainly sincerely feel it.

NORMA ROSEN[4]: I've heard that expressed a lot, too. If everybody is out there in the marketplace, who is at home keeping the sensitive side of life alive? But in the light of who it was who said that, and she said "we," it is surprising.

Ms. HELLMAN: Were you there when she spoke?

RENATA ADLER[5]: I was there.

Ms. HELLMAN: What did she mean?

Ms. ADLER: I don't think it was meant exactly that way. As I remember it there was a discussion about having a whole women's issue of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR. The discussion was getting very long and not going anywhere. It was a delicate way of turning the conversation off, I think. There was more said than that. It wasn't—

Ms. ROSEN: It wasn't a poignant admission of her own feelings then.

Ms. BIRSTEIN: I just brought it up because Hiram [Haydn] mentioned it to us. But it seems to me characteristic of a position

[1] ANN BIRSTEIN is a novelist whose latest work of fiction is *Summer Situations.*

[2] LILLIAN HELLMAN's *Collected Plays* was published last spring.

[3] NANCY WILSON ROSS is a novelist and social historian. Among her books are *The Left Hand Is the Dreamer, Westward the Women,* and *Three Ways of Asian Wisdom: Hinduism, Buddhism, Zen.*

[4] NORMA ROSEN's work includes two novels, *Joy to Levine!* and *Touching Evil,* and a book of short stories, *Green.* She is currently a Fellow at the Radcliffe Institute.

[5] RENATA ADLER, author of *Toward a Radical Middle* and *A Year in the Dark,* is on the staff of the *New Yorker.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that makes it very difficult for everyone else. I mean in the sense that this was a member of the SCHOLAR Board, not some poor lady saying if I lose my chains, what then? I assume that members of the Board are at least sufficiently unchained to be able to get to Washington.

Ms. ROSEN: I'm really surprised by the use of the word "win" anyway because that seems to me to suggest a view of the women's movement that's very limited. Of course, the legislation is badly needed. In that sense you must win votes. But beyond that, the women's movement seems to me so open-ended that I can't think of it in terms of winning anything, but, you know, consciousness-raising is something that goes on forever and ever.

Ms. HELLMAN: I think you could say "win" in the sense of economics, couldn't you? I think the point there would be equal wages, equal opportunities.

Ms. ROSEN: Yes, in that sense—

Ms. HELLMAN: Or in a social sense—

Ms. ROSEN: There are levels of the women's movement. There are the ABCs, the groundwork to be done. Equal pay, and being able to deduct housekeeping expenses from your income tax, at least. That sort of thing. But that's the sort of thing I always pass over very quickly because I think, "Of course, that goes without saying." The other part, beyond that—

Ms. HELLMAN: I'm afraid it doesn't go without saying. I think one of the troubles with women's liberation is that it has not touched women of the so-called lower classes, deprived classes. It's really been a movement of intellectuals and well-heeled middle-class ladies. It's too bad.

Ms. BIRSTEIN: I don't find that the truth, actually. I truly don't. I think all such movements are perhaps initiated by intellectuals. You know, black power and so on.

Ms. HELLMAN: Where do you find the women's liberation movement among lower-class ladies?

Ms. BIRSTEIN: To begin with, this is a criticism that's generally made by men: that it's a middle-class thing and—

Ms. HELLMAN: I'm not condemning it. Forgive me if . . . let me explain what I mean before you deny it.

Ms. BIRSTEIN: I know what you mean: that it's a movement of middle-class women who want the liberation of the middle class.

Ms. HELLMAN: There's nothing wrong with it being a movement of upper or middle-class ladies as long as it reaches other people. The trouble is, it has not reached them.

Ms. BIRSTEIN: But I don't think that's true. I don't think that at all. In the first place, as I said, I think it's a criticism usually made by men who are—which always amuses me—great admirers of Freud. And Freud, of course, theorized largely on the basis of his experience with neurasthenic middle-class women. *That* doesn't seem to bother them at all. Also, this entire movement for sexual equality did start in Congress as a rider to a civil rights bill. Granted that it was thrown in by some southern senator as a joke, it began in connection with a bill for economic and racial equality. The whole abortion thing too surely most affects lower-class women. *We* could always have gotten an abortion in any case. I don't see that the thrust of all this—either in Congress in terms of equal opportunity, or through other laws being passed, abortion reform, et cetera—I don't see that this is the middle class we're talking about.

Ms. HELLMAN: No, no, you're misunderstanding me. I'm not saying they are or should be middle-class, I'm saying the opposite. That they shouldn't be. The trouble is they have not reached lower-class ladies. The whole West Coast movement has not only acknowledged it, but is trying to remedy it. It's not a question of—I'm not judging it for that reason. I think most movements are led by the middle class or the intellectual. Why not? But I don't think it's had enough enrollment among lower-class women, the most deprived women.

Ms. ROSS: I would agree with that. I think it's absolutely true that they don't seem to grasp their part in it. I talk to a lot of very simple people on simple levels and they don't seem to know what it's all about, really. Or seem to care, in most

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cases. So maybe we know a different set of simple people.

CAROLYN HEILBRUN[6]: In my world, what's being lost is always being mentioned, from men not helping you off with your coat to the loss of romance between the sexes—

Ms. BIRSTEIN: What's your world?

Ms. HEILBRUN: The university world. And I don't agree with this view completely. My feeling is that there is everything to win, if that's the word. But any change entails loss. I don't know anything in life that you don't have to give up something for. But I think that . . . it's very easy to feel on your pulses what you're losing and very hard to imagine what you'll win. And so we tend to look at customs and rituals and bemoan their loss.

Ms. Ross: Yes.

Ms. BIRSTEIN: Do *you* think it's middle-class—women's liberation?

Ms. HELLMAN: I didn't say that. Let me say it once more. Forgive me for boring everybody with this again. Most other liberal movements in America or in Western countries have been middle-class. Who else is to lead movements except the so-called educated? I said that it's too bad that it has not yet reached large numbers of lower-class women, deprived women, who most need it. I didn't say there was anything wrong with the middle class leading it. Do you feel that's true?

ALICE WALKER[7]: Well, I don't really know. I think that as far as black women are concerned, and black lower-class women, there's an interest in liberating *all* black people and not just black women. But I feel that black women desperately need to accept the benefits of liberation, because in a way they're the most oppressed of all.

Ms. ROSEN: Double effect.

Ms. WALKER: Yes.

Ms. ROSEN: Could I ask what would the liberation—what form would the liberation take? I mean, is it this form of going out and getting a job while the men stay home, let's say, and vegetate with the children—to use some kind of crude comparison? I understand—and I know this from people who've traveled in Europe and have talked with women there—that the thing everybody wants to be free of (not everybody, but the women who have not had very much in the way of leisure or comfort)—that what they want to be free of is the need to go out and work. To stay home is to move up a notch socially, to be able to draw a breath, to have leisure—that is what they want. It's their goal. So I wonder what you think the form of their liberation should be?

Ms. WALKER: I'd like to see them liberated from the ideas that their men have of them. The men expect them to be various things that they're not. Black women are called matriarchs, called castraters of the men, and all kinds of things by black men. So we become very timid; we don't want to offend them. We want to be very compliant, very sweet, and—

Ms. HELLMAN: Yes, it pays better.

Ms. BIRSTEIN: But that's not economics, do you think?

Ms. ROSEN: To me it's like a reversal in a sense. Black women, you're saying, have been the strong women, and black women are now saying they ought to become—what? I've heard some white women say, let's revive Joan of Arc and the Amazon image for women, and the Athena image for women, instead of—what is the opposite image, the one black women think they ought to follow?

Ms. HEILBRUN: Could someone explain to me why the—I don't know what to call it—the literary establishment, seems to write in *Commentary*, the *New Yorker*, *Harper's* and so on, with the idea of this great loss that will take place, if women's liberation comes about. People like Midge Decter in *Commentary*.

Ms. BIRSTEIN: Who was that? I don't read it much.

Ms. HEILBRUN: I don't either, very much.

[6] CAROLYN HEILBRUN is a professor of English and comparative literature at Columbia. Her book, *Notes Toward a Recognition of Androgny*, will be published next year.

[7] ALICE WALKER's newest book is *Revolutionary Petunias*. She teaches a course on black women writers at the University of Massachusetts and is a Fellow at the Radcliffe Institute.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For instance, the *New York Times*. And certainly the *New York Review*, which I do see, has, as far as I know, reviewed only one book on the subject—which was one I haven't read, Juliet Mitchell's. And they got a man to review it, which he did rather intelligently, although she didn't like the review, I think. I mean I just wonder if anyone could explain their attitude, that the women's revolution seems to be the only one not worth recognizing—because I think it may be close to the original question.

Ms. BIRSTEIN: About what we have lost.

Ms. HEILBRUN: The *New Yorker* magazine, also, which has always been so open in so many ways, continues to treat women as a joke. I mean in every cartoon from the day they were founded till today, they continue to ridicule women. And they seem to find the whole subject one they simply avoid in articles.

Ms. HELLMAN: Is it women as much as their sort of old joke about the war between the sexes? Is that putting down women, or is it about the putting down of men *by* women?

Ms. BIRSTEIN: Well, but that's the same thing, isn't it?

Ms. HELLMAN: Yeah, I suppose it is, in a way.

Ms. HEILBRUN: They're still having cartoons of the man who comes home drunk and says, "Don't be mean to me, dear."

Ms. BIRSTEIN: That's really middle-class to me. I can see them making up all those cute things on commuter trains.

Ms. ROSS: True, but cute or not, cartoons are by definition intended to mold public opinion.

Ms. ADLER: No . . .

Ms. BIRSTEIN: Now what you said about black women sort of wanting to change—is that a recent thing, or was that always how black women concealed a lot of strength?

Ms. WALKER: No. Would you ask that again? I didn't—

Ms. BIRSTEIN: The fact that black women are now wanting to come on soft and sweet—is that a new thing, or is that part of the old tradition?

Ms. WALKER: No, I think it's new. I think before they didn't realize that they were being so strong, and the sort of pussycat technique now is brand new. Yes. I would say about three years old.

Ms. BIRSTEIN: Oh, it's *that* new? Is that the young women, older women, or—

Ms. WALKER: Well, young. Yeah, because the older women don't realize that they were all these ugly things that people said they were. They thought that they were just providing for their families, that they were just surviving.

Ms. BIRSTEIN: My idea of an older black woman is of a sweet lady, actually.

Ms. WALKER: Well, some are sweet and some not.

Ms. BIRSTEIN: I mean, the idea of her is that she was *supposed* to be sweet, so that—

Ms. WALKER: Well, but you see, the thing is at home, because she was tired, she really didn't feel like being sweet. And that's why her husband has been complaining for all these many years. But I feel that women should be just the way they naturally are. They may seem very, very strong, too strong, and that's too bad. I mean, this strength is *bound* to reflect badly on anybody who's weak. But I think they have a right to *be*. And I think that a lot of the charges that we've had are just wrong. I don't think we've been castrating anybody, or we've been overriding everybody else's view.

Ms. ROSS: That's what's wrong with the men, they *think* this has happened. Isn't it their problem if they *are* being castrated?

Ms. BIRSTEIN: It is *their* problem. I was thinking about that the other day. Portnoy's the one with troubles. Mrs. Portnoy is okay.

Ms. HELLMAN: Well, in certain circles it has been true.

Ms. BIRSTEIN: Why should anybody ever have the right to tell you to lie down and die?

Ms. WALKER: Or walk five steps behind, which I find insulting.

Ms. BIRSTEIN: Or pretend not to be what you are? Why should anybody not operate at her full strength? I don't understand. I've never understood—

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ms. Rosen: Well, you almost never can operate at your full strength, can you? You can want to, but you have to, you know, curb yourself all the time, I think.

Ms. Birstein: Why?

Ms. Rosen: Well, I just think it's something that happens. Without putting any judgment on whether the strength is just, you know, destructive rage or whatever, I mean, for instance, when you're bringing up small children you're constantly having to bite your tongue, curb a response, so that you don't ever give them the full blast, I think.

Ms. Birstein: But you give them a kind of love full strength.

Ms. Rosen: You temper it, I think, you temper it. I mean I don't know enough about what the human potential is both to give and to take. I don't know, but I suspect that perhaps it's never really possible to express full rage without annihilating somebody, and you lose that satisfaction.

Ms. Birstein: But why do you talk of rage? I mean with children.

Ms. Rosen: Or anything, or even to express fully the amount of protectiveness one wants to give. You're always having to say, well, I'm scared for him now, but I'm going to let him go. And constantly, I think (maybe I'm strange, but I feel this), there's always some diminution of—

Ms. Birstein: But that's not weakness; that's love.

Ms. Rosen: Well, okay.

Ms. Hellman: This doesn't have much to do with women's liberation.

Ms. Ross: From that, logically, Ann, you would say that love should hold you back, that you should hold back because you don't want to upset your husband by being yourself.

Ms. Birstein: Ah, that's where women's lib—

Ms. Hellman: Well, don't we come back to economic pressures? Upper-class ladies have had a great deal to gain by playing one game, and lower-class ladies, among them blacks, have had to play another one. The upper-class lady, or the middle-class lady, has made out very well as the weaker and the more fragile of the pair, husband and wife. The lower-class lady—particularly American blacks, had to earn a living. So the problems were quite different and are quite different—still are terribly different. There is still a good living and a great many mink coats to be earned by pretense. Respectable whoredom, Marx wrote about it. I think it's been quite deliberately done and quite deliberately kept alive.

Ms. Ross: Do you think by men more than by women?

Ms. Hellman: I think by women.

Ms. Rosen: But there must have been something for the men too, or they wouldn't have gone along with it.

Ms. Hellman: Yes there was, there certainly was. You pay for something, you get something.

Ms. Rosen: And then they kept this fearful assertiveness down to an acceptable level.

Ms. Ross: I think historically it's interesting that the women's rights movement began with the pioneer women who walked and rode across America three thousand miles, and were so absolutely essential to their men that they dared to assert themselves and fight on a lot of fronts. *That,* women who were still living much more protected lives on the East Coast that those women had left, weren't ready to do. And although it came up very strongly in the Far West, it was then put down because it got tied up with the temperance movement. But it all began in the Far West, and historically this is enormously interesting, because those women seemed to have no fear about challenging their males on every front.

Ms. Birstein: How did the temperance movement—

Ms. Ross: Well, women began to think they could combine temperance legislation with rights for women. And that's how they really lost.

Ms. Birstein: But what difference would it make? I don't—

Ms. Ross: It was a big thing in those days because all the husbands were drink-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing, and it meant an awful lot to those women to get their men off the bottle.

Ms. WALKER: You know, there was a novelist, Frances Watkins Harper, who wrote in the 1800s. She was a big propagandist for the temperance league, and I always wondered just exactly why. She wrote the first novel in this country by a black woman. It is called *Iola Leroy*. The first half is wonderful, but then the second half is all about getting off the bottle.

Ms. ROSS: Yes, it was a very real thing.

Ms. WALKER: Remarkable.

Ms. ADLER: I'm a liberated woman, I think. Anything that's happened to me one way or the other is within the terms as they exist. It seemed to me for a long time in women's lib that whatever anybody said was sort of a joke. And then it wasn't. So much of it was right. And when abortion reform was almost repealed in the New York legislature—I mean nearly a reversal of history—I realized how very very serious it was. If we win, what do we lose? Well, it is a ladylike construction. We are never going to win. And if we do win, all the better. The problems begin at the first thing and go across the board.

Ms. HELLMAN: I really think the lady meant that you've nothing to lose but your chains.

Ms. BIRSTEIN: Well, I don't know, but I see no innuendoes in this at all. I can't understand what we could possibly lose.

Ms. ADLER: Also, when Governor Rockefeller was brave about that legislation—well, all taxi stories are boring, but a taxi driver said, "What is this about women with control over their own bodies? I ask you about the poor baby, who *put* it there?" And I just thought, no. Never mind about lighting cigarettes and opening doors. I give up about that.

Ms. BIRSTEIN: Why should you give up anything?

Ms. ROSEN: God put it there.

Ms. BIRSTEIN: For the legislature to keep.

Ms. WALKER: Let God babysit.

Ms. BIRSTEIN: When you think of this vile Nixon crying of the sanctity of human life and making this speech in support of his Vietnamese policy—

Ms. HEILBRUN: It's an extraordinary question coming from where it came. And it's a question I hear all the time, in ordinary life.

Ms. ROSEN: You hear it from students?

Ms. HEILBRUN: No. Never from students.

Ms. HELLMAN: Which question?

Ms. HEILBRUN: The question of what we will lose. Men won't want to support us; they won't make us feel desirable and helpless.

Ms. HELLMAN: Well, that was the point I was making.

ELIZABETH JANEWAY[8]: I came in late. Could I just ask, since I've also just come back from England and I've only talked briefly about this on the phone (and to a man!)—could I ask what the question is?

Ms. HELLMAN: It was no question. The question was the answer.

Ms. JANEWAY: Well, you all seem to know who asked the question and I don't.

Ms. ROSS: We began by discussing a statement made by a member of the Editorial Board of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR at one of their meetings: If we win, what will we lose?

Ms. HELLMAN: There's a difference of opinion about what she meant by it.

Ms. BIRSTEIN: And in fact it wasn't even that she said it, but that such a question was—

Ms. JANEWAY: In the air?

Ms. BIRSTEIN: It was: If we win, what will we lose?

Ms. JANEWAY: Well, I do find that there's a kind of attachment to triviality in all this that is perhaps more important than we think. The opening-the-door bit, for instance. It comes up over and over and over again. I think it means something more than what it says. When women do not behave the way they are expected to, it makes waves. Of course that's true about anybody. But this says something about changes in role behavior, and that subject

[8] A novelist, critic and essayist, ELIZABETH JANEWAY is working on a sequel to her current book, *Man's World—Woman's Place: A Study in Social Mythology,* and on a novel that she has tentatively titled *Ruth and Naomi.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I've been extremely interested in. I think we should direct our attention to the fact that when people *do* change the way they behave, they frighten other people. Norman Mailer wrote that book, *Prisoner of Sex,* partly out of terror, I believe. What we lose, men and women both, is a kind of comfortable familiarity. Well, for us it's been familiarity with a place that's too small, a place that has cramped us and distorted us. But in losing familiarity, you do confront the whole problem of how to behave in the most ordinary circumstances. What sort of an appearance are you making to other people, how do you present yourself? All the little nitty-gritty details of life, like waiting for men to open the door, have to be thought through again. And this is a heavy trip, you know.

Ms. BIRSTEIN: Yes.

Ms. HEILBRUN: When we were on that panel, Elizabeth, the women were all in agreement, but the one man there was a bit apprehensive that sexual relations between men and women would cease if the women's liberation movement succeeded.

Ms. Ross: I'd like to know who *that* was.

Ms. HEILBRUN: Anatole Broyard. And he of course kept reading in the newspapers about how men are suffering more now from impotence and sexual inadequacy. I'm sure they aren't. Men and women are just talking more. What Doris Lessing called the chivalry of women has a bit declined, I think.

Ms. BIRSTEIN: Not so much—

Ms. HELLMAN: Yes, but gentlemen have to take part responsibility—a great deal of responsibility for this. They wanted it this way. This was the payment for us. For having babies, for being supported, for coats and dresses, for—

Ms. HEILBRUN: But you know the oppressor has never had so much complicity from the oppressed in any other situation as he has had from women, and it has been largely because they have been so afraid of what they would lose.

Ms. BIRSTEIN: Absolutely true.

Ms. HELLMAN: We're fighting a society that won't give you a chance to support yourself.

Ms. HEILBRUN: And if you do, it calls you unfeminine, unladylike, unbeautiful, aggressive, castrating—

Ms. JANEWAY: Terrifying. It's like being called a heretic five hundred years ago. Abnormality today is the same as heresy was then. You're outside the society, and the rules don't apply. I've been touring around and speaking at a fair number of colleges recently, and quite a few of them have continuing education programs. Now I've seen all sorts of middle-aged women coming back to learn and to get themselves inserted back into life outside the home after having been cut off. Some of them are just great; some are euphoric, which is not great because it is not realistic. And some of them are awfully scared at having to relearn how to connect with the world, to take a deep breath and dare to be brave. Women have always been brave in private, but they have to learn to be brave in public now, and it's a different kind of thing. It takes a dash and a bravado.

Ms. HELLMAN: Well, I hate to come back to this, but it's not so much a question of being brave as it is a question of a society that will allow you to be brave. It's fine to be brave, but if you can't find a job to be brave with, then you can't eat by being brave, and it doesn't mean much.

Ms. HEILBRUN: It works on a different level. When Columbia got into trouble with H.E.W., one of the things that happened for the first time is that the tenured women met. Now I think that in itself means two things. We had not met before, which is interesting. There turned out to be only thirteen or fourteen of us, and the major feeling on the part of most of the women there at first was don't rock the boat. But you see, they have made it. What they're afraid of is—

Ms. HELLMAN: Somebody else will make it.

Ms. HEILBRUN: Well, I don't think that's doing them justice. I think it's that they—

Ms. HELLMAN: Let's do them injustice.

Ms. HEILBRUN: They've learned the gestures of survival in the male world, and if you take those gestures away, what are they going to do? That is the loss.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ms. Hellman: That's not a very generous answer, is it?

Ms. Heilbrun: Well, they have a lot to lose, they think.

Ms. Birstein: Look, I know a lady who teaches at a certain university and I am not allowed, I'm literally not allowed, to mention her department or anything. But in her department, no woman has been tenured for thirty years. She is terrified—even as I speak I feel as if I were betraying a member of the French Resistance—because she *applied* for tenure. That's all. She makes a grand salary of about ten thousand bucks a year and is afraid that—

Ms. Hellman: She'll lose it.

Ms. Birstein: And she has everything to lose, in a sense, because professionally what is she supposed to do?

Ms. Hellman: Well, that's what I mean.

Ms. Janeway: Well, it fits, but remember that you're talking about a particular and special economic situation. At the moment the number of jobs in academia is small and declining, so perhaps here prudence is the better part of valor. But when I say being brave in public, Lillian, I mean being brave enough to go in and push for a job, and really present yourself at your best and show your skills. And so, yes, there has to be a job to go after, of course.

Ms. Adler: It doesn't work. It will never work. I—

Ms. Birstein: Never will, Renata?

Ms. Janeway: Oh, Renata! Doesn't it work better than going in and falling over your feet and saying, "Pick me up. I'm a tender little thing and I need your help"?

Ms. Adler: That works.

Ms. Birstein: That works.

Ms. Janeway: Ohhhhhhh. . . .

Ms. Birstein: I think that anything that works, should work. But I think you should know you're doing it.

Ms. Hellman: I think Renata's right. That women found out that being picked up works. And they didn't have the opportunities. Today they have enough opportunities so that being picked up won't have any effect anymore. But I don't think it has anything to do with—well, at least for me it was bravery. It has to do with—

Ms. Janeway: Oh, it has to do with self-confidence.

Ms. Hellman: What country you live in and what system you live under. How much you need it, how much you really need it.

Ms. Janeway: Well, I must say that women professors in Yugoslavia, theoretically a Marxist country, are not really even as well off as some of ours here.

Ms. Hellman: I'm not saying that at all. I'm not saying that at all. I know there is no heaven for ladies.

Ms. Adler: I don't know, as far as that scene of sort of arriving and presenting your credentials and fighting for whatever position there is. I can remember a distinction that was made by a man I know and much admire: it was between a broad and a dish. A broad made it one way, and a dish made it in other ways.

Ms. Birstein: Well, a broad had a little more—was an active—

Ms. Adler: A broad was a person who elbowed whoever else was there aside, and a dish was somebody who arrived without having had to do that. And there was a certain amount of innuendo both ways. But—

Ms. Ross: That's fascinating.

Ms. Hellman: I think getting around it is one burden.

Ms. Janeway: We are going to change things.

Ms. Heilbrun: What a gloomy view! I mean, I'm afraid you're right, but—

Ms. Birstein: I don't buy that. I think she's right now, but I don't—

Ms. Heilbrun: She won't be in the future?

Ms. Birstein: Yes. I'm an enthusiastic pessimist usually, but I'm not going to buy that.

Ms. Adler: I still think there's a great tradition—

Ms. Birstein:—to be a broad who's a dish?

Ms. Hellman: That, I think, is where the trouble lies. That's the hope of most women. That's been the hope of most women. And *that's* the one that has to change.

Ms. Walker: Oh, oh.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ms. Hellman: It has to be. I think this gentleman who spoke to Renata has put his hand on the real truth, and I'm afraid it's the fault of women that the most vigorous of ladies always envy the most unvigorous of ladies.

Ms. Heilbrun: Gee. I don't agree.

Ms. Janeway: I don't.

Ms. Adler: Oh, I do.

Ms. Ross: I don't agree.

Ms. Hellman: Well, most of society does.

Ms. Heilbrun: I think the cruelty you had to bear from the jokes was one thing. But the envy of these "unvigorous" women! It became apparent to me early in life how miserable they were. Am I unique in this?

Ms. Birstein: I agree with you.

Ms. Heilbrun: When I was a child in private schools in New York, if your mother worked you were a deprived child. If your mother had a governess so that she could play bridge you weren't. It was total nonsense.

Ms. Hellman: Yes, but you were an unusual lady, because I don't think most ladies thought that.

Ms. Janeway: Gee, I still don't agree. Maybe I'm the odd girl out or something or other, but I have never, I think, suffered from not being the sort of person who does what I said to you, Renata—that is, comes in and falls down and says, "Pick me up." Somehow I've always kind of blasted in and I don't think I've suffered terribly from it. I've certainly never envied—at least not since I was seventeen and a half—you know, the awfully pretty girls who got the dates. I sure did then. But I know some of them now, and—

Ms. Hellman: Yes, but that's exactly it, isn't it? Sad years. Seventeen and a half is very late to come to a conclusion.

Ms. Heilbrun: Well, after fifteen I didn't envy them either, I must say, so I had a very short period of really wanting to be a dish. And I figure these periods of envy are getting shorter and shorter.

Ms. Hellman: No, not for all of us.

Ms. Birstein: But I don't see what is so surprising about all of this. When I first fell on this intellectual scene, not altogether through my own literary efforts—I had written only one book. I kind of married into it.

Ms. Hellman: That's the most modest statement I ever heard.

Ms. Birstein: At that time the ladies in that particular New York intellectual set were dreadfully unappealing, and if you were at all attractive or young or pleasant —it no longer holds true, but it was an apt rule then—I won't mention names but I could show you pictures. I mean those women were the serious intellectuals, and they thought that if you were at all even pleasant in demeanor, you could not have a thought in your head.

Ms. Adler: Among women?

Ms. Birstein: No, this was a male concern. It was an intellectual, male concern.

Ms. Rosen: Mary McCarthy is a very good-looking woman.

Ms. Ross: Sort of the exception though.

Ms. Birstein: In any case, any kind of pleasantness of demeanor or good looks were used against you. You were treated like a tootsie-roll, and you expected it. Now I find that very pretty ladies are thinking, writing, working hard.

Ms. Ross: Can't we give up that useless word "ladies" at this point?

Ms. Janeway: It's heavy with irony, though.

Unidentified Chorus:—I like that word. I like to be told I act like a lady.

—Oh God. I loathe that word.

—I think that's impossible to translate.

Ms. Birstein: But what I mean is that this whole idea of it being mutually exclusive was, at that time, twenty years ago, terribly entrenched in that intellectual society, because, I think, it was a mama's boy rule.

Ms. Adler: Yes, but it turned out there was always another way to go. A ladylike way. Now there are political alliances. There doesn't seem to be too much of a tradition of alliances among women unless it's sort of in that upper-middle-class thing of playing bridge and then the husbands die off and you either have alimony before that happens or you have his life insurance or whatever but it isn't—

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ms. Birstein: Now?

Ms. Adler: No, I don't think so now. It's an uneasy alliance always.

Ms. Janeway: I think it's coming. I think women are making friends.

Ms. Birstein: They're very supportive, too.

Ms. Janeway: Women are enjoying each other. This spring Carolyn Kizer came up to lecture at Barnard—

Ms. Adler: I meant broad alliances—pressure alliances, marching groups.

Ms. Janeway: Oh, you meant groups, marching alliances. I see. What I was saying was less formal. For instance, when Carolyn was in New York, four of us were sitting around talking after one of her lectures, and one of us said—and I honestly can't remember who—"My God, women have gotten so interesting to talk to in the last year or so!" And we all burst into hysterical laughter, because all four of us had spent our lives sneaking over to the men's side of the room so that we didn't have to talk about how to wash glass curtains, you know. And now we didn't anymore.

Ms. Ross: I don't think that, Elizabeth. I always have really loved the old-fashioned idea of women separating from men after dinner, because I really enjoyed talking to the women I've known. I must say I actually *have*.

Ms. Janeway: Well, if you knew them well enough really to talk, that may be so, but I think often it was very trivial and very frightened.

Ms. Ross: Well, just on the simple social level it might have been dull, but I've never felt that it was. At least I never found it so. Maybe I've just been lucky in my women friends.

Ms. Heilbrun: I want to know why you fear friendship among women, Renata?

Ms. Adler: No, I didn't—I just didn't know we had to be . . . brothers. The girls, for example, not even especially nice or attractive girls, who have been reading women's magazines for years and spraying themselves with deodorant and learning recipes and wondering why their exact male counterpart would never marry them and holds a better job than they—that has got to stop too. It has finally struck me that there is a cause, and that we can go, without loss, without sexual incursions, as far as making common cause. I mean, not unconscious common cause about who holds the stocks, you know—that castrating, that furtive question of who has the money in the end and who lives to run the family in the end.

Ms. Janeway: Who has power.

Ms. Adler: Who has the power. There may have been more power in the first thing that Lillian was talking about: the upper-class whore really having the power. They may really have had it and we may lose it going the other way.

Ms. Janeway: It's a lousy kind of power.

Ms. Hellman: Well, it's a lousy kind of power for intelligent women who can earn their own living. It's a very necessary power, which I think is why the movement isn't further along for women who don't wish to work. It's that simple.

Ms. Janeway: It's an awfully distorting kind of power, limiting kind of power. You pay much too much for it.

Ms. Hellman: Yes, we at this table don't even have to condemn it.

Ms. Janeway: And women have been paying more and more for it, which I think is what really got the movement started. Because there's so little left in woman's traditional role, there's so little of interest, there's so little to take your time—who wants to live a life of inanition and boredom?

Ms. Hellman: I think a great many ladies do.

Ms. Birstein: I think so too.

Ms. Janeway: Oh, I don't. Oh dear. All these enthusiastic pessimists.

Ms. Heilbrun: Do any of you here have daughters in high school now?

Ms. Birstein: I do, yes.

Ms. Heilbrun: It's very interesting. The majority there, Elizabeth, still want to make it with the boys; they want to get married. Now, though, the most interesting girls don't.

Ms. Hellman: Well, the most interesting girls never did. Certainly in my generation the most interesting girls didn't, either.

Ms. Birstein: Of course not. Never.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ms. HELLMAN: They wanted both, but they didn't—the one was more important than the other. I don't think that there's any great—

Ms. ROSS: I don't think it's new either. Not new at all. But I think—haven't we had periods—Elizabeth, you know more about this than I do—

Ms. HELLMAN: There're more of them probably now.

Ms. ROSS:—in which women have been markedly one way or the other. For instance, when I was growing up there was quite a strong feeling in favor of women going out in the world and having careers. Then there followed a recession about which all sorts of people had misgivings.

Ms. JANEWAY: Certainly, in our generation. Many of us expected to be able to get married and have a career too.

Ms. BIRSTEIN: Yes. Absolutely.

Ms. JANEWAY: In the thirties, the question was whether you'd ever get a job.

Ms. HELLMAN: No, I think it was deeper than that. I think there was—

Ms. JANEWAY: Back in the thirties, when I was first married, it didn't matter whether Eliot or I made more, or who brought the cash home for bread, so long as somebody did. We never counted, we never knew who made more one year than another year, honest.

Ms. HELLMAN: I think it was more profound than that. I think that's not what it was then, not what it is now. There is still —and there was then, and I'm sure there was in the eighteenth century or the nineteenth century—a feeling of wishing to be everything. Wishing to have the door opened for you, and a man get up for you and do all the things that that implies, as well as being or having—either wanting to be or being the independent woman. And I think that is still the handicap in the women's liberation movement. Consider the fact that so foolish a thing as whether you wear brassieres comes into the talk. Such nonsense talk is an indication of what I mean.

Ms. BIRSTEIN: But you know, when I was young and had a baby and I lived as a faculty wife in a small college town (I didn't teach there), it was as if I had lost—as if, intellectually speaking, I had fallen out of the human race. So what I mean is—

Ms. ROSEN: By what? By having a baby?

Ms. BIRSTEIN: By having a baby, by becoming a mother, by being a wife.

Ms. ROSEN: In whose eyes was that?

Ms. BIRSTEIN: In the whole community's.

Ms. ROSEN: The faculty?

Ms. BIRSTEIN: Yes, because it was a male faculty. It was a college town, a company town, and as you know, if you don't teach in a college, you just have no place in it. But you see, what bothered me was not that I didn't want to take care of my baby, or hold her, or walk her, or be there, which seemed to me a very normal and natural, not a lowly occupation—but that it was considered a lowly occupation.

Ms. HEILBRUN: But you wouldn't want to have done it all day, every day, would you?

Ms. BIRSTEIN: No. I wouldn't have wanted to do it all day every day. But it seemed to me a perfectly respectable and important thing to do. I didn't mind. But it was just that because I had a baby, literally almost, people never talked to me.

Ms. HELLMAN: Oh, come, Ann. I don't believe that. There were many other ladies who had babies.

Ms. BIRSTEIN: No, excuse me, that is absolutely—

Ms. HELLMAN: I remember that time very well.

Ms. WALKER: I'm still in it, and I think you're right.

Ms. HELLMAN: I was in it too, at the time. I was also teaching at the time.

Ms. BIRSTEIN: Well, I was *not* teaching.

Ms. WALKER: My baby's two and a half and I'm still in this whole process, and I agree with you. I think that people do tend to think that as long as you're nursing you can't talk sense.

Ms. HEILBRUN: Well, how many women who've had babies insist on talking about them, about do they stand up, do they sit down. I mean, it *is* boring—

Ms. BIRSTEIN: All right, it is boring, so—

Ms. ROSEN: Well, it's a kind of shop talk at that time.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ms. Birstein: What I meant was, that having a baby didn't seem to me demeaning, or taking care of her didn't seem to me demeaning. What was demeaning was—

Ms. Hellman: It was not demeaning, except to a few idiots.

Ms. Birstein: No, they were *not* a few idiots, it was my whole *society*.

Ms. Hellman: Well, you should have left it.

Ms. Birstein: I did, but—

Ms. Ross: You mean it was a collective thing?

Ms. Birstein: I'm talking about a societal thing. It did not just happen in my living room. It was a whole—

Ms. Janeway: Ann, you need that kind of a society in order to write. Because you write about it, and so well. It's your material.

Ms. Hellman: Do people look down upon you now for having had a baby?

Ms. Walker: No. It's just that while you're there, you know, holding the baby—

Ms. Hellman: I'd think the baby was yelling or something.

Ms. Birstein: No, no, Lillian, you're being flip about that.

Ms. Hellman: I'm not being flip about it at all. I think it's terrible to worry about who thought a baby was demeaning. And I don't believe it is so.

Ms. Birstein: Yes, it is true.

Ms. Walker: I also feel, though, that a lot of that feeling—I don't know about you—but I felt that a lot of that negative feeling was coming from me too because I began to *feel*, you see, that I had to *prove* myself as something other than a mother. Because the mother thing was just dragging me down. So I had to write more, I had to do this, I had to do that. Just in order to rise above that—the motherhood thing. And I have no romantic attachments to motherhood, by the way, either. I mean, I don't feel it's sort of my *definition*.

Ms. Adler: I believe in these romantic attachments.

Ms. Walker: As a writer, rather than a mother.

Ms. Rosen: Could I pick up on that for one second? I think that there's a corollary. It's the business of how you look at yourself as a woman, I guess, and how you translate that into terms on the outside. I was talking to a painter not too long ago, a woman painter, who takes herself very seriously as a painter, and she said that she knows she has consciously evolved a style that is as, quote, unfeminine as possible. Strong, bold, hard—

Ms. Birstein: Painting style?

Ms. Rosen: Yes, because she—well, she doesn't know why. But she says that she knows she can't look at any painting by women, for example, that she could possibly define as beautiful, with luscious colors, with lovely shapes, and so forth.

Ms. Walker: That's awful.

Ms. Rosen: She has groomed herself into something that can't possibly—to a virile style.

Ms. Heilbrun: She *has* lost something.

Ms. Rosen: Well, it happens to fit into the modern idiom, too. I do think women lose something when they force themselves into a style. As a writer myself I deplore the fact that it's very hard to write something about the domestic material, for example, which might be close to a woman who is writing at a certain time, and all you can do is send it to a woman's magazine.

Ms. Birstein: No, no, no, no, no, no, no, and no again. I don't know how many no's there are but I'll add three more.

Ms. Rosen: Your experience is different?

Ms. Birstein: No, it's just that it's not less valuable.

Ms. Rosen: Oh, I agree with you that it's not less valuable. I'm just saying the world says it is. The world that publishes you says it is.

Ms. Birstein: Well, then, the world is wrong.

Ms. Adler: The world has placed this romantic value on motherhood. I mean it may have worked out to be degrading in one way. But in another way, everything *else*—I mean all the liberated activities were the degrading ones, after all.

Ms. Ross: That's right.

Ms. Adler: The humiliated woman was the one who went out and tried to do a job. And the woman who was doing the job—

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ms. JANEWAY: Now wait. You're talking about a particular time in history. That wasn't so of lots of other times. It was perfectly comfortable to go out and do things in some other societies and at some other times. Women were active. I mean, let's not get hung up on the Victorian Age as representing all the past or the normality of tradition, because it doesn't. We're still overreacting against it, I think.

Ms. BIRSTEIN: Also—I must interject—I was talking about the fearful fifties, which was as disgusting a period in female life as possible.

Ms. JANEWAY: I'm sure that was feminine mystique time.

Ms. ROSEN: What about now? Do women feel free to express the full range of their feelings, or interests in art, for example?

Ms. BIRSTEIN: I feel I've gained a great deal professionally. I more or less deal with the same material, sometimes writing better, sometimes worse. But with my last book I have felt a new kind of respect, and I know that I owe this to the whole women's liberation thing because suddenly my subject has become a respectable subject. Such things as adultery, children underfoot when you're trying to make love, kids, ice boxes, you know—

Ms. HELLMAN: Explain that, please. The moderator wants to know about it.

Ms. BIRSTEIN: Explain that? Trying to neck in front of an open refrigerator door and the kid's crawling underneath? You see that's actually a real, if comic sexual activity that used to be considered silly, unimportant, but is now, by reviewers, anyhow, considered a rather legitimate—

Ms. JANEWAY: Yes, I think they are less apt to say, oh, this book is soap opera because the material of novels by women, written out of their special experiences, is what soap opera uses too.

Ms. BIRSTEIN: Much less. Much, much, much less often.

Ms. ADLER: I've never *seen* so much of somebody's saying it's soap opera.

Ms. BIRSTEIN: No.

Ms. ADLER: I mean, meaning it's bad.

Ms. BIRSTEIN: And far more female reviewers, which is—I mean, if a woman reviews your book, you're ahead of the game, in that way, you really are.

Ms. JANEWAY: Don't tell Anatole Broyard that; that's what he suspected.

Ms. WALKER: No, it's just that the same painter Norma Rosen mentioned earlier talked to me, and she said that she felt that as soon as you have children you close off a part of your creative self, or devote it to the children. Your work has to become less valuable because you lose something. And my argument was why couldn't having children and being married and all the other things that mean that you're a woman—why can't these things *enrich* what you do. But she doesn't see that at all.

Ms. ROSS: Don't you think, again, that that will come? It's a type of thing that I think is so true that it must come. And we'll find this particular material, as Ann said, considered a perfectly respectable thing to write about, and it won't necessarily go to women's magazines either. I think we're really getting a long way from the historic basis of this argument.

Ms. HEILBRUN: What I don't quite understand is why shouldn't the man be equally fulfilled by sitting with a child, taking care of it half a day—

Ms. WALKER: My husband is.

Ms. HEILBRUN: Why do you call it womanly, then? That's what I don't understand. A woman has to bear it and a woman has to nurse it, if you don't want to use bottles. But once you're beyond that, why should caring for a young child necessarily be a womanly experience? Why should heaving garbage cans into the back of the station wagon necessarily be a male experience? It's precisely this attributing of masculine and feminine roles that seems so closely involved with where we started, which is the question of loss. And I think what men have to lose and should lose is all these things forcing them into, you know, one sort of life, and women into another, whereas people ought to pick where they're happy. There will always be women who will be happy with young children. But my son's school, now, has young men teaching the first, second and third grades. That *never* happened before.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ms. BIRSTEIN: And why not?

Ms. HEILBRUN: And women teaching science and math in the boys' high school. A great change.

Ms. ADLER: It's sensible.

Ms. JANEWAY: But it did happen before, Carolyn, if I may interrupt for a minute. And it is happening in other places now. I've just read an article by somebody who'd been living in Wales for a year. An American woman. She and her husband had been teaching at an English university in Wales, and their three young children went to school there. It seems that it's quite a usual thing in the English state schools for young men to teach in elementary grades. One of the three children had a woman teacher, but the other two had men teachers, and children and parents found this very pleasant. So men teaching young children are normal other places. For heaven's sake! This is one of the things that I wish we'd get through our heads. There are so many things that *are* going on and that *have* gone on at one time or another. And then we get hung up on the Victorian Age, as I was protesting, and we overreact against it. We tend to forget how diverse life *has been,* which ought to encourage us to think how diverse it *can be.*

Ms. BIRSTEIN: Right, we're losing the history of it and, as you said, losing the place of it.

Ms. ROSS: To go back to your point about women doing womanly things and men heaving the garbage, this is why I brought up the frontier women in the past—because then everybody did everything. They had to. And as a consequence, out of it came the first woman's rights movements in this country. And I think that's a terribly interesting point. We shouldn't lose track of it. It has *happened* in this country, and we've moved away from it. I think the whole question is *cyclic.* Elizabeth and I, for instance, grew up in a period when young women wanted and expected careers. Some years later they retreated into the home again—a fact much commented on by people like Pearl Buck, Margaret Mead and others, who asked, "What's happened to all those girls who were planning careers? Now they just want to run home and be mothers." I do think we have to consider this cyclic point very seriously if we're going to make any sense in this discussion.

Ms. ADLER: I think women's liberation is going to take a lot of pressure off men. I mean, I think there are certain possible leads that will open, aside from fighting and making money. There are some women who are inclined to be more gentle in the new terms. If the lines go down a little, it would be a big help, I think.

Ms. HEILBRUN: If the masculine role had been a bit different, Muskie would still be running for president.

Ms. JANEWAY: You mean if he hadn't burst into tears?

Ms. HEILBRUN: Yes.

Ms. BIRSTEIN: Oh, poor guy. While he was taking out the garbage?

Ms. HELLMAN: You're just being showy about being nonpolitical, Ann.

Ms. BIRSTEIN: I'm not. I'm just—

Ms. WALKER: I liked the way he burst into tears.

Ms. ADLER: So did I.

Ms. ROSEN: Yes.

Ms. HELLMAN: I very much doubt these things matter—who takes out the garbage and who takes care of the children.

Ms. BIRSTEIN: It matters if it's your garbage. It really does.

Ms. HELLMAN: They are very small potatoes.

Ms. BIRSTEIN: Lillian, I tell you, the seventeenth time that you find yourself hauling the garbage, you say what equips *me,* why does my femininity particularly—

Ms. HELLMAN: I've hauled garbage all my life and I doubt if it makes much difference whether I did or didn't.

Ms. BIRSTEIN: It *doesn't* matter; it's just the value put on it.

Ms. HELLMAN: It seems to me that the roots are far deeper and more important. I really don't believe that one can draw up a division of labor and say that that's freedom.

Ms. ROSS: Well, I don't either.

Ms. HELLMAN: People can be quite free with no division of labor.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ms. Ross: It's when there wasn't a division of labor that this movement first got its real impetus.

Ms. JANEWAY: We can't get away from the day to dayness of everyday life.

Ms. HELLMAN: But how do we—if I may come back to my insistent question—how does one make a free womanhood, or a liberated womanhood, unless there are jobs and opportunities for women to have? Otherwise it becomes just talk about garbage cans and brassieres. And stuff that really doesn't matter between men and women. I've always taken for granted that men should wash the dishes as much as I should wash the dishes. It never occurred to me that anything else—I don't think it's any great decision. But I don't really see how anybody solves this unless there's an economic opportunity to do so. The present is an advance over what I remember, but I don't think it's a large enough advance; it's too small an advance. And *attitudes* don't prove an advance. Just because we're all sitting here as people who have done something doesn't seem to me to prove the advance of American women. When I was growing up, you could have gotten the same kind of ladies to sit at a table. It has not gone fast enough and I think one of the reasons is there's been very little opportunity for women to do very much.

Ms. JANEWAY: Lillian, I will if I may just talk a little bit about economics, because I do have some sort of overall statistics. I have been interested in this and I've been in correspondence with a friend of mine who teaches economics at Wellesley, Carolyn Bell, who's given me stuff on this. In fact one of her papers was published in slightly abridged form in the *Wall Street Journal* in March. It is on the effect of working women on the economy. There are 31.5 million women in the labor force. That means 31.5 million had a job within the last twelve months. These are 1970 figures. Nineteen seventy wasn't a terribly good year, so we're not exaggerating if we use these numbers. Male unemployment at that time was 2.2 million male adults. So, you know, women aren't taking jobs away from men. Thirty-one and a half million doesn't equate with two million. Women are *making* jobs that cause male employment. The cash income from working women is not so high as it ought to be, but it's almost thirty percent of total family income. Many of these 31.5 million working women are heads of family. Other women family heads are on welfare, of course, but nearly four million work, and more would if they could have help with the children. Sixteen million other women make the difference between whether or not a family earns enough to stay above the poverty line. I do think that there has been a dramatic change when you look at the picture over the period from the first women's movement till today. And the fundamental change is simply this solid base of working women. Women have always worked, and hard. Now they work out of the house, for money, because that's where the work is. Many, many families have two incomes, and the second income now is usually that of the working wife. A generation ago, it would much more likely have come from one of the older children, who was still living at home and working. It's now the working wife. These women are the people who hold families together when you get sudden upsets of employment, like the cuts in the space program. I think we're perhaps a little more pessimistic about the jobs there are for women than we should be, because we are more aware of the academic situation and this, at the moment, is a contracting one.

Ms. HELLMAN: No, forgive me, but I have questions about those figures. What education did the ladies have and where did the ladies have it, and where did they come from? I don't believe working-class women, uneducated working-class women in this country, have had as great a forward movement as those figures seem to show. I think what one is saying is that there are more secretaries, there are more executives and more skilled factory workers, than there were. I very much doubt if one would—where I come from in the South—if one would find a black woman in a very much better position than she was before.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There has been certainly a mild increase in opportunity. I was in New Orleans last week. In my childhood a black woman didn't dare to *buy* in the store where she now works side by side with a white woman. Well, that is an advance, but it's a very small one.

Ms. JANEWAY: No, what I—I don't think I quite made my point.

Ms. BIRSTEIN: I don't think it's small.

Ms. HELLMAN: It's not small. You're quite right, it's not small. It's only small compared to what it should be. It's a slow, slow rate of—I'm not saying things aren't better for women, because they *are* better for women. And certainly your figures would show that. But if they were good enough, we would not be having this discussion. The liberation of people comes about through economic equality. Men could not put women down if women were truly equal.

Ms. BIRSTEIN: We're having the discussion because we're modish. At the moment we're a very fancy, nice, fashionable cause.

Ms. JANEWAY: It doesn't explain what I meant by what I said. It was not—I didn't mean that we ought to be satisfied by the number of women working, or the jobs they hold.

Ms. HELLMAN: It hasn't really improved that much.

Ms. JANEWAY: I didn't really mean that either. I meant that working women are a necessary part of the structure of society. It is impossible to say to them, "Quit working and go home," or you will bring on the most enormous depression imaginable. Having this base, having this foundation, women are in a better position to push for moving up the ladder than we were in 1917, or 1919, when women got the vote. And *that* is my point. There is a base that cannot be removed—an economic base of working women that cannot be removed from society. It will be there, and consequently we can build on top of it.

Ms. ADLER: I haven't seen them, Babs. Who are these women?

Ms. JANEWAY: They're all sorts of people from all sorts of backgrounds. Certainly too few are in upper-level positions.

Ms. ROSEN: Most of those women who are in that work force—how do they see themselves? Do they see themselves as liberated women, whatever that may mean, to them or to us, or do they see themselves as earning something extra, and as soon as they have what they want, they will go on to a life of leisure, which is really the goal?

Ms. JANEWAY: I think the latter is untrue. I think most of them expect to work, they enjoy working, and they feel that they are better off for working. It's a false question to ask, "Are you working for money?" and say that if you *are* working for money you don't really want to work. The question is, "Would you work if you didn't have to?" And most women—not all, but most—say yes.

Ms. ROSEN: But doesn't it have something to do with the satisfaction of the job? That's what I think it is.

Ms. JANEWAY: Yes, of course. But don't forget the plain satisfaction of bringing home a paycheck and knowing that you made it and it's yours and you're going to have some of the spending of it. And there's an even greater satisfaction in having pension rights, and knowing you're not going to become a dependent old woman.

Ms. ADLER: Are they in the unions? I mean, where are they?

Ms. JANEWAY: Often, but the unions are not doing them well, either, and I wish they were doing better. Some of them are in the unions and some of them aren't, and it's hard to say whether they're better off with unions or not. But I think one thing that the women's movement is doing is perhaps going to be a push within the unions for a better deal for union women than they have had.

Intermission of ten minutes

Ms. HELLMAN: Would it be acceptable to all of you if the question now became: where is the women's movement and where should it go? Is that an acceptable question?

Ms. ROSEN: Maybe it can be best expressed in the two terminologies, in a way. There's women's liberation, which is one

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thing, and it implies doing away with the injustices, getting certain legislation passed, which we mentioned before. We don't have to go back into it all, but you rightly said it was very important. That seems the ABC to me. Equal pay, being able to deduct from your income tax for housekeeping duties and child care expenses—all of that, that's the women's liberation part. But the women's movement I see as being something that has no end, that has maybe the goal, which is the human goal (and that includes men, too) of consciousness-raising for everyone, of being aware of how dependent we are on one another, and of taking nothing for granted, putting no one down. Well, that's pretty grandiose, I guess, but—

Ms. Birstein: I must say that I don't feel that we're being sufficiently grandiose, because one of the most heartening things that's ever happened to me in my whole life is this movement. I mean that, I truly mean that.

Ms. Hellman: Let me ask you something which interests me. I also ask it of myself. Is that because you have a fear of being put down? All minority people feel sympathy for each other because they hope for a future where there's no putdownness. Would you still feel it if that were not so?

Ms. Birstein: No, I think it's because all these personal things, or things that I felt were personal, became not personal at all but social.

Ms. Hellman: But that's my question.

Ms. Birstein: Well, no. What I mean is these private things became public, and became not private idiocies, but public problems. Not only that, but that I found people who shared them and who cared. Not just for me, which is only a personal thing again, but who cared about the things that I have cared about. And I really—it's a really great feeling. Look, Lillian, let me put it this way, also to be candid. In our intellectual society I'm not a desperate character. In some ways I'm important, some ways I'm not.

Ms. Hellman: No, I don't mean desperate characters. We don't have a desperate character at this table.

Ms. Birstein: No, but I mean, so I don't feel oppressed in that particular sense.

Ms. Hellman: But you do see what I mean. I think at this minute minorities—Jews, Negroes, women—have certain emotions and very understandable ones, we all have them. We look forward to a time, perhaps a hundred years from now, when we don't sit at this table talking in this fashion about women. Instead, we should be talking about perhaps something more important—well, I don't know what it would be; it would be silly for me to guess.

Ms. Birstein: But you know, as I said before, Lillian, I think we are here because we are in fashion. That has nothing to do with our cause. Our cause is not only just; it's in style—

Ms. Rosen: Another way of saying it's an idea whose time has come.

Ms. Birstein: All right, but I mean I don't know of any society in which everybody's equal. I can only, as I say, thank whoever the spiritual gods of this thing are, because I really am very grateful to them.

Ms. Hellman: Anybody else?

Ms. Janeway: As you say, I'm sure we all feel that way very much. I just worked my way through a book—when I say worked my way through it, I mean that it's the book that I carry when I'm taking planes and waiting for people and so on. I always have *one*. This one's called, *The Making of the English Working Class,* by E. P. Thompson, and it's about, I guess you'd say, the making of a social mythology. The construction of a social identity, of a sense of oneself as being a member of something that has never been identified before. I hope most of you know this book. Carolyn, I'm sure you do. It kept saying to me over and over again, you know, this is what women are doing now: we are seeing ourselves as part of something that hasn't existed before. I think, as Ann said, that the way we are coming together is not simply as people who feel that we have to get together because we are oppressed in the same way. We are, I think, coming together as people who are finding that their interpretation of the world jives with some-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

body else's interpretation of the world. When that happens, it can be a basis for action. I think the next step for the women's movement is action. I think it would be a great mistake if we just sat around and talked anymore. Sure, it's worth talking while we're acting, but one validates experience by trying to change things, I guess. One validates one's ideas by attempting to put them into practice. And I would guess that we are going to do that now. So that's where I think we are.

Ms. Ross: I'd like to speak once again about the historic/cyclic quality in the women's movement, which I keep looking for in vain in this discussion. Frankly, I think the only reason I was asked here today was because a good many years ago, in what I could consider another incarnation, I wrote a book about pioneer frontier women, who, in their way, fought this same fight. I go back to something that has been said two or three times here this afternoon: it is a cyclic thing, and we can only hope that this time around the impetus will get stronger, and we can at last say, "Well, now we're really leveling out on a plateau where the thing *will* proceed strongly and not go around in this old spiral once more." That's the only thing I think I have to contribute to this meeting, at which I think all of us were really, basically, in agreement. Wouldn't you say so, Miss Hellman?

Ms. Hellman: Uh, no.

Ms. Ross: Why not?

Ms. Hellman: I think it was just—I think some of us saw it one way and some of us saw it another. I don't think we were in basic disagreement. . . .

Ms. Ross: Well, then we are in basic agreement. We're seeing something that is in the *process* of happening, and we're all in agreement that we hope it's going to not only happen but be *sustained,* aren't we?

Ms. Hellman: Well, we'd be finks if we didn't seek that all together.

Ms. Ross: Well—then we're in agreement.

Ms. Hellman: I think if we had to sit down and draw up a statement of where the women's movement would go, which is why I wanted the question—I thought it would be an interesting question—I think we'd be at odds—maybe it doesn't matter whether we are or aren't.

Ms. Ross: How would we be at odds? I'd really love to know. I mean that quite sincerely.

Ms. Hellman: Well, let's put it more simply then. How would we like to see it go—the women's movement? I think there is a difference between the women's movement and women's liberation. Liberation is a kind of silly word, a self-serving word.

Ms. Ross: Yes. Well, could I ask you how you'd like to see it go?

Ms. Hellman: I'd like to see it go without—well, that's not an answer. Can I make a negative one? I'd like to see the junk go. I don't think sexual equality is an interesting subject. Nor do I believe women *can* haul heavy garbage cans. I think it's one of the things that women have to recognize, that their muscles aren't as good as a man's. And I don't think it matters. What does it matter if you can't lift a hundred pounds?

Ms. Heilbrun: But why should a man with a hernia lift a forty-pound weight when a woman who is, as it happens, able to lift a forty-pound child—

Ms. Hellman: He shouldn't. He shouldn't. But that isn't the question. No, then you'd have to include in the argument women who have hernias.

Ms. Janeway: I think you're leaving out the fact that we have fork-lift trucks.

Ms. Hellman: I'm taking a way of living in the country, which we all know about. We all know what we can do. It's not worth discussing. We all know we can do certain things and can't do others. It's not worth the talk, is it, to say that I can't lift as much as a man my age, or weight, or—

Ms. Ross: No, I think that's totally—

Ms. Adler: Well, I'm not really ever going to be much of a policeman. I mean, there are some things that are just going to be so.

Ms. Hellman: Yes, exactly.

Ms. Adler: Nothing much is at stake, here.

Ms. Janeway: One of the things that has happened is that technology—my fork-lift truck—has made it less important whether

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or not people can lift things. Technology has made the necessary difference between male and female roles much smaller.

Ms. HELLMAN: Yes, less important, but why was it ever of any importance? It's a narrow way of looking at equality.

Ms. JANEWAY: It used to be important in the physical sense. That's all I mean to say. Now it isn't, and this is new in history. Now women can get themselves into places and into industry because they are not limited by their physical capacities.

Ms. HELLMAN: Yes, perfectly true.

Ms. JANEWAY: I mean, technology has lessened the importance of the physical difference between men and women, that's all.

Ms. HELLMAN: I wish I knew a truck that lifted the garbage can. You must tell me where you found it. But I really don't think that's worth discussing any more. It seems to me a question of what dignity is about. Economic equality, spiritual equality.

Ms. ROSS: Don't you feel we're all in agreement on that? I certainly think so.

Ms. HELLMAN: No.

Ms. ROSS: You don't? I rise and say I am.

Ms. HELLMAN: I'm sure you are.

Ms. ADLER: The dignity question never really crossed my mind in those terms. But that's it.

Ms. ROSS: No other way to look at it, I feel.

Ms. HELLMAN: But we don't have it. Renata and I feel that we haven't got it. I think some of you feel—you feel, Elizabeth—that it is well on its way. But we don't.

Ms. JANEWAY: Yes, I really do. I think one of the things that you were saying about the meeting of minds and the joining of women, and that Ann was saying about this, is a kind of finding of one's own identity by realizing that it isn't simply one's own.

Ms. ROSS: You're not alone.

Ms. JANEWAY: That you're not alone. And the things that may have worried you as perhaps being things that were odd or special to you are *not* special, offbeat, abnormal. That's important. One's self-esteem, in a way, rides on how off the beam you think you are. Diversity is wonderful, but being odd is not. And if we can see our differences from men as simply being diversity, that would be good. The norms of our society have been white male norms. I think enlarging the norms is good for everybody. It opens more doors, no matter who gets up to turn the knob.

Ms. HELLMAN: Yes.

Ms. ROSEN: There have always been individual women who have been strong and tough and been able to do what was right, no matter what people thought, but it helps enormously when the *Zeitgeist* is going your way. And gives you some support.

Ms. HELLMAN: Yes.

Ms. ROSS: That's right.

Ms. ROSEN: It helps wavering people like myself. And anybody else who feels it's not only personal but an issue, and something in the culture.

Ms. HELLMAN: Does anybody else have—yes?

Ms. WALKER: No, I was just thinking that I do feel that probably the direction black women will take will be different from the direction that white women will take, because of our history. And that black women should, and probably will, become much more kind to themselves. They've always been terribly hard on themselves. They've always felt that they're always wrong, that there was something they should have done better. And it seems to me that now, possibly, they will start trying to go back to the black women who have been ignored throughout history and literature, such as Zora Neale Hurston and Nella Larson, people who have been consistently forgotten, and try to see what values they offered us and what they had to give. That's what I was thinking. We must learn to accept our strength and our diversity, and not become fake white women of 1912.

Ms. ADLER: What you just said makes it sound as though the predicament of black women is like the predicament of white professional women in the sense of winning their way back from having unwanted power. There's a kind of double bind that people get into about that, about having

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to win back from the liberated position. I mean, all victories are defeats for—

Ms. JANEWAY: What I was saying about success not being success.

Ms. ADLER: Yes. I think it works the other way too. You're caught going either way. I suppose if you have a baby your intellectual positions may seem to value less; that's never, ever crossed my mind but it may be true. But what would be opposite to that? The setback of the intellectual who's lost the most elementary thing.

Ms. HELLMAN: It must have been a pretty shabby society that thought having a baby was a putdown.

Ms. ROSEN: It was a college town.

Ms. ROSS: The answer to that would be not having a baby and having a lot of opinions, you're not a woman, for example.

Ms. HELLMAN: Yes, exactly, which is also part of putdownness. So I don't see where it's very different. I was puzzled by that.

Ms. HEILBRUN: I suspect it took more courage to have the opinions than to have the baby.

Ms. HELLMAN: Yes, I suspect it did, too, but—

Ms. HEILBRUN: You know, this is what astonishes me, if I can say so, because what's happened now in the world where you meet men professionally, and they're the vast majority, is that they're very outspoken about what they feel. And there have been many antiblacks, but nobody got up and said, "I don't mind if I'm thought of as an antiblack, I'm going to say that I think all blacks are lunatics." But one man after another gets up and says, "I know I sound like a male chauvinist pig, but I really don't want to have to live through a woman's menopause."

Ms. ROSS: Oh, my God, where do you hear this?

Ms. JANEWAY: From frightened women.

Ms. HEILBRUN: The menopause of women who have something to do during those years isn't any more crushing than the change of life in men.

Ms. ROSS: Well, of course not.

Ms. HEILBRUN: But the point I'm trying to make is that men are quite outspoken about this. While people who hate Jews or blacks or anybody else are not outspoken in an intellectual circle, it's *clever* to make remarks against women.

Ms. HELLMAN: Yes, that's true.

Ms. HEILBRUN: And I think that if you've been writing and you sit home, you don't know how much this has gone on and how reluctant women in these professional fields are to appear unwomanly, to open themselves up to this pain.

Ms. HELLMAN: I think everybody knows that.

Ms. JANEWAY: Oh, I think what Ann was talking about, Lillian, was perhaps a special little hidebound place, sort of like a Viking stronghold, you know, where everybody lived by a particular rule and you had a pecking order in which somebody was always counting coup on somebody else.

Ms. HELLMAN: But the gentlemen might have coup on each other, too, in that circle—

Ms. JANEWAY: Yes, oh I'm sure. But then they came home and kicked their wives.

Ms. HELLMAN: Yeah, and the wife could only kick the cat.

Ms. JANEWAY: No, the children, I'm afraid.

Ms. HELLMAN: That's why I don't think this discussion should be about that. We're walking on dangerous ground, it seems to me. Some women have kicked men for a great many years—in a very ugly fashion, I think.

Ms. ROSS: The original question *was* a good question.

Ms. ADLER: I think American men could describe themselves as oppressed.

Ms. HELLMAN: Exactly.

Ms. ROSEN: But isn't that what is to be expected, this business of ruling subversively when there is no open way of asserting power.

Ms. ROSS: Of course, if you can't have open power you have secret power, and that's horrible.

Ms. ROSEN: And much more devastating.

Ms. HELLMAN: Yes, that's probably the summation of it: if you can't have open power.

Ms. HEILBRUN: But Miss Hellman, I get the impression that you really think that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there is, to come back to the beginning, something that will be lost if women's liberation, as you see it now, does try to—

Ms. HELLMAN: Oh no, no. Oh no, no. I simply don't think it's gone nearly as far as it should have. Oh, no, I'm sorry I gave that impression.

Ms. HEILBRUN: Well, it's probably my mistake.

Ms. HELLMAN: No. I think the movement is rather backward; that's what I meant.

Ms. ROSEN: You haven't said where you would like to be, though. Could you say?

Ms. HELLMAN: I said it. I finished. I think these are small points. Did people resent my baby, was I looked down on? Did I wear a brassiere? All so minor that they obscure real equality.

Ms. HEILBRUN: But they're just the flamboyant end of every social revolution. I mean, there'll always have to be such an end, to appear in the media run by men.

Ms. ADLER: I guess on this one there really is no answer. Except time. I'm not so sure anything is going our way at all. I mean it is an issue and people talk about it, but I think there is no definable enemy. It's certainly not men. It's certainly not other women. And so it becomes—

Ms. HEILBRUN: It's *many* other women, the women in the groups who were against the abortion law, for example. Had the women taken a stand there, the men would not, I think, have passed the repeal.

Ms. HELLMAN: Forgive me for asking, but what made you think I thought that? My life has had a different message, I hope.

Ms. HEILBRUN: I'm sorry, I was speaking to what you had said, you know, that this question of who does what job should not change—that we would lose something.

Ms. HELLMAN: Because I think it's minor stuff.

Ms. HEILBRUN: You don't mean it's a loss then; you just mean it isn't worth talking about.

Ms. HELLMAN: I think such things should be taken for granted—that there's equality between people, all peoples.

Ms. ROSEN: Yes, I was thinking the very same thought, really, and the word that kept coming up in my mind was scapegoating. We haven't mentioned it yet, but it seems to me it ought to be acknowledged. There's something very dark under here. It's the need to scapegoat somebody, and when you lose a scapegoat—I don't know what happens to that need, where it goes, which other one you find. But women and children have been the helpless, powerless ones for a long, long time. What's going to happen? I don't know.

Ms. HEILBRUN: The condition of childhood is always cured.

Ms. JANEWAY: No, it isn't. Some children are hurt irretrievably and—

Ms. ROSEN:—never grow up. The Joyce story—which one is it? The father comes home and beats the kid because the wife didn't leave the fire lit. You know, that sort of thing.

Ms. HEILBRUN: Abuse of anyone is wrong, but children ought to be under authority while young, no?

Ms. ROSEN: There is a very little line between scapegoating and abuse.

Ms. JANEWAY: That's right. Do you know Elias Canetti's book, *Crowds and Power*?

Ms. ROSEN: No, I don't.

Ms. JANEWAY: Oh dear, I keep telling everybody to read books that are important to me.

Ms. ROSEN: I'll do it.

Ms. ROSS: Can we all give our lists?

Ms. JANEWAY: Elias Canetti, *Crowds and Power*. He talks about exactly this—the fact that the woman who has no other outside means to connect her to society does see her child as a means to assert her power, and so the child becomes an instrument.

Ms. ROSS: Don't you think lots—I mean, just as many men beat their children?

Ms. ROSEN: Not if they can beat their wives.

Ms. JANEWAY: Not if they can beat their wives, yes.

Ms. ROSS: They can't beat their wives as much anymore, you know.

Ms. HELLMAN: Well, we certainly are all in agreement that it's a bad state to be in.

Ms. ROSEN: How are we going to deal with this? Power corrupts, but having no power is terrible also.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ms. ADLER: We'll only get half the power.

Ms. Ross: Well, you know why we must have power. Because of what Henry Kissinger said. Power is the ultimate aphrodisiac.

Ms. HELLMAN: He said that? Marvelous quotation, isn't it? My God. How is it worded?

Ms. Ross: "Power is the ultimate aphrodisiac." This is to account for the way that he can always get those attractive young women to go out with him.

Ms. HELLMAN: Let's close on that quotation from Mr. Kissinger.

Ms. Ross: I thought that was a rather high note.

Because the moderator was unable to secure a summarizing statement to her ultimate question from everyone present, I invited all participants to write such a statement. Four accepted, and their statements follow. —H. H.

Ms. HEILBRUN: Since I was the only woman present who was connected, in any contractual way, with a university, I suspect that I was trying to speak from that experience. I don't think that I succeeded, but I had a good time listening to the others. Someday someone will write up the whole story of Columbia's affair with women, and I look forward to reading it, provided the job isn't done by a man without consulting women. I was a marshal at Columbia's commencement ceremonies perhaps two weeks after this discussion, and what women have to lose was indicated there. Two women received honorary degrees, together with three or four times as many men. In reading the citations, President McGill felt impelled to relate the marital and maternal status of the two women; whether any or all of the men were husbands or fathers was apparently thought not to be of interest. I think women would like to lose the sense that their identity derives primarily from the legal history of their reproductive organs. One of the honorary degrees went to Alfred Hitchcock, but whether he is married or has children President McGill did not deign to tell us. I felt I had lost on both counts.

Ms. WALKER: I do think the direction many black women take will be different from that of white women because of our history, at least temporarily. The average black woman, who has been working very hard for centuries to survive, will be happy when a man comes along and offers her a chance to rest—or even a chance to work hard in her own home. The black woman is tired of working in the marketplace because she has been there some three hundred and fifty years in this country alone, and advancement has been slow. So for a while, taking care of her own home, children and husband will seem almost like a game (which is what my mother said once, that if she had not had to work in somebody else's kitchen, cooking in her own would have been like a game). But after the newness has worn off, the black woman will find that after the dishes have been done, repeatedly, and the clothes are whiter than white, and the husband has gone to his job and the children are in school, sewing does not always refresh the mind.

And that discovery is the point I yearn for, for these black women: when they emerge from domesticity and bloom variously as women of character and of will (which they have always been) who revel in the diversity they offer their own people and the world. And I hope they are able to do this without a second thought, and certainly without a lot of breast-beating guilt. For more than anyone the black woman *deserves* to be as free as she wants to be. And I hope the black woman will always be herself (imitative not at all and intimidated not at all), no matter what others about her choose to be. And only when she *is* free—this average black woman —can black people speak with truth of liberation for all. And only when she *is* free, can women in general speak of victory, however small.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ms. Ross: Rereading the typescript of our round table on Fem Lib, I feel it necessary to repeat that I do not consider the suggestion for our topic "What Women Have To Lose If They Win" either superficial or nonvalid as a subject for discussion even though I am, personally, made uncomfortable by the use of words like "win" or "lose" in this context. The fact is, women divide themselves, or are divided, into many different categories and there seems little doubt that a genuine fear of upsetting the boat by a shifting of the balance still exists among many women as well as men. No matter how absurd this may seem to some of us individually, its pertinence as a point of discussion is unquestionable, and the "Oh, my God, who said *that?*" approach hardly furthers illumination!

As we walked away from the round table, Carolyn Heilbrun said to me, "Why didn't you speak of the women of Asia?" I had not found the opportunity to do so and, in any event, it would only have strengthened a point I *had* tried to make: my belief in the cyclic pattern of all history, including Fem Lib movements. The wave of feminine "freedom" and "rights" has risen before in this country and as regularly subsided. Perhaps our real hope is that each time the wave rises, as certainly it now has, to a peak point, more gains are made on the economic, sociological, psychological and sexual fronts, so that when the next recession comes it will not be quite so drastic. Now surely one senses widespread awareness of inevitable changes in familiar male-female roles and in many taken-for-granted social attitudes. This is very important and very hopeful. Still, as I wrote some time ago in a book on the frontier American women who first won—and lost—the "equal rights" struggle, "Answers to problems as great as the relationship between men and women and their joint endeavors to establish a truly democratic way of life are not easily come by, nor easily followed when found. Life is not a riddle to be solved in abstract terms, but an experience known only in the day-by-day living of it." This seems to me to express still my deepest feeling in the whole matter. As to those Asian women, here too, one sees the cyclic patterns of history clearly at work. In certain old cultures of South India the powerful ancient matriarchies are dying under modern pressures while in the male-dominated North individual women like Indira Gandhi and others have risen swiftly to heights of power and influence of which American women can still only dream. In Ceylon, China, Japan, women within a very few years have stepped into public positions of exceptional authority.

Somehow I got a strong feeling toward the end of our round table discussion, that some participants were talking basically about "power," and so I could not resist quoting, in irony, Henry Kissinger's famous remark explaining his success with beautiful young women, "Power is the ultimate aphrodisiac." If this is really true one might ask, tongue only slightly in cheek, why shouldn't it work for the "new" woman as well as for the "old" man? Women could just proceed with full militancy to gain more power on every front, confident that they were thus generating some new, useful, and potent kind of sexual magic. Why shouldn't this even prove reassuring to worried male chauvinists like Norman Mailer? *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*

Ms. Rosen: In the fall of 1969, a scant three years ago, a review of a novel of mine appeared in the *New York Times.* Here is a quote from the review: "One cannot read this novel without stumbling over queries about the female condition. (If only this topic might stay in the garage for a while! It just isn't one of our primary national problems.)" These words astonish us today. And now if I reveal that the reviewer was a woman, how much more astonishing! Progress has been made. No reviewer, male or female, would make such a comment today.

Because of the women's movement, men must now take seriously inquiries about the female condition, and women must also. In the long run, this may be even more important. Changes in attitude

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and changes in law go hand in hand.

For all of us now—privately and publicly—the topic is out of the garage. And with it, all the secret, cherished, ridiculing stereotypes of women are out too, where they can be seen for what they are. The man who thinks a woman is either a broad or a dish is—however intelligent or admirable in other ways—a Neanderthal in that respect. He ought to know that about himself, and we as women ought to know that about him too.

Comment

PATRICIA MCLAUGHLIN

Ms. McLaughlin, a graduate student at the University of Pennsylvania, and associate editor for the Pennsylvania Gazette, *assisted in the recording. At the close of the session, Elizabeth Janeway turned to her and said, "I'd like to know what you thought of all this. Why don't you write a piece for the* SCHOLAR *about it?"*

> By the time I grew up the fight for the emancipation of women, their rights under the law, in the office, in bed, was stale stuff. My generation didn't think much about the place or the problems of women, were not conscious that the designs we saw around us had so recently been formed that we were still part of the formation. . . .
>
> —Lillian Hellman, *An Unfinished Woman*

> . . . if they are normal women, they are abnormal people; if they are normal people, they are abnormal women.
>
> —Elizabeth Janeway, *Man's World, Woman's Place*

My first reaction was that it was a dumb question. The answer had, I thought, to be tautological: obviously, if you win everything you want, you can't *lose* anything you want. (At least, went my afterthought, you can't lose anything you can *respect* wanting.)

I went anyway, with no particular attention paid to the afterthought, drawn by the prospect of watching so many incisive minds engage the woman question. I expected, I suppose, the sort of exhilaration of discovery that is not uncommon in consciousness-raising groups—but more.

Consciousness-raising involves describing one's own feelings about one's own experiences—things on which one is an authority. This element of authority via personal testimony seems a large part of what makes the discussion that goes on in consciousness-raising groups so often compelling and effective. The problem with consciousness-raising is that discoveries are made, yes. ("*You* feel that way? I thought only *I* felt like that.") But what is one to *do* with them? Discoveries have reverberations. A new idea about oneself or some aspect of one's relation to others unsettles all one's other ideas, even the superficially unrelated ones. No matter how slightly, it shifts one's entire orientation. And somewhere along the line of consequences, it changes one's behavior.

The mental reorganization a discovery demands can be done intuitively, more or less hit-or-miss. And it generally is hit-or-miss (much as the misses hurt) because an explicit mapping out of the effects of the discovery on the conceptual/behavioral landscape—figuring out where the new idea fits and what it means and how it translates into action—takes skills that most

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

women do not have. It requires an ability to wield the instruments of language and logic with precision: a facility for tracing the implications of ideas, drawing inferences from them, working backward toward causes and forward toward effects, making fine distinctions between this and the other, imaging forth alternate courses of action and projecting the probable consequences of these. These skills were the stock in trade of the ladies grouped around the table in New York that afternoon.

I expected discoveries, but discoveries carried to conclusions, all the loose ends tied up in a nice big symmetrical bow for Christmas. What I expected to emerge from the discussion was some sense of how the thousand answers to the woman question fit together, and what they meant, and where one went from there. I was tired of piecemeal discoveries; I wanted it all integrated for me. Just once, a peek at the master plan, an epiphanic overview complete with showers of sparks. Now, in print, it looks absurd of course, but I'm afraid it must have been true: I wanted an Answer.

The discussion I had come to listen to surprised me. It seemed curiously dispassionate and diffuse. A sense of all the incisive minds casting about for the point of it, spinning like tires in snow, failing to engage anything real or important. Nothing caught. Nothing caught *me* anyway. (Well, except for one thing Alice Walker said, of which more later, and even that was nothing new.)

There were no epiphanies, not even piecemeal ones, and no showers of sparks. These women, I kept thinking, must know things I don't. But they certainly weren't saying them. There was a sort of half-heartedness to their discussion, a feeling of pointlessness, a treading-water feeling. Afterward, out in the hall, somebody said something like, "But we were just getting *started.* We *had* to say all those things first to get them out of the way. I think we should just go someplace else right now and keep talking." Yes, I thought.

At first it had surprised me. The women at that table, most of them most of the time, had seemed to be talking about something very far away from them. It reminded me of a class I'd taken in college which had examined the value system of the bourgeois: thoroughgoingly middle-class group though we were, we had always been careful to refer to the object of our examination, the bourgeois, in the third person. "*They* . . ."

The women at the discussion that afternoon mostly spoke of women in the third person; they discussed the women's movement as from a vantage point outside it. Even Elizabeth Janeway, whose recent, splendid book is the most sensible and far-ranging treatment I have seen of the present situation of women in our culture—absolutely crammed with epiphanies—seemed generally to be speaking of other people. Their attitudes toward these other women they were discussing—ordinary women, one assumed, women who still lived their lives in "woman's place"—ranged from Elizabeth Janeway's sympathy to Lillian Hellman's impatience, but they were always expressed as attitudes toward others. "*They*. . ."

When talking about other people, one is already at the first remove from the sort of authority of personal testimony that fuels consciousness-raising groups. One can describe the words and actions of others, but one is pretty much left to speculate as to what feelings and motives underlie those words and actions. The astuteness of one's speculations, it seems, will be pretty much in proportion to how well one knows the people one is speculating about—and perhaps also to how well one knows oneself.

Occasionally it struck me that the women at the discussion were speculating about the motivation of these other, ordinary women in a way that left little doubt that they didn't know any of them very well. For instance: Lillian Hellman's and Ann Birstein's contention that "a great many women" want to live lives of inanition and boredom. Nonsense. I certainly do not know anybody who *wants* to live a life of inanition and boredom and I very much doubt that either Lillian Hellman or Ann Birstein does. I cannot even *imagine* even the most ordinary and unreconstructed of women positively *wanting* to live such a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

life. I do, of course, know women who live lives that bore them, but they generally seem to be quite sure that they have no choice, that it does not matter whether they want to or not; they cannot believe or even imagine that they are capable of securing any other sort of life for themselves. This is not at all the same thing, although I suppose it might look the same from far enough away.

If the women around the table that afternoon seemed at some distance from the women they were talking about, they seemed to be at an equally far remove from the question that had sparked their discussion. They couldn't seem to grasp or engage it. Except for Ann Birstein, who was infuriated by it for some not immediately obvious reason, they seemed more or less bewildered by it. What did the question *mean?* they asked each other. And what was to be *won,* beyond the obvious things like equal pay and equal opportunity and day care, and aside from the trivial things like help with dishes and freedom to wear less underwear? And what (what that was worth speaking of) could possibly be lost? They didn't understand.

Soon enough, it occurred to me that it was entirely to be expected that they shouldn't understand, that they shouldn't be able to see what there was to be won or lost.

What there is to be won, I think, for the women who live in woman's place or at some point along the road out of it, is the ability to take ourselves seriously as grown-ups, to accept responsibility for our lives and culpability for our errors, to value ourselves according to what we can do instead of only according to the degree of approval we can elicit from significant others. What is to be won—to borrow Elizabeth Janeway's terms—is no more and no less than the ability to insist on being normal people in the face of a society that tells us that if we are normal people we must be abnormal women.

What is to be lost is a sort of generalized societal approval, the justification that comes of doing what is expected of one, but, more than that, a sort of invincible innocence, a dispensation from the terms of adulthood, which is specifically extended (or at least promised) to women who stay in woman's place. As long as women are not expected to do anything in man's world, their defeats in that world are not very serious or wounding. As long as nobody expects you to be able to talk sense, no one will be particularly shocked or disappointed in you when you say something stupid. In woman's place, women are easily forgiven their sins, as children are.

In the last analysis, this innocence allowed women is a treacherously mixed blessing. The absolution-in-advance may well, it seems, work as a self-fulfilling prophecy. For instance: a friend who did not go to college because she was sure—in the face of considerable evidence to the contrary—that she would finally be found out to be stupid, remembers her mother's reaction when her grades were low one term at school. "Don't worry about it, darling," her mother had said. "You're pretty, and you're sweet, and somebody will take care of you." It can't take a child very long to read "you *can't* do anything well" into the apparent reassurance of "you *needn't* do anything well." And once one believes that one *can't* do anything well, the dispensation of "woman's place" is not a luxury but a necessity.

The women at the conference table that afternoon didn't seem to see any of this. They seemed long since to have won what was to be won. If they had ever gone through a time when the decision whether or not to take themselves seriously, whether to opt into or out of woman's place was still open and seemed to involve risks both ways, they seemed to have forgotten it.

All of them had published books; some of them were famous. If they had ever made a conscious choice not to be restricted to woman's place, their choice had been vindicated. They were used to taking themselves seriously and to being taken seriously by the world; they were used to it like breathing. They couldn't, I suppose, imagine that it could be an issue for other women—something to be struggled toward for some, something not even to be

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dreamed of by others. And they hadn't missed the dispensation that is extended to those in woman's place, because they hadn't needed it. No wonder they couldn't understand what there was to be lost.

That they were so firmly settled into their identities as normal people as to be unable to imagine alternatives was nice, in a way, kind of a talisman: proof that accepting for oneself the terms of the adult world need not always be a struggle, nor dispensation from those terms a temptation. Still, the lack of empathy with the situation of ordinary women that resulted from this attitude surprised me.

Any halfway critical mind is used to entertaining the possibility that a given statement may more appropriately be approached as a text-for-interpretation than as a transparent description of external reality. On this account, it surprised me that several of the women at the table seemed so much put off by the trivial level at which the question of the place of women is so often discussed.

Ordinary women are often not trained —as I have already suggested—to be very good at thinking their feelings through. It is not surprising that they sometimes end up attempting to hang a lot of unfocused anxieties on so apparently trivial a hook as who opens doors.

Surely no one assumes that women who object to a possible society in which gentlemen will not open doors for them do so simply because of the extra physical exertion that would be involved in opening doors for themselves? A gentleman who opens a door for a lady is performing a *gesture*—a symbolic action, something that means something other than itself. Taken at face value, the statements many ordinary women make about the woman question would indicate that this gesture is so important to them that they are willing to organize their entire lives around it. Surely this is a phenomenon that cries out not for impatient dismissal but for further exploration? (What does this gesture mean to these women? What does this importance to them say about the way they see themselves, their "place," their relations to others?) I should think the same would be true of such other heavily loaded gestures as dispensing with brassieres, refusing to wash dishes, et cetera. Surely this is fairly obvious—yet, although Elizabeth Janeway kept trying to make this point, no one else seemed able to grasp it.

Alice Walker's answer to Norma Rosen's question—what form did she think the liberation of black women ought to take?—was the one thing that struck home for me that afternoon. "I'd like to see them liberated from the ideas that their men have of them," she said. "Their men expect them to be various things that they're not."

Her "they" had a first-person authority to it, as if she knew what she was talking about. *I* knew what she was talking about anyway. If the phrase "women's liberation" refers to anything more substantive than liberation from underwear and dishwashing, it means liberation from the internal compulsion, the need, to conform to others' expectations. Lillian Hellman called liberation a self-serving, silly word. Liberation in this sense is of course self-serving, but hardly silly or, I think, easily to be dismissed. It seems a prerequisite to any healthy serving of others.

Carroll Smith Rosenberg, an historian at the University of Pennsylvania, has been studying woman's place from historical and psychological perspectives. She notes that historically women have been described as labile, suggestible, willing to please, seeking their identity and sense of self-worth in the expectations, opinions and reactions of others. She suggests, from the standpoint of Freudian psychology, that the early socialization of women may in fact stop short the process of ego-differentiation, leaving women more likely to feel compelled to justify themselves through living up to others' expectations. This might explain the particularly subtle process by which the expectations both of particular others and of society in general often become our own expectations of ourselves.

An economist I interviewed recently said that she had never considered preparing for a "career"—that is, learning to *do* some-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thing—while in college. She had assumed that the purpose of her education was to make her a more interesting person, to broaden her conversational horizon—this by way of making her a more interesting wife, "a *companion* to my husband as well as a housewife," as she said. She had never consciously *decided* to live in woman's place—it had simply never occurred to her that she might live anyplace else. Without even thinking about it, she knew what she was meant to do.

In a writing seminar I directed last year several college freshmen, assigned to write an essay on the place of women, expressed identical sentiments: They did not expect to be their husbands' equals; they did not think they *ought* to be their husbands' equals, they did not *want* to be their husbands' equals.

Even the most oppressive society, while it may, by enshrining the idea of hierarchy in ideology, convince the poor and powerless that they will always be poor and powerless and that it is meet and right that they should be so, is unlikely to convince them that they positively *want* to be poor. Women, it seems, are more suggestible. As Carolyn Heilbrun noted, they seem more than willing to cooperate in their own oppression.

To say, though, that the constriction of woman's place is maintained by women more than by men because there is a "very good living to be earned that way"—as if women's often frantic attempts to justify themselves by living up to the often conflicting expectations of others were no more than an easier, lazier way of securing minks than the hard work of writing books—seems to me a rather cavalier dismissal of great chunks of social reality. It dismisses the social pressures exerted on women to stay in their place. And it equally dismisses the possibility that the courage to resist those pressures and strike out on one's own is not routinely nurtured in little girls.

A friend compared leaving the safety of woman's place to leaving the Catholic Church. Each, she thought, offered justification by faith and works—salvation promised in return for a pious deference to a system of beliefs and an assiduous fulfillment of a highly articulated set of prescriptions. Abandoning either construct involved the fearsome prospect of having to decide what to do without the comfortable prescriptions to tell one.

A man who takes himself seriously is only doing what he's told. A woman is still going against the subtle but pervasive grain of her upbringing. She is less likely to believe that she can succeed on grown-up terms. And her attempt to do so is less likely to be approved by society. Mattina Horner, the new president of Radcliffe, appears to have found evidence that those women who against all these odds do seem to be at the point of becoming successful in man's world often find the prospect traumatic rather than gratifying. It makes for a difficult situation: one is never entirely sure whether one's anxiety has to do more with the possibility of failure or success.

The most striking thing about the schizophrenic women studied by R. D. Laing is that their parents had misdescribed them to themselves in a fairly authoritarian manner. ("*My* little girl would never feel that way," their mammas said.) They began to believe their parents and to disbelieve their feelings. In some measure, society does that to all of us. Suspecting that we are people, we are told that we are women.

"Think what would happen," Carroll Rosenberg suggests, "if in raising little boys we told them that as long as they were pretty and sweet they would be taken care of without ever doing anything for themselves!" They might grow up to be much like what we think of as "normal women"; they would be unlikely to grow up to be normal people.

The sympathy between women that arises in consciousness-raising groups often is generated by a perception of this conflict between the way one feels and the way one is made to feel one *ought* to feel. It is delight at finding that one is not alone—and therefore abnormal—in wishing to be a normal person. It is not sympathy, really, so much as validation. ("*You* feel that way? I thought only *I* felt like that.")

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Toward the end of the discussion, Ann Birstein said as much—that she was very grateful to the women's movement because it had vindicated as normal and widespread many feelings that she had thought of as "private idiocies." Elizabeth Janeway spoke of it as "finding that their interpretation of the world jives with somebody else's interpretation of the world." What women need, and what they are beginning to be able to give each other, is not the sympathy of the oppressed but the courage to *object* to being oppressed, the ability to believe that their dissatisfaction with the constriction of woman's place is a sensible reaction rather than a private idiocy.

And this may be the clearest indicator of the present situation of women: that they think, when they object to the constriction of their sanctioned role, that there must be something wrong with *them*. Women are always sure that they are wrong. It is as if the poor were ashamed to admit that they were hungry, because then people would regard them as raving lunatics.

As I thought about Ann Birstein's admission that she was grateful to the women's movement because it had validated some of her own perceptions—the first significant crack in the pervasive third person of the discussion—the discussion transcript began to suggest itself as text-for-interpretation rather than as face-value-description-of-events. Upon reexamination, the discussion had not been as dispassionate or quite as distant from its topic as I had at first thought.

On balance, it seemed that these women were not so entirely immune to the confusions that afflict those on the road out of woman's place as I had thought. It was not so much that their discussion had lacked passion, as that what passion it had was less self-conscious than I expected, and aimed in other directions.

Still, they seemed further along than most of us. At least, the dispensation from the hard terms of the adult world did not seem a clear and present temptation—or even a real possibility—to any of them.

And another thing—they are probably all immune to the treacherous exhilaration which comes of riding in limousines. After the session, Elizabeth Janeway delivered me to Bloomingdale's in hers, and as I disembarked I could not have been more conscious that passersby must be wondering who I was to deserve such splendor. I felt absolutely transcendent. A friend recognized the feeling immediately: "Oh, God, yes, it's the greatest thing. To ride through Manhattan in somebody's limousine—not a hired one because you can tell from the number plate—and to stop and have them get out and open the door for you! Nothing can make you feel more *important*."

How horrible! That nothing can make one feel more important than something so trivial and external. That unworked-for feeling of importance, that exhilaration, is one of the things—along with the invincible innocence—that has to be lost. But, as I thought before all this, if you win *everything* you want (which must include a considerable degree of emotional independence of the expectations of others, and a considerable degree of confidence in one's ability to be right at least half the time), you can't lose anything you can respect wanting.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

My Graveyard

Judith de Ponceau Dermen

My mother is buried here, beneath that grass,
My father is too, only fathers don't count as much.
Up there, around the bend, my older sister lies in her grave,
At least, she was older when she died.
For her death I was unprepared,
But how many times
Had I wished my parents dead
And with what a fear have I lived every day
Since it happened.
It does, you see—no, I don't mean
They died because I wished it so,
Only that one might die, once you've said it,
And having said the words, well . . .
Their stones are flat, that's a new rule
In the cemetery—but my sister is in the old part,
So her stone is tall and white.
It looks nice, sort of proud, at the foot of a tree.
I suppose the roots curl around the coffin . . .
Do they get inside?
This is a peaceful place, with its shade, and winding paths,
On its high hill; I always liked the slant of field leading to town,
And the darkness in the forest down the valley behind me.
I walked here, and dreamed, as a child,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But now, that's ruined, now it has to be a sad place
Really sad, not just sweet and lonely, filled with names and epitaphs—
Now it brings me pain. It has real bones of people I want to talk to.
I'll have to find another place.
Why couldn't they bury them somewhere else?

✪ JUDITH DE PONCEAU DERMEN is a student at Douglass College where she was awarded the Julia Carlie Poetry Prize two years in succession.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hyphens of the Self

CHARLES THOMAS SAMUELS

For many film critics the thumbprint of style signifies *auteurship,* whether left at the scene of a crime or upon a good achievement. For them, there is no qualitative distinction between serious films and entertainments or between directors who possess unique sensibilities and those who possess only recognizable trademarks.

Yet in correcting these critics, we mustn't forget that facts always spill over neat distinctions. Occasionally a director, despite frivolous content, masters film form in a way that makes his technique significant. As I've argued (THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, Spring, 1970), such is the case with Alfred Hitchcock. But if he earns *auteurship* despite conceptual vacancy and produces major though unserious films, he still lacks the coherence of sensibility. Artists continually refer to themselves, thus attaining self-realization; artisans attain only self-imitation, thus impressing their personalities on us.

Truffaut showed how inaccurately he perceived his colleague when, in his book on Hitchcock, he attempted to emphasize by means of an interview the American director's resemblance to Pascal rather than to Pavlov. The inaccuracy isn't evaluative, however, since Hitchcock is quite as expert a filmmaker as Truffaut believes. Yet if one compares their films, he will understand the superior interest attaching to film art over artisanship, even when the latter is masterly. As it happens, each man has a film currently in debut. The fact that neither is a success suits my purpose, for I want to demonstrate a distinction that pertains not to individual films but to different goals in making them.

Because it returns to his beloved London, his favorite situation (one man accused of a crime committed by another), and his artful mixture of comedy and horror, Hitchcock's *Frenzy* has been greeted by critics in much the same spirit as the audience displayed when I saw the film: it burst into applause twice—at "Alfred Hitchcock's *Frenzy*" and "directed by Alfred Hitchcock." But between the two phrases there is a shade of meaning which, in this case, is darkened by a failure in craft. *Frenzy,* although unquestionably Alfred Hitchcock's, is unevenly made by him.

What is good is very good; above all, the three best scenes. In one, the villain, a notorious but publicly unidentified psychopath, rapes the owner of a marriage bureau and then strangles her with his tie. Not quite so brilliant as the shower murder in *Psycho* (which is more unexpected), this is nonetheless a powerful display of editing and staging. While the assailant is heard reaching his climax—an uttered "lovely" matching each thrust— his poor victim is seen trying to cover her bare breast with the ruins of her brassiere, all the while reciting a prayer that counterpoints his groans. One frame is slashed by her arm reaching for a phone that must ring unanswered; another frame brings death to her eyes by suddenly, almost imperceptibly, freezing. Both are effects of a certain form of genius.

Because the rapist's victim was Blaney's ex-wife, he is wrongly accused of killing her. To make matters worse for Mr. Blaney (but thrilling for the audience), in the sec-

✪ CHARLES THOMAS SAMUELS' *Encountering Directors* will be published by Putnam next month.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ond and third of the film's outstanding scenes Rusk murders Blaney's girl friend.

After she exits from a pub, having just chucked her job there, the poor girl moves into jeopardy. Hitchcock literalizes this by cutting all street noises, thus establishing the girl's troubled self-absorption and allowing her future assailant to come up behind her in an ominous silence with, "Got a place to stay?" Since he had already illustrated Rusk's brutality, Hitchcock now reverts to his own versatility by placing the second murder at a brilliant remove. He does not take us to it but rather tracks back from Rusk's apartment in another unnatural silence and then, by bringing up only the street noises while we return to "normal life," achieves both a dramatic crescendo and an implicit defeat of the victim's inevitable scream.

Scene three adds typically ironic humor to the horror and technical bravado. While being strangled, the barmaid apparently grabbed her abuser's monogrammed diamond-studded toothpick; now he must get it back. But since he had placed her body in a potato sack and the sack in a truck, a certain awkwardness ensues. What is awkward for the villain is nonetheless opportune for his creator, allowing Hitchcock to mock death as one might when he has spent over thirty-five years making his living from it.

While Rusk is undoing the sack, the truck starts to move. Potatoes fall about (both inside and onto the road), the rigid feet sock his jaw, and he is nearly overcome by a fit of sneezing. When he finally locates the toothpick, he must break the corpse's fingers to dislodge it. All this time, the scene is turning comic because other cars, and ultimately the police, become involved in a sort of Mack Sennett chase with the driver.

Elsewhere, the film is comical without being macabre; Anthony Shaffer has supplied Hitchcock with more witty lines than he has had since *North by Northwest*. The minor characters are well drawn and skillfully acted. The horrors, equaled only by those in *The Birds* and *Psycho,* are better executed and less gimmicky.

Nonetheless, like pieces of fish in a soup offered the film's detective by his wife, *Frenzy's* ghastly goodies float in a mixture that can't be swallowed. Critics are right to applaud signs that the Master can still serve up a Grand Effect; they are wrong to ignore what robs it of tastiness.

Since belief (even though minimal) and empathy are crucial to Hitchcock's effects, the failings of Rusk and Blaney make *Frenzy* uninvolving. One man is meant to win us through wronged innocence and the other through charming kinks. Yet despite Hitchcock's repeated use of this pairing, only once—in *Strangers on a Train*—did he ever succeed in making his nut plausible and unrepellent, and his innocent troubling rather than insipid. Whereas *Strangers'* villain was charming, Rusk has only a few snappy lines with which to involve us in his crimes, and these are almost literally drowned out by the offensive sound of his teeth-sucking. More serious, *Frenzy's* hero, played by Jon Finch, is less interesting than his alter ego in *Strangers* and is also implausible.

Indeed, the whole film is so implausible that one hardly responds to its few excitements. Hitchcock is notoriously careless about probability, but what is acceptable license in a chase thriller becomes damaging in an intrigue directed by human motives. Among other things, this psychological melodrama asks us to believe that a notorious tie-murderer, who has been terrorizing London, would apply for victims at a marriage bureau, and that, having taken a fancy to its proprietress, he would bide his time so as to go at her only when most likely to cast suspicion on the hero. We are told that sex-nuts are otherwise normal. Why, then, should Rusk wish to implicate his friend? Does lust that is self-scourging enough to inspire contempt for its object also provoke vengefulness against a pal who failed in marriage and seemed appealing only to a homely lover? And what mass murderer confines himself, as it were, to killing *en famille?* (Both of Rusk's victims are Blaney ladies; the only other corpses we see are props to start and end the film.)

But all this is airtight compared to the evidence that exposes Rusk after the hero's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

indictment: a cleaning brush that he'd borrowed to tidy himself up after his truck ride is retrieved by the police. Despite the long period that had gone by between Rusk's murder and Blaney's capture, trial and incarceration, the brush is still saturated with potato dust (presumably its owner never used it).

Implausibility vitiates countless details (that coexist with an equal number of technical flourishes reminding us how little Hitchcock cares about the human dimension). Finch is too young to have been the R.A.F. hero dictated by the plot, and neither of his women is commensurate with him in age or beauty. But then one shouldn't be surprised by false casting in a film whose very title is a ruse: despite its big scenes, Hitchcock has rarely made a work so *un*frenzied. Although he rightly stigmatizes most other films as "photographs of people talking," fully half of *Frenzy* falls under this description.

One series of such scenes shows how the film contrives to disguise the emptiness of its progress. Throughout *Frenzy* the detective recites details of the case to his wife while she is plying him with gourmet monstrosities. Hitchcock obviously means us to admire his skill in covering functional dialogue with comedy, but we can do so only if we forget that we have already witnessed what the detective relates. So far from being functional, the dialogue is merely an excuse for comedy that could not otherwise exist. What we see here is not Hitchcock's old magic but a rather newer variety that allows him to be called a magician when he isn't performing any trick.

A particular Hitchcock film warrants admiration on strictly instrumental grounds: because of numerous and various thrills, arresting transitions, characters just real enough to be audience surrogates, and plots sufficiently eventful to keep us from raising questions. Performances rather than statements, these films invite us to compare them on grounds of skill; as would not be true for a deeper artist, it makes sense to indicate that Hitchcock does national caricature better in *The Lady Vanishes* than in *Frenzy,* the will-his-friends-betray-the-hero? bit less well here than in *The Thirty-Nine Steps,* et cetera.

Instead, critics have been emphasizing continuities in theme (terror in the everyday, the inevitability of sexual antagonism, and so forth), forgetting that these aren't themes but rather patented excitements. Concentrating on sensibility rather than devices, such critics ignore signs of nonsense in *Frenzy's* plot and characterization.

One mustn't forget that Hitchcock *has* been astonishingly fertile, that he knows better than anyone how to move an audience with movies, or that he has demonstrated his craft through several perfect examples. Nevertheless, no film of his can be more than the sum of its parts. Precisely the reverse is true of an artist like Truffaut, who rewards our interest even when he is not at his best. Truffaut's films are not more or less successful versions of a method of filmmaking, but rather more or less ample embodiments of a vision of life. They do not imitate each other; they all refer to Truffaut. Hitchcock displays techniques and fixations; Truffaut reveals his sensibility.

Sensibility isn't popular though; whereas *Frenzy* is chalking up an international success, *Two English Girls and the Continent* flopped so badly in France that Truffaut, out of desperate hopefulness, cut fourteen minutes after the initial run. Even so, it is doubtful that his effort will ever be shown here (although there has been some talk of a screening at the New York Film Festival). I, therefore, want to summarize this film so as to suggest how it adds to Truffaut's artistic presence and why it is more interesting than *Frenzy.*

It concerns a young Frenchman who becomes involved with two English sisters when one of them, intending him for the other, invites him to be their houseguest. Muriel fascinates Claude just as thoroughly as Anne had wished; but she will not give way to her growing passion for the man. Her hesitation is abetted by their parents, who decree a year's separation before any possible wedding.

During this period, Claude returns to France, where he frees his blocked libido

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

through writing and chasing girls—one of whom is Anne, when she arrives in search of a life no less exciting. Back in England, Muriel suffers the torments of unsupportable passion, while in France Anne finds herself yielding to the easygoing continental mores. Partly because she knows that fidelity would chafe Claude, partly because she has caught his taste for sexual variety, Anne begins arrogating to herself masculine privilege just when she falls most deeply in love. Claude becomes jealous but cannot deny her right to live out his morality. Indeed, he is so reasonable that Anne finds herself unimpeded when she decides to marry another man.

Because this new liaison frees Claude for Muriel, Anne now confesses the affair to her, but this moral candor only produces a physical upheaval that shows how terribly Muriel has repressed passion. Coincidentally, Muriel had already sent to Claude her adolescent's confession of one night's quasi-lesbian experience that left unassuageable guilt in its wake. Now that she knows as much about Claude's "sins," however, as he about hers, Muriel decides to journey to France for the purpose of accepting sexuality. She gives herself to Claude. But then, proclaiming that he will never be a husband while she will remain *"une puritaine amoureuse,"* she departs.

Each of the principals comes to a richly ironic end. Anne, who adopted French freedom out of love for Claude, dies before her marriage, whereas Muriel, the repressed Englishwoman, marries and bears children. Claude reproduces himself only through a novel commemorating their affairs but translating the genders of all participants and spends his days cruising the boulevards in hope of chancing upon Muriel's daughter.

Toward the end of the fiction of the same name on which the film is based, Muriel sends Claude two letters. One concludes: "La vie est faite de pièces qui ne joignent pas," and the other asks "Qu'est-ce donc que l'amour, Claude?" The question is made rhetorical by the prior assertion: man's most precious adhesive only proves that things will not stick.

Intensely romantic and novelistic, *Two English Girls* seems, if not so implausible as *Frenzy,* at least as remote from our experience. And although more thoughtful, it thereby achieves no inherent superiority but only an obvious distinction in kind. For the sake of argument, let us also note that Truffaut's film shares crucial flaws with Hitchcock's. In both, the hero is uninteresting (Claude, until the end, is only appetite alternating between longing and bewilderment), and in both the blank in characterization is deepened by bad acting (excessive in the case of Jon Finch; subversive in the case of Jean-Pierre Léaud, who plays Claude with his special brand of wryness that invites us to regard the story with indulgence rather than sympathy). In both cases, as well, the antagonist threatens even that minimum of appeal requisite for involvement. No less than Rusk—with his toothpick and his ties—Muriel seems a boring exaggeration of the sexual impulse.

She is also less dramatic, for her anguish, unlike Rusk's, is stated rather than displayed. Yet having entered the Bressonian terrain of commentative style and spiritual subject, Truffaut largely shows himself a stranger to its required artistry. As Bresson's unique success makes clear, interiority is viable in this most exterior of mediums only when intense concentration turns all gestures and utterances into notes of a mental score. The invisible becomes dramatic only if it is incarnated with agonizing slowness but inexorable acceleration. Instead, Truffaut—the Mercury of great directors—pans, tracks, zooms away the contemplative hush in which his characters are meant to take on life. Distractingly mannered, the style of *Two English Girls* would be ruinous were it not internally defective. Luckily, Truffaut has outgrown his mercurial tendencies just enough to save his film from moving always on, rather than below, the surface.

The faults of *Two English Girls* prove that Truffaut is as inferior to Bresson in spiritual technique as Hitchcock is inferior to Truffaut in organic sensibility. But whereas a Hitchcock film is only as good as its technique, a Truffaut can triumph

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

through sensibility even over technique that is unsuited to its subject. All Hitchcock films are about the director's skill in making them; Truffaut's are about a view of life variously embodied but always humane.

Like most of us, Truffaut finds the world unsteadying; like most of us, he hopes that love may prove a linchpin. Like those of us who remember that the linchpin is a person, he recognizes that love adds to the instability it is meant to mitigate but that what insures this problem is the source of everything valuable. Heretofore, neither Truffaut nor his characters allowed such comprehension to bleed off gusto. In *Two English Girls,* however, he enters upon a new sobriety. No longer does he joke about life's puzzling mixture of pleasure and pain; but being basically positive, he also doesn't become tragic. Pathos and irony result. Without changing his views or abandoning his subjects, he thoroughly revises his feelings about both.

He also revises his masterpiece. *Two English Girls* is taken from a book by Henri Pierre Roché in which the triangle disguised in Roché's earlier novel *Jules and Jim* is finally unveiled: hence, Truffaut's new film transforms the old film he had also drawn from Roché. But since Roché cast each autobiographical confession in a fictional rather than historical mode and, since the two trios—Jim, Jules, Catherine and Anne, Muriel, Claude—are not strictly interchangeable, Truffaut was virtually invited to turn the second film into a meditation on the ambiguous relationship between truth and art. Indeed, this theme distinguishes his *Jules and Jim* (with its inset narratives and self-reflexive techniques) from Roché's. But in the manner of an authentic artist, Truffaut has grown into a deeper concern for his material. In *Two English Girls,* we see his youthful style, with its New Wave scintillations, receding. What remains is sheer insight.

Yet just as Roché sought the bedrock truth of self through a fictive overlay, so does Truffaut. Just as Roché understood life more deeply by recollecting his earlier version of it, so Truffaut, in order to reach deeper understanding, recalls the earlier versions of his own theme that are his previous films.

Some allusions simply parallel Roché's: just as the later Roché novel refers to the earlier, so Truffaut's *English Girls* refers to his own *Jules and Jim.* Hence, Claude takes Anne to the café to which Jules and Jim went; Anne lives in Catherine's studio; in both films Picasso's lovers hang on the walls. Sometimes, Truffaut alludes to non-Roché films. Early on in *Two English Girls,* Claude's voice "thinks" on the sound track that he ought to make a pass at Anne, just as Charlie did while walking with Lena in *Shoot the Piano Player.* In Truffaut's previous films such allusions were a game—much like Hitchcock's signature appearances—designed by a master entertainer to amuse watchful spectators. But they were also—as was never the case with Hitchcock's—self-conscious signs of continuity. Here—appropriately for a film that in its entirety alludes to an earlier work—they become systemized into a chart of growth.

Miraculously, this personal growth coincides with that of another person. For the allusion to Lena and Charlie—to take the cited example—was made possible in the scene between Claude and Anne because Roché had written into it a corresponding division between Claude's thinking and his behavior. Also authorized by Roché is the allusion to Balzac, who also figures in *The Four Hundred Blows* and *The Soft Skin* (which have no connection with him) and the pervasive literariness that reflects not only Claude and his creator but also a director who confesses to loving books as much as films and both more than people.

This miracle—that by being Roché, Truffaut can be more himself—underlies the newly serious assumption of a spokesman's role, which is the first thing one hears in *Two English Girls.* Truffaut's *Jules and Jim* begins with a voice reciting in total darkness before the credits:

"You said to me: I love you. I said to you: wait. I was going to say: take me. You said to me: go away."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The new film also begins with a disembodied voice, but it speaks after the credits and sounds like this:

"This night I relived our story in detail. One day I will write a book. Muriel thinks that an account of our troubles might help others." [my translation]

This parallel clarifies Truffaut's new goal. The speech from *Jules and Jim* is artfully disorienting. We know neither speaker nor occasion; the words themselves are puzzling, and since they occur before the credits we aren't even sure they belong to a film. By contrast, Claude speaks after we know where we are. He defines both the style and function of the film we are now witnessing and even says something about its subject. Earlier in his career, Truffaut replicated life's puzzlement in a style meant to arm us with pleasure against any pain implied in the vision—and we often thought less about the message than about the ingenuity of the messenger. Now he moves beyond entertainment (although some of the old habits cling), seeking use and thus aspiring to clarity, directness, relevance. Now old enough to put behind him the high jinks of prodigy, Truffaut is also experienced enough in life to take a more candid and unmitigated look at it.

This is evident from the film's presentation of lovemaking. Because Truffaut usually keeps sex distant, he has earned a reputation for tenderness; but the modesty is sometimes less tender than soft. In *Two English Girls* the tenderness shows itself and then turns tough, acknowledging the harshness of love as well as its loveliness.

Midway in the film, Claude takes Anne to an island where they consummate their passion in idyllic circumstances. Although the scenes show more nudity and erotic pulsation than had been typical, they are characteristically witty and oblique. But in the later lovemaking with Muriel, Truffaut strips back completely. Muriel's loss of virginity is reflected in her eyes, which are first seen holding their serenity and then yielding to voluptuousness. Then Truffaut tracks "tenderly" over her bare legs until he reaches a pool of blood into which the lens zooms, astonished. Earlier, we had seen Muriel vomit after hearing Anne's confession; now there is blood. Truffaut is at last ready to show the mixture of fluids that is love: the pain mixed with delight, the self-transcendence that threatens both safety and integrity and so inspires an impulse toward separation no less powerful than the desire to remain linked.

Coincidentally, *Frenzy* is also franker sexually than Hitchcock's previous films. Never before had he shown bare breasts or come so close to showing intercourse. But these departures are profoundly impersonal, responses to the audience's new tolerance. Janet Leigh wore a bra while pressing up against John Gavin's bare chest in *Psycho* because Hitchcock needed to be sexy in this scene, but breasts were not then public performers. By contrast, Truffaut was covering breasts when his compatriots were scrambling to discover what else might be shown. Hitchcock uses sexual pain because the audience is ready for it and because it increases his store of thrills; Truffaut, because he is ready for it and because it is true.

Hitchcock has said often that he would never make films to please only himself and critics because he doesn't possess the self-indulgence that might throw colleagues out of work. He indulges himself with technique, leaving other choices to effective consensus. For this reason, he can never surprise us. His method is essential to the art of film, but once you have understood it—although local manifestations of inventiveness may newly crop up—you have lost its fundamental novelty.

With Truffaut, the situation is different. Starting with self—to which he continually cleaves via personal references—he indulges himself in every choice. Although what pleases him often pleases others, often—as with *Two English Girls*—it does not. Yet it is always surprising—in the manner of any growing thing.

As a result, despite the fact, *mutatis mutandis,* that *Two English Girls* is almost as defective as *Frenzy,* even unmoving, a moment's reflection—which only disintegrates the Hitchcock film—serves to make it seem astonishing. Who would have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thought that so archaic a story had such contemporary application? Who would have thought that what we now needed—even in an imperfect version—was a work announcing the dominance of belief over libido and of sentiment over both?

At the very moment when men spell love with three letters or turn mating into a form of incorporation, Truffaut goes back to a novel that mocks such oversimplifications with its own—faintly ludicrous—refinements. Heedless of fashion and contemporary mores, Truffaut reminds us that every revolution enthrones a tyrant. The Freudian repressed no longer returns disruptively; rather, we long for its return so as to free ourselves from new disruptions. Having seen that the penis makes a ludicrous monarch, swingers long for the return of firmer standards. Long ago, trembling on the brink of an age of freedom, Roché's characters forecast this coming bondage. When Anne and Muriel tried to inhabit the freer world of Europe, they only taught the continent to regret the restraint it had thrown off. To fathom the startling relevance of their story, we have only to change its geographical antinomies into temporal ones, since those among us who are most ferociously modern seem most to need the old verities. For such people, sex has lost the power to thrill; as the film shows, naked bodies can be shocking only when they aren't taken for granted. And as we see outside the film, those who do take them for granted often end up, like Claude, cruising the urban landscape in search of a child who can save them.*

That Truffaut wishes us to ruminate in this manner, the film clearly shows: underneath its credits, we see piles of Roché's novel, and then only a single copy, annotated in Truffaut's hand. His film meditates upon its source, using the selves contained in it as a means toward his own maturation. This is the way of art, which, even when unartful, beckons us toward growth. No amount of skill can simulate it, and skill alone can never compete with it in interest.

* In strict violation of his common practice, Truffaut alters the novel to make it seem more archaic. In Roché, Anne marries and bears children; Claude sees Muriel's child. Truffaut makes the ending more baleful, whether in behalf of implications I sketch here it is impossible to tell. But I take it as a sign of the artistic independence I am exploring that he made these changes despite all apparent risk and his long-asserted principle of strict fidelity to a source. It seems also a sign that Truffaut has used Roché to become himself, since Truffaut is literally responsible for the ending.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thomas Wolfe: A Memoir

MELVILLE CANE

It must have been in the spring of the year 1928 that I met Tom Wolfe for the first time. He came to me by way of my friend Aline Bernstein, the noted stage-designer and costumer for The Theatre Guild and other contemporary Broadway producers. One day she telephoned to ask if I would be willing to see a young writer who had just completed a draft of his first novel and who was in need of advice, probably both legal and literary.

She was appealing to me, she said, because of my connection with the publishing house of Harcourt, Brace & Company, as its lawyer and unofficial scout for authors of promise.

She had read the manuscript—every page of it—and she was ecstatic over its rare qualities. Her guess, she concluded, was that as a writer, especially of fiction, he was destined to a great career.

Naturally, and regardless of these superlative credentials, I set the date for an interview at my office. Promptly at the appointed hour Wolfe was announced. My secretary held the door open to admit him, a six-and-a-half-foot lumbering giant, struggling with two weekend suitcases, which he deposited on the floor beside him. We shook hands across my desk as he contrived to adjust his bulk to a chair designed for a less portly frame. Whether in uneasy anticipation of our meeting or from physical discomfort, he paused a few seconds to get his bearings as well as his breath. Then, with a slight stutter, he began by thanking me and sketching out his background as a writer, ending with his enrollment in Professor George Pierce Baker's celebrated English 47 Workshop for budding playwrights, at Harvard.

Under Baker's stimulus his work had progressed to the point of earning full-dress productions at the workshop. Despite this success, however, he had begun to doubt whether the drama was really the métier he was meant by temperament to pursue.

By this time he felt sufficiently at ease with me to elaborate on his problem.

"I haven't dismissed the theater by a long shot," he explained, "or the thrill one gets from a hit on Broadway, but as I thought more seriously of the future, I became more conscious of the restrictions of the dramatic form. The necessary disciplines to deal with them I felt ran counter to my nature. I needed a less confining, more expansive medium to be freer to express what I might want to say. That's why I've turned to the novel. This is a complete first draft, but before starting to revise and present it to a publisher, I feel in need of professional suggestions. Aline was sure," he ended, "you could be of help."

He stooped to pick up one of the suitcases, placed it upon my desk, and snapped it open. It was jammed to the top with typed manuscript. "This is the first half," he said, "the rest is in the other one. May I leave them with you?" (Forty-three years after the event I am producing the substance of our dialogue. The exact words can only be approximated.)

✪ MELVILLE CANE is a poet and lawyer. His most recent book, *Eloquent April,* contains both prose and verse, and includes accounts of encounters with Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg, Sinclair Lewis, James Thurber, Marianne Moore, and John O'Hara.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Noticing my hesitation, he quickly explained that of course he wasn't asking me to read more than a few sample sections here and there, merely enough on which to base a first-blush impression. As my eyes took in the formidable heap, however, I was not enticed by his concessions. It would still be an unpalatable chore, whatever of time and thought it might consume.

Nevertheless as we regarded each other for several seconds without speaking, I felt unable to resist the earnestness, almost desperation, of his pressure; he apparently had counted too heavily on whatever my judgment might be.

I could not let him down. And so I told him I'd take a look as soon as I could get around to it, if he wasn't in too much of a hurry. I suggested he telephone me for an appointment in ten days or so. I warned him not to expect anything more weighty than an average reader's opinion, for I certainly didn't consider myself an authority. My words, although guarded, evidently reduced his tensions, and he smilingly thanked me and left.

With the passing hours I found the sight of those two pieces of luggage increasingly depressing. For my own peace of mind I determined to tackle my commitment at once rather than have it hang over me for some later time. At the end of the afternoon I left the office, carrying suitcase number one for after-dinner investigation.

I picked up a generous handful for a first helping and before completing the installment I was almost ready to go along with Aline Bernstein's exuberant evaluation.

What struck me first of all was the driving, passionate force behind the writing, as unrestrained as a force of nature, the words gushing forth like a spring torrent, bursting all barriers and overflowing riverbanks.

But as I continued, page after page, the impact of that first keen enthusiasm abated somewhat, although it never wholly deserted me. What the manuscript lacked basically was a shape, a sense of relative values in the material as it unrolled; what was important lost its full effect because of intrusions of the commonplace.

As with so many first novels, the chronicle was essentially autobiography in the raw with little feeling for structure in the narrative, or for selectivity in its recital. The author's chief concern, it seemed, was "to get everything down" as he ransacked his prodigious memory. The self-critical editorial process was exercised only sparingly.

Despite these deterrents, my involvement persisted, my curiosity to read on carried over to a second full evening. Clearly, inherent resistance to this Whitmanesque performance—my prejudice against rhapsodic prose—must not override my belief in the virtues of the text. The writing was eminently civilized, with a personal style, and its cumulative tensions impressive.

And so, on Wolfe's return to the office, I could sincerely report affirmatively and encouragingly, while at the same time emphasizing damaging shortcomings, the most serious being the elephantine length of the book. (I learned later that the two suitcases harbored over three hundred thousand words.)

Wolfe, for the most part, took kindly to my criticisms, but when it came to the question of compression he balked. He was sure no part could be cut out without causing a loss to the whole. Since his mind was closed on the issue, I felt compelled to return his manuscript.

In parting I advised him on what I believed would be the reactions of any publisher to a work of such inordinate length. If, after a quick look, it appealed to a publisher, he would then have to consider realistically—since he was running a business—what acceptance would involve. It would mean assigning an editor who would have to spend an indefinite stretch of time, exclusive of all other work, in the mere reading of the entire script, before tackling the task, in cooperation with the author, of whipping it into physical, publishable shape. In addition there would be the various services incidental to its manufacture, and the further expense of a substantial allowance for advertising what might turn out to be a two-volume production, a special problem in selling fiction.

At best, I ventured, the chance of ulti-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mately recouping the cost of the undertaking, let alone the possibility of making a profit, would hardly warrant taking the risk. The reactions of the reading public, I explained, were highly unpredictable.

As I wished him luck he thanked me, sincerely, I thought, but plainly with disappointment.

Up to a point my predictions were not wide of the mark. *Look Homeward, Angel* was submitted through an agent to several publishers and in each case was turned down. But in the end it found a reader willing to take the gamble and assume the responsibilities I had outlined to Wolfe: a reader with an uncanny sense for detecting talent even though obscured by inferior craftsmanship, plus a deep concern for furthering the careers of his authors. The man was Maxwell Perkins, chief fiction editor at Scribners, and mentor of Scott Fitzgerald and Hemingway.

In Perkins Wolfe found a man sympathetic to his aspirations and expert in the skills for their attainment. The relationship developed well beyond the usual roles of editor and author; with Perkins' deepening involvement, it became symbiotic. Perkins served as a participating collaborator in spirit, although never as a contributing coauthor.

Look Homeward, Angel appeared the year after my first meeting with Wolfe and my experience with that enormous first draft. I recalled his disappointment over my unwillingness to recommend it for publication in its forbidding state. In retrospect, however, he must have come around to my view, since I was one of the earliest to receive a presentation copy. Attached to the title page was the following generous, undated, letter:

Dear Mr. Cane:

You were one of the first people who said a good word for this book and I hope you will like the job Scribners and I have done in revising it.

I know you are a very busy man, but I wish you could read all of the 626 pages. If you can't, try to read every other one.

Thanks very much for all your help, advice, both personal and legal. All of it helped me, and I hope to show the good effects in my next book.

Faithfully,
Tom Wolfe

Perkins had succeeded—I could identify with his unequal struggle—in reducing the *opus,* still *magnum,* by almost fifty percent.

Years after Wolfe's death I received further evidence of the importance he attached to his meetings with me. I found it in two published letters, the first to a friend, George Wallace, dated June 25, 1928, in which he writes: "Mr. Melville Cane, attorney for Harcourt, Brace, says it's a *good* book—a fine, moving, and distinguished piece of writing. . . . If I cut, he thinks it will get published." (He omits referring to my other requirements besides cutting.)

The second reference occurs in one of a series of letters to his old high school teacher, Mrs. Margaret Roberts, published in the *Atlantic Monthly* and written in a state of blissful delirium over the acceptance of *Look Homeward, Angel.* His estimate of my professional attainments is, understandably, unreliable.

Jan. 12, 1929

Dear Mrs. Roberts:

Scribners have already signed the contract. I am to sign it Monday, but, with their customary fairness, they have advised me to show it to a lawyer before I sign it. I am therefore going with Mrs. Boyd [his agent] on Monday to see Mr. Melville Cane, a lawyer, a poet, a member of Harcourt, Brace and Co., and the finest attorney on theatrical and publishing contracts in America. I have met him once, he read part of my book, and he has since been my friend and well-wisher. He told the person who sent me to him some time ago that I represented what he had wanted to be in his own life, that I was one of the most remarkable people he had ever met. And when he was told yesterday that I had sold my book he was delighted.

The contract was more than fair; it was generous. Scribners limited its rights to publication in book form and, contrary to prevailing practice, claimed no share in so-called "subsidiary rights," such as dramatic, motion picture and foreign.

Despite these signs of appreciation and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

allegiance, Wolfe was never a consistently steadfast client, as was the case with Sinclair Lewis and other authors. I doubt that this was calculated; rather it was due to innate fickleness and inconstancy of character. I learned of his having consulted other lawyers on at least two occasions, once concerning the recovery of stolen manuscripts and more importantly, when he and Scribners were both sued for a libel arising out of one of Wolfe's short stories. Yet in the long run and down to the end he would return.

Not long after the publication of *Look Homeward, Angel* Wolfe had me draw his will, which he left with me for safekeeping. It was a simple instrument, its main provisions being the division of his estate equally between the two persons then deepest in his affections, his mother and his benefactress, Aline Bernstein, and the appointment of Maxwell Perkins as executor.

At the time of its execution the very existence of an estate was hypothetical; the impulse that drove him to an act so uncharacteristically businesslike indicates his self-confidence in the rewards his future writings might earn.

Following *Look Homeward, Angel* Wolfe set to work on another novel, which, after some five years of false starts and other frustrations, he completed and entitled *Of Time and the River.* In the summer of 1930, feeling the need of a change of scene as therapy for the confusions that continued to block him, he decided on a trip to Europe. Before leaving New York he dropped in to say good-bye, and I suggested that he look up my friend William Aspenwall Bradley, who had established himself in Paris as an international literary agent, and who might prove to be of use. In any case, he would be good company.

The following letter, dated July 22, 1930, came from Hotel Lorius, Montreux, Switzerland.

Dear Mr. Cane:

Thanks very much for your note and excuse my lateness in answering it. I did not get to see Mr. Bradley in Paris—I think he was not in town. I am staying here in a very beautiful place—I have a good room with a big balcony that looks out on a magnificent garden and Lake Geneva. I am working several hours a day; if I have talent and strength of will enough to put my book down as I have it inside me, I think it will be good. . . .

I hope this finds you well and in good spirits and I send you my best and warmest wishes.

Ever yours,
Tom Wolfe

In the years to follow the writing of *Of Time and the River,* I would run into Tom from time to time at some social affair or we might meet by chance on the street and stop for a talk. Our relations remained friendly, although no more intimate than in the earlier days. Meanwhile, he had gained a solid reputation from his two novels as one of the younger writers to be reckoned with, and he profited by the controversies of contending admirers and those who were disaffected, as they aired their views at cocktail parties and in the literary magazines.

He was hard at work, he told me at a later time, but for the present was not ready to venture on another long novel. Instead he inclined to the shorter forms, stories and novellas, while also piling up a mass of miscellaneous material for possible future use in the longer form.

I had been following his work in *Scribner's* and other magazines and was especially impressed with a novella, *I Have a Thing to Tell You,* which had appeared in the *New Republic* during March, 1937, and which explored fresh territory—Nazi Germany and the fate of a German Jew, a fellow train passenger, in his vain attempt to escape to freedom.

Wolfe, I felt, had grown in both outlook and sympathies in the creation of a character and a situation far removed from the world of the Gant family. The tale also marked a decided advance in organization and a gain in technical skill. What pleased him most was that I had stressed his progress as an artist. His chief and constant concern, he said, was to be able to control "all those words" and not to be their captive.

One evening following the appearance of *I Have a Thing to Tell You* my wife and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I were finishing dinner at a French restaurant in the East Fifties and were about to leave when Wolfe entered alone, and catching sight of us, made for our table. I felt that his greeting seemed heartier than our intimacy warranted, and he stuttered as he started to speak. He was preparing to sit down and join us when we rose, regretting that we were already late for an engagement.

At this he became unaccountably excited. He had been meaning to consult me for some time on an important matter, and he insisted that we must get together for an evening as soon as I could make it. His voice rose and people turned our way, so to avoid embarrassment I did fix a time and place, trusting that he would forget it.

But it didn't work out as I had hoped. The day before our appointment he telephoned to confirm it.

The place was Cherio's, a favorite hangout for writers and publishers in the late 1930s, on Fifty-third Street east of Madison Avenue. When I arrived he was already standing at the bar, waiting. As we sat down to eat I concluded that his stand at the bar must have been of some duration for he was in a highly agitated state and at times incoherent. As the evening wore on it became clear that our meeting was not in the least professional but that I had been tricked into serving as a convenient receptacle for the endless outpourings of his grievances.

The grounds for his disturbed state have been examined and argued over by scholars and critics so exhaustively that they require no lengthy consideration here. They form the basis of a famous chapter in the history of American publishing, the story of Wolfe's break with Scribners and especially of his rejection of Perkins, both as editor and faithful adviser. Of the emotional currents at work two factors stand out: Tom's growing conviction that the firm was an old-fogy one, and his fixation that Perkins had ceased to be the stimulating and helpful father figure and was now hampering his progress and hindering his freedom as a creative writer.

His truculent attitude toward the firm had turned to positive hostility; he had already written and published a devastating lampoon of one of its senior members and, losing all sense of loyalty, was contemplating a more comprehensive and contemptuous satire.

The separation proved painful to all concerned. It left Wolfe in a state of shock that incapacitated him for productive work, destroyed his peace of mind and accounted for his disoriented behavior at the French restaurant as well as his peremptory demand on my time. Seeing me so unexpectedly must have stirred memories of earlier occasions when I was of use to him.

By the time I felt able to break away, he had fallen into a more equable mood, having exhausted both his catalogue of grievances and the effectiveness of his stimulants.

On parting he announced that he wanted to make a new will, and I suggested that he write out in advance whatever was to be included. It was brief: the entire income from his estate was to go to his mother for the rest of her life and on her death the principal was to be divided into four equal parts for his two sisters and two brothers. Finally, what seemed to register the end of his hysterics and mark the return to sanity was his redesignation of Perkins as executor.

After the will had been witnessed he lingered on, relaxed and evidently relieved that he had set his house in order. As he rose to leave, he said—these were his exact words: "I'll never again take an important step without consulting you first."

I had seen Tom Wolfe for the last time.

Not long afterward I read in a literary column that he had signed a long-term contract with Harper for his future writings.

Soon he was heading for the Northwest. It was on this trip with friends that he contracted an illness that ultimately developed into a brain condition, the result of an early, supposedly eradicated tuberculous infection, which failed to respond to surgery. He died September 15, 1938, in his thirty-ninth year.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One is tempted to speculate, charitably, about whether his erratic, disturbed personality at this time was in any way related to the persistence of this fatal malady throughout his life.

I notified Perkins that I had Tom's will, that it was made after the break, and that nevertheless he, Perkins, had again been named as executor. In answer to my question he agreed wholeheartedly to serve, and asked me to do whatever was legally necessary to administer the estate.

At the time of Tom's death his bank balance was slightly over eight thousand dollars; it represented the rest of the ten thousand dollars he had received from Harper as an advance on the signing of their contract. The hidden assets, however, were stored in the unopened crates of manuscript, out of which his new editor, Edward C. Aswell, was to shape three full-length fictions, *The Web and the Rock*, *You Can't Go Home Again*, and *The Hills Beyond*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Right to Know

O. JOHN ROGGE

Our leaders have failed us because they have demonstrated by their conduct, in deeds as well as words, that they no longer believe in our form of government. They no longer believe in democracy. They no longer believe that we, the people, have the competence to decide what courses our country should take. Accordingly, they have not disclosed to us what they have been up to in Indochina.

What they have been up to in Indochina is a war against international communism, more specifically, against Communist China; but they have not dared to tell this to us, the people. What they have been up to in Indochina, Assistant Secretary of Defense John McNaughton, now deceased, put in writing in 1965 in a statement on which Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara penciled his approval: it was not to help a friend, "but to contain China."

Nevertheless, our leaders have been unwilling to put to us the question whether we should contain Communist China by engaging in guerrilla land-warfare in the jungles of Indochina, where we have no able allies. Yet, as John Kenneth Galbraith wrote in a letter to the editor published in the *New York Times,* June 17, 1971: "The worst policy is one made in secrecy by the experts. Our safety lies, and lies exclusively, in making public decisions subject to the test of public debate. What cannot survive public debate—as the experience of Vietnam shows—we must not do."

Or, as Walter Lippmann explained to the National Press Club in Washington in 1960, concerning the trend among our leaders of not taking us, the people, into their confidence:

> You will be denouncing the principle of democracy itself, which asserts that the outsiders shall be sovereign over the insiders. For you will be showing that the people, since they are ignoramuses, because they are outsiders, are therefore incapable of governing themselves.
>
> If the country is to be governed with the consent of the governed, then the governed must arrive at opinions about what their governors want them to consent to . . . .

President Abraham Lincoln in his Gettysburg Address on November 19, 1863, ably and aptly described our system as "government of the people, by the people, for the people."

Near the beginning of our history, President Thomas Jefferson in his first inaugural on March 4, 1801, wisely observed: "Sometimes it is said that man cannot be trusted with the government of himself. Can he, then, be trusted with the government of others? Or have we found angels in the form of kings to govern him? Let history answer this question."

Now this writer has no idea how the people of this country would decide the issue of whether or not to contain Communist China by engaging in guerrilla land-warfare in the jungles of Indochina. But our leaders would not trust the people to decide this issue. Rather, they will decide this issue for us.

✪ O. JOHN ROGGE, a New York lawyer and a former assistant attorney general in charge of the Criminal Division of the Department of Justice, is the author of *Our Vanishing Civil Liberties, Why Men Confess, The First and the Fifth, The Official German Report,* and numerous articles in legal and other journals.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nor is this writer making his charge that our leaders have lost faith in democracy against the present administration only. He is making it against at least four administrations: those of President Dwight D. Eisenhower, Vice President Richard M. Nixon, and Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, who made a crusade of his anti-communism; of President John F. Kennedy and Vice President Lyndon B. Johnson; of President Johnson; of President Johnson and Vice President Hubert H. Humphrey; as well as that of President Nixon and Vice President Spiro T. Agnew. The leaders of none of these administrations were willing to trust us, and thus to tell us what they were about in Indochina.

Indeed, our involvement in Indochina may be dated back to May, 1950 (a month before the invasion by the North Koreans of South Korea), when the Truman administration made a grant of the first ten million dollars in credits to the French and Vietnamese efforts against the Vietminh. Ironically enough, the following year, in 1951, President (then Senator) Nixon accused the Truman administration of holding back classified documents for political reasons: "The new test for classifying secret documents now seems to be not whether the publication of a document would affect the security of the nation, but whether it would affect the political security of the administration."

Now the writer is not questioning the sincerity of the leaders of the present or any of the previous administrations. He concedes that they were not only sincere to the point of conviction, but also that they had the best of intentions for us, the people, and our country. The writer's charge is that our leaders did not trust us, the people, to decide for ourselves what is best for us. Tsar Peter the Great of Russia—who cut off the beards of some of his chief boyars or nobles; who in a ukase offered the compromise that beards could be worn but the wearers had to pay a beard tax graduated according to length; who by another ukase forbade the wearing of the old costumes and ordered instead Saxon, or Magyar, jackets, which were shorter, and French or German hose—could not have done much better for the Russians than our leaders did for us. We, the people, could not have done worse.

Thus it came to pass that our leaders, who no longer had confidence in us, involved our country in Indochina—in the words of Daniel Ellsberg, who sought to make public the contents of the typescript volumes bound in dissertation blue and entitled *History of the United States Decision-Making Process on Vietnam Policy,* in "a tragedy without villains, war crimes without criminals, lies without liars." The forty-seven-volume study was a sort of management audit, which Secretary McNamara ordered in June, 1967, and which was completed in 1968.

Or, in the words of Max Frankel in a summary article in the *New York Times* of June 20, 1971, speaking of the study:

> It is a chilling record of diplomatic and military duplicity by four American Administrations, even to those who deem the cause more just than that of the Communist adversaries. The Pentagon study of 47 volumes states in its analyses and demonstrates in its texts that the American commitments to cold and hot war overrode at every stage every conventional consideration of domestic and international law, of the rights of Congress, the requirements of the Constitution, the sensibilities of allies, the fate of individual personalities, the rights of American citizens and the most elementary standards of truth.

The Episcopal dean of the Washington Cathedral, the Very Reverend Francis B. Sayre, Jr., said that he had known Vietnam policy-makers as friends and parishioners, but had not realized "the extent . . . [of] the infection by which my friends were led to think of themselves almost as God, and therefore could excuse themselves the callous disposition of other people's lives, the cynical bamboozling of the body politic, scorn of law and lawmakers alike, and the abuse of truth."

Senator Stuart Symington, Democrat of Missouri, who has been a member of the United States Senate since 1952, had an article in the *New York Times Magazine* of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DECEPTION GAME

Czechoslovak Intelligence in Soviet Political Warfare

Ladislav Bittman

The Soviet-controlled intelligence activity known variously as "disinformation," "black propaganda," or, in Washington, "department of dirty tricks," as it operates in the Czechoslovak Intelligence Service is here described in detail by the man who was the department's Deputy Chief through 1966. Major Bittman reveals the strategies used to achieve the major goal—the discrediting of the United States in its activities around the world—and recounts both successful and unsuccessful "operations" in Africa, Asia, and Latin America. A candid, vivid, and illuminating book by an agent whose support of Dubcek in 1968 prompted his escape to the West when the Soviet army invaded Czechoslovakia.

Pub. by Syracuse University Research Corporation Illus. $9.95

POPULATION HISTORY OF NEW YORK CITY

Ira Rosenwaike

Covering three hundred years of New York City history, this unique study presents in text and 110 tables, based on primary sources from the 1600s through the 1970 census, the population development of the city and the succession of ethnic communities—Dutch, English, German, Irish, Jewish, Italian, Negro, and Puerto Rican—that have contributed to the city's dynamic growth. Detailed estimates of religious distribution are provided, and many previously unpublished population statistics are included in this book, of which each chapter deals with an epoch in the city's history. It is the first such study of any major American city.

$12.00

ONEIDA COMMUNITY: THE BREAKUP, 1876-1881

Constance Noyes Robertson

"The granddaughter of the founder of the 19th-century upstate New York utopian colony concludes the history which she began in *Oneida Community: An Autobiography, 1851-1876.* The result is the definitive account of the sad disintegration of one of the noble experiments of our past. She has handled her material honestly and forthrightly, thus giving us a real insight into the flaws and foibles that so regularly seem to destroy experimental communities.

"We are fortunate that one so intimately connected with Oneida has set this record down."—*Library Journal* 32 pages of illustrations. $9.95

Now available in paper . . .

FLAUBERT ***Benjamin Bart***

"This product of 20 years' patient research and intelligent analysis is the best informed, most complete, and most discerning biography and study of Flaubert now available in any language."—*Choice*

791 pages, illus. Cloth, *$16.00;* paper, $5.95

From your bookseller or

SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY PRESS SYRACUSE, NEW YORK 13210

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

August 9, 1970, entitled "Congress's Right to Know." In it he began:

> Executive secrecy surrounding the conduct of our foreign policy and its associated military operations is, I am convinced, endangering not only the welfare and prosperity of the United States but also, and most significantly, the national security.

That our leaders have lost confidence in us, the people—have lost faith in our democratic system of government—is the real issue involved in the lawsuits that the federal government brought in the federal district courts for the Southern District of New York, for the District of Columbia, for the District of Massachusetts, and for the Eastern District of Missouri, to stop the *New York Times,* the *Washington Post,* the *Boston Globe* and the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* from publishing parts of the forty-seven-volume study that Secretary McNamara caused to be prepared. The Supreme Court granted review in the first two cases, and heard argument on June 26, 1971. The government contended in these cases that the publication of material in the study would gravely and immediately damage the national security. But since all the documents in the study are from three to twenty-six years old, this contention does not have the ring of truth in it. One is reminded of General Douglas MacArthur's comment in 1951 on the disclosure of the six-month-old documents relating to his ouster. The *New York Times* had published an article based on secret records of talks between General MacArthur and President Truman on Wake Island. General MacArthur said that the six-month-old documents had "just about as much bearing on the problem of Korea today as a report on the military operations on Bunker Hill."

Moreover, two trial judges—Judge Murray I. Gurfein in New York City, and Judge Gerhard A. Gesell in Washington, D. C.—after having the government in secret trial hearings point out the items in the study whose disclosure would be most dangerous to the national security—could find no such danger. Judge Gurfein wrote:

> . . . For I am constrained to find as a fact that the *in camera* proceedings at which representatives of the Department of State, Department of Defense and the Joint Chiefs of Staff testified, did not convince this Court that the publication of these historical documents would seriously breach the national security. It is true, of course, that any breach of security will cause the jitters in the security agencies themselves and indeed in foreign governments who deal with us. But to sustain a preliminary injunction the Government would have to establish not only irreparable injury, but also the probability of success in the litigation itself. It is true that the Court has not been able to read through the many volumes of documents in the history of Vietnam, but it did give the Government an opportunity to pinpoint what it believed to be vital breaches to our national security of sufficient impact to controvert the right of a free press. Without revealing the content of the testimony, suffice it to say that no cogent reasons were advanced as to why these documents, except in the general framework of embarrassment previously mentioned, would vitally affect the security of the Nation. In the light of such a finding the inquiry must end. . . .

The *in camera* hearing before Judge Gesell and his conclusion were described by the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit in this way:

> . . . In this session, as noted in our opinion yesterday, the Government was directed to focus on any specific document that would prejudice the nation's defense interests.
>
> The Government specified and discussed several documents. The District Court found that disclosure of those documents would not be harmful or that any harm resulting from disclosure would be insufficient to justify an injunction. Accordingly, the District Court refused to issue a preliminary injunction. We agreed with the conclusion of the District Court.

Nevertheless, the Nixon administration had the government intervene in four different federal district courts in order to prevent the disclosure of the material in the study. It took this course because it is as intent as any of the preceding administrations, if not more so, on maintaining

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books from North Carolina

Nazis and Workers

National Socialist Appeals to German Labor, 1919-1933
by Max H. Kele

"...an important book which fills a gap in English-language historiography on the rise of National Socialism in Germany....[It] is a valuable contribution to understanding the nature and attraction of National Socialism."—*Library Journal*

254 pages 5½ x 8½ *$9.50*

The Politics of Military Revolution in Korea

by Se-Jin Kim

"Probably the most detailed and informative study of the internal politics of the military régime to appear in English, this book finds the Korean case too ambiguous to answer the currently fashionable theoretical question as to whether military dictatorship helps or hinders 'progress.'"—*Foreign Affairs*

254 pages 5½ x 8½ *$9.25*

The Party of Eros

Radical Social Thought and the Realm of Freedom
by Richard King

"In his central chapters he focuses on Paul Goodman, Marcuse, and Norman O. Brown—and he proves a formidable critic of each. King is chiefly concerned with the moral values implicit in the thought of these radical social critics....Stimulating criticism in the vein of Rieff and Paul Robinson."—*Publishers Weekly*

234 pages 5½ x 8½ *$7.50*

our 50th year

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PRESS
Chapel Hill, North Carolina 27514

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the position that our leaders do not have to tell us what they are doing or why.

Although these cases will have an impact on an individual's right to know under the due process clause of the Fifth Amendment, they were presented not so much in those terms as in terms of the First Amendment —freedom of the press as against a danger to the national security. That this was the issue came out vividly during Solicitor General Erwin N. Griswold's oral argument in rebuttal before the Supreme Court. Justice Stewart said to him: "The reason is, of course, as you know, Mr. Solicitor General, that unless the Constitutional law, as it now exists, is changed, a prior restraint of publication by a newspaper is presumptively unconstitutional."

Mr. Griswold responded: "It is a very serious matter. There is no doubt about it, and so is the security of the United States a very serious matter. We have two important Constitutional objectives here which have to be weighed and balanced and made as harmonious as they can be."

In his oral argument in chief, Mr. Griswold pointed to the fact that neither the *New York Times* nor the *Washington Post* had proceeded under the Freedom of Information Act, which Congress enacted in 1966:

> No judicial proceeding has been brought under the Freedom of Information Act by either newspaper. There is provision there for starting a proceeding in court in case materials are wrongly determined. No judicial determination has been made that any classification was arbitrary or capricious. There is a complication here which people who live with become familiar with, which is that any compilation takes the classification of the highest classified item.

The Supreme Court in a six-to-three *per curiam* decision agreed with the holdings of the district courts and the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit, saying:

> "Any system of prior restraints of expression comes to this court bearing a heavy presumption against its constitutional validity." [*Bantam Books, Inc.* v. *Sullivan;* see also *Near* v. *Minnesota*] The Government "thus carries a heavy burden of showing justification for the enforcement of such a restraint." [*Organization for a Better Austin* v. *Keefe* (1971)] The District Court for the Southern District of New York in the *New York Times* case and the District Court for the District of Columbia and the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit in the *Washington Post* case held that the Government had not met that burden.
>
> We agree.

The dissenters were Chief Justice Burger and Justices Harlan and Blackmun. In addition to the *per curiam* decision, there were nine opinions: a concurring opinion by Justice Douglas in which Justice Black joined; a concurring opinion by Justice Black in which Justice Douglas joined; a concurring opinion by Justice Stewart in which Justice White joined; a concurring opinion by Justice White in which Justice Stewart joined; a concurring opinion by Justice Brennan; a concurring opinion by Justice Marshall; a dissenting opinion by Chief Justice Burger; a dissenting opinion by Justice Harlan, with whom Chief Justice Burger and Justice Blackmun joined; and a dissenting opinion by Justice Blackmun.

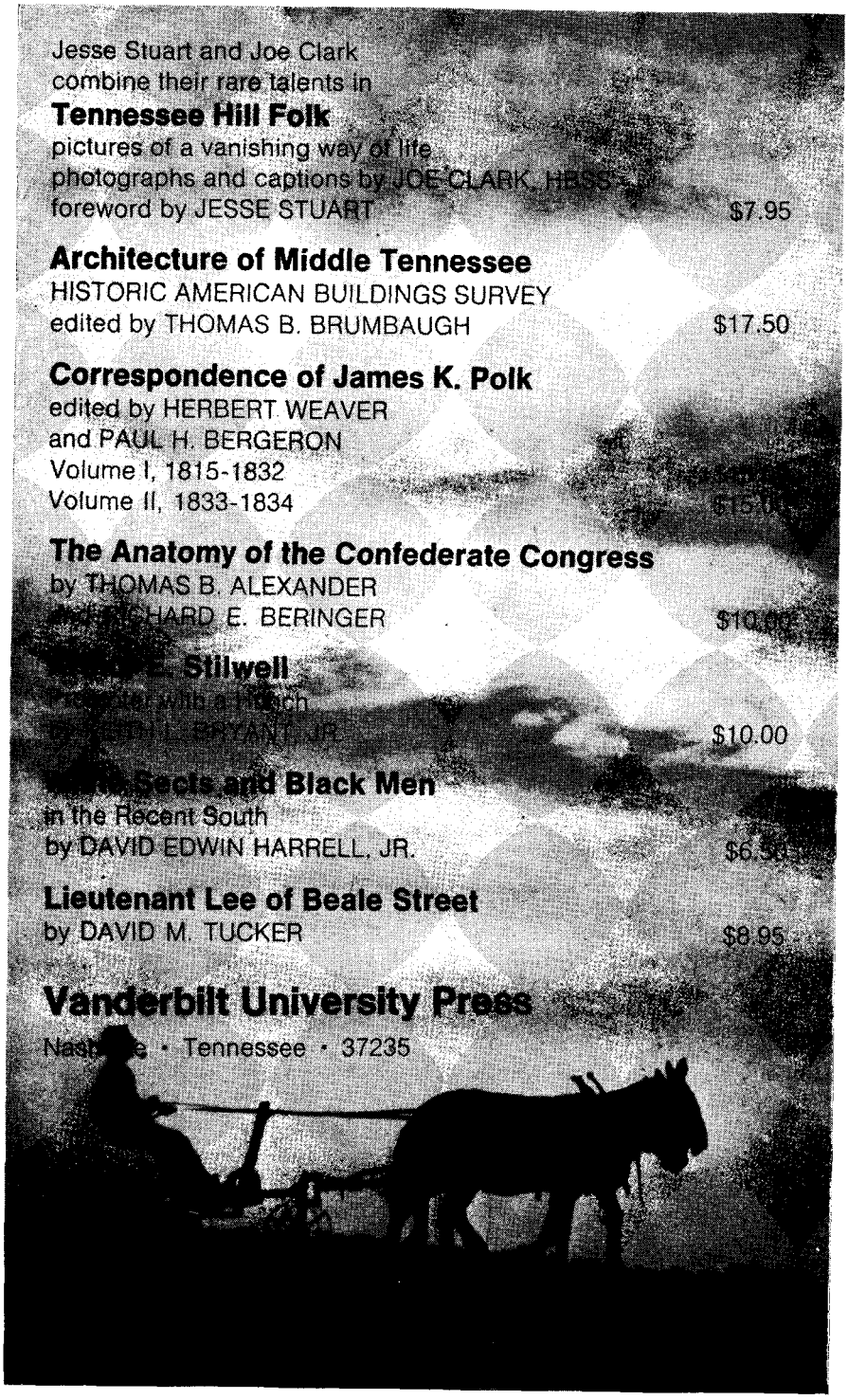
Justice Douglas, in his concurring opinion in which Justice Black joined, had this paragraph:

> Secrecy in government is fundamentally anti-democratic, perpetuating bureaucratic errors. Open debate and discussion of public issues are vital to our national health. On public questions there should be "uninhibited, robust, and wide-open" debate. [*New York Times Co.* v. *Sullivan,* 376 U.S. 254, 269-270]

Justice Black, in his concurring opinion in which Justice Douglas joined, wrote more poignantly:

> . . . Only a free and unrestrained press can effectively expose deception in government. And paramount among the responsibilities of a free press is the duty to prevent any part of the Government from deceiving the people and sending them off to distant lands to die of foreign fevers and foreign shot and shell. In my view, far from deserving condemnation for their courageous reporting, the *New York Times,* the *Washington Post* and other newspapers

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

should be commended for serving the purpose that the Founding Fathers saw so clearly. In revealing the workings of government that led to the Vietnam war, the newspapers nobly did precisely that which the founders hoped and trusted they would do.

Although the victories of the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* were primarily in terms of First Amendment freedom of the press, under our Constitution an individual has a due process right to know what is going on in the world about him as well as a due process right to knowledge generally, by the due process clause of the Fifth Amendment as to federal action, and by the due process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment as to state action. As long ago as 1923 the Supreme Court recognized the right to knowledge as part of the Fourteenth Amendment's due process clause in *Meyer* v. *Nebraska,* when the Court struck down a Nebraska statute that forbade the teaching in grade schools of any language other than English.

More recently, in *Lamont* v. *Postmaster General,* the Court struck down a federal statute that required the Post Office Department to detain and destroy unsealed mail from foreign countries determined to be Communist political propaganda unless the addressee returned a reply card requesting the detained item. The act that the Court invalidated was the result of more than a decade of history. For over eleven years, from 1950 until March 17, 1961, when President John Kennedy ended the practice, the Post Office Department seized books, magazines and other non-first-class mail entering the United States from Communist countries. About fifteen million pieces a year were intercepted. Until 1958 the Post Office did not even inform addressees that their mail was being withheld. Then it began to advise them that they could get the "foreign political propaganda" addressed to them if they returned a card saying that they wanted it. When President Kennedy ended this practice, Senator Styles Bridges of New Hampshire and Representative Francis E. Walter of Pennsylvania objected. Congressman Walter immediately introduced a bill for the creation of a "controller of foreign propaganda" in the Customs Service. In 1962 Congress did pass an act that adopted substantially the Post Office Department's practice as it existed after 1958. It was this act that the Court in *Lamont* v. *Postmaster General* held violative of the First Amendment. The Court through Justice Douglas reasoned:

> We conclude that the Act as construed and applied is unconstitutional because it requires an official act (viz., returning the reply card) as a limitation on the unfettered exercise of the addressee's First Amendment rights. . . .
>
> . . . The regime of this Act is at war with the "uninhibited, robust, and wide-open" debate and discussion that are contemplated by the First Amendment . . . .

Justice Brennan based his concurring opinion, in which Justice Goldberg joined and which Justice Harlan supported, on the right to receive the publication in question. Justice Brennan wrote:

> It is true that the First Amendment contains no specific guarantee of access to publications. However, the protection of the Bill of Rights goes beyond the specific guarantees to protect from congressional abridgment those equally fundamental personal rights necessary to make the express guarantees fully meaningful. . . . I think the right to receive publications is such a fundamental right. The dissemination of ideas can accomplish nothing if otherwise willing addressees are not free to receive and consider them. It would be a barren marketplace of ideas that had only sellers and no buyers.

Another aspect of the right to know is the right to hear and debate with foreigners who have been invited here. This issue came before a federal three-judge district court in Brooklyn in *Mandel* v. *Mitchell,* involving a Belgian Marxist scholar, Ernest Mandel, whose visa for an American speaking tour in October and November, 1969, Attorney General John N. Mitchell rejected.

Mandel and eight American scholars took Mitchell to court, and the court, by a two-to-one vote, held that Section 212(a)(28) of the Immigration and Nationality Act of 1952 violated the First Amendment. Fed-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW FROM **DUKE UNIVERSITY PRESS**

WHO ARE THE MAJOR AMERICAN WRITERS?

JAY B. HUBBELL. "A valuable historiographical study of how the American literary canon arrived where it is today, and an awesome reminder of how little we know where it's headed." Christopher Lehmann-Haupt, THE NEW YORK TIMES. (1972) $11.75

IN HIS IMAGE, BUT . . .
Racism in Southern Religion, 1780–1910

H. SHELTON SMITH. "I was greatly instructed by Professor Smith's engrossing book which I read with great interest and admiration. It is rather strange that no one heretofore has examined so exhaustively the role Southern churches played in the development of racism in that region. So far as I know, this is the first full-length treatment of the subject. It is a sad, depressing story, one that ought to be told, and Professor Smith has told it well." John Hope Franklin, Professor of American History, The University of Chicago. (1972) $ 8.50

PSYCHOLOGY OF THE ARTS

HANS KREITLER AND SHULAMITH KREITLER. The first comprehensive psychological study dealing with the experiences of the spectator of an art form: how and why he is affected, the nature of the effect. A new approach in the growing field of the psychology of the arts. (1972) $13.75

HITLER AND THE MIDDLE SEA

REAR ADMIRAL WALTER ANSEL, U.S.N. (Ret.) An account, using records not previously available to scholars, of Hitler's activities in the Mediterranean, particularly the invasion of Crete. (1972) $12.75

POPULATION ECONOMICS
Selected essays of JOSEPH J. SPENGLER.

Compiled by SMITH, DE VYVER and ALLEN. Four decades of sustained contribution to the field of population theory and economics by one of the great pioneers in the field. (1972) $17.50

Duke University Press 6697 College Station
Durham, North Carolina 27708, U. S. A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eral District Judge John F. Dooling, Jr., in the majority opinion, reasoned:

> Since the First Amendment is not in its primary and most significant aspect a grant by the Constitution to the citizens of individual right of self-expression but on the contrary reflects the total retention by the people as sovereign to themselves of the right to free and open debate of political questions, the issue of "standing to sue" is immediately seen to be unreal. The concern of the First Amendment is not with a nonresident alien's individual and personal interest in entering and being heard, but with the rights of the citizens of the country to have the alien enter and to hear him explain and seek to defend his views; that . . . is of the essence of self-government. Mandel's status as a party does not rest on any individual right to enter (for he has none), but exists only as against the effort to exclude him on a ground that denies to citizens of this country their primary rights to hear Mandel and debate with him. Here the plaintiffs other than Mandel are directly involved with Mandel's entry because they have invited him, and they expect to participate in meetings with him or expect to be among his auditors. No more is required to establish their standing. . . .

In today's world, however, an individual knows less and less about what his government is doing or why. Congressman John E. Moss of California, chairman of the Special Subcommittee on Government Information, has tried to do something about the situation by the investigations of his subcommittee into official secrecy. This secrecy, sometimes to hide mistakes and sometimes even for political reasons, has continued to the present time.

This subcommittee prepared a report in which it concluded:

> Slowly, almost imperceptibly, a paper curtain has descended over the Federal Government. Behind this curtain lies an attitude novel to democratic government—an attitude which says that we, the officials, not you, the people, will determine how much you are to be told about your own Government. The paper curtain, now many layers thick, is not the fault of any one administration or any one party. It has developed over a 30-year period. And it began with the very "bigness" of the Federal Government that is accepted today by the leadership of both political parties . . . .
>
> Unfortunately, there has existed and still does exist in high government and military circles a strange psychosis that the Government's business is not the people's business . . . This psychosis persists to the point where some Government officials decide what is good for the public to know.

The subcommittee noted as one of "the most ominous developments" an effort to extend government control over nonsecurity information that was not eligible for classification. It further found that the information policies and practices of the Defense Department were "the most restrictive—and at the same time the most confused—of any major branch of the Federal Government . . . The Defense Department and its component branches are classifying documents at such a rate that the Pentagon may some day become no more than a huge storage bin protected by triple-combination safes and a few security guards."

During the course of the hearings that the subcommittee conducted, Trevor Gardner, former assistant secretary of the Air Force for Research and Development, related an incident that epitomized what has happened. He told of the case of a scientist of international reputation who had his clearance withdrawn, but who had such inventive ability that he kept coming up with secret and top secret ideas. The Air Force solved the problem by giving him an unclassified contract. As soon as he produced interesting results, however, they classified the results and he no longer had access to them.

The problem of official secrecy reached such proportions that two leading newspapermen published books on it in 1956: Kent Cooper, *The Right to Know;* and James Russell Wiggins, *Freedom or Secrecy?* Cooper was formerly executive director of the Associated Press; Wiggins was executive editor of the *Washington Post and Times Herald.* Cooper had written his book some years earlier. In a newly written foreword he said:

> Practically all of this book was written five years ago. At that time and earlier a trend in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEMPHIS

Escape from Anarchy
A Strategy for Urban Survival
by Alan E. Bent
foreword by Dr. George S. Blair

A new perspective on and framework for action to halt urban deterioration within the United States. Applying the theoretical framework of systems models and cybernetics analysis, Dr. Bent has made the refreshing discovery that the ingredients that led to the present urban chaos contain the potential to overcome the crisis. By forcing local government to be strong he would restore our cities in a five-level schema of government.
176 pages $6.95

The Cal Alley Legacy
A Quarter Century of Editorial Cartooning
edited by Charles Crawford
foreword by Frank R. Ahlgren

A collection of 300 political cartoons by the late Cal Alley, former editorial cartoonist at *The Memphis Commercial Appeal*. The selected cartoons span foreign affairs, the South, economic, political issues and wars during the administrations of Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson, and Nixon. Dr. Crawford places Mr. Alley and his work in social and historical perspective.
348 pages $12.50

Percepts, Concepts and Theoretic Knowledge
by Harold N. Lee

A systematic theory of epistemology and its relationship to process philosophy that is challenging, whole and unavoidable. In chapters on intuition, perception, fact, logic, evidence, belief and knowledge, induction, hypothesis, science and history Dr. Lee shows that all theoretic knowledge depends upon the categorization of experience.
288 pages $10.50

From the Mountian
An Anthology from Pseudopodia, South Today, and the North Georgia Review
edited by Helen White and Redding S. Sugg, Jr.

A compilation of the magazine published under three titles by Lillian Smith and Paula Snelling on Georgia's Old Screamer Mountain. The magazine began as a literary review, but became a journal of cultural comment and analysis. Among contributors were W. J. Cash, R. A. Schermerhorn, W. E. B. Dubois, Laura Benét, James Still, Bernice Kelly Harris, Byron Herbert Reece, Arthur Raper, Ira DeA. Reid, and James Weldon Johnson.
416 pages $16.00

Also Available . . .

The Southern Journal of Philosophy
edited by William B. Barton

This journal is a forum for the expression of philosophical ideas and has no special orientation and bias. Recent issues have appeared on Alfred North Whitehead and Martin Heidegger. An issue devoted to the poet-philosopher, George Santayana is to be published.
Issues Quarterly. Subscription rate: $8.00 for individuals.

Memphis State University Press
Memphis, Tennessee 38152

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the withholding of news was discernible. I decided to defer publication for a few years to see if within that time the government of this free country would reverse the trend.

It has not done so. Instead, in its treatment of news it is in some respects slowly pressing toward the totalitarian pattern. It is doing so, in my opinion, with no intention of contravening a canon of liberty and without realizing that it was the antithesis of this practice that helped to make this nation great.

Wiggins had earlier criticized the "ominous" secrecy prevalent in the Defense Department and the National Security Council. Under one of Secretary Charles Wilson's directives, advising defense project contractors to release no information that might be of "possible value to a potential enemy," the military could encourage management to suppress the release even of certain unclassified economic information.

The Federal Bar Association devoted the January, 1959, issue of its *Journal* to the subject, "Executive Privilege: Public's Right to Know and Public Interest," with an introduction by Congressman Moss and articles by Mr. Wiggins and Senator Thomas C. Hennings, Jr., of Missouri, among others. Senator Hennings' article was also inserted in the *Congressional Record,* on the request of former President Lyndon B. Johnson, then the Senate Democratic leader. Senator Clinton P. Anderson of New Mexico, chairman of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, had an article in the *New York Times Magazine* of May 3, 1959, entitled " 'Top Secret'—But Should It Be?"

During the 1960 presidential campaign the United States Information Agency turned down a request from Congressman Moss's subcommittee for information on polls conducted abroad about attitudes toward the United States. This information would have refuted Richard Nixon's claims that our prestige abroad was at "an all-time high," and supported John Kennedy's contentions that it had declined. George V. Allen, the agency's director, refused even to say what authority decided not to release the polls. Congressman Moss commented: "If the U.S.I.A. reports were favorable to the Administration, I am sure the Republican publicity agents would be shouting from the housetops. Obviously the reports confirm fears of slipping United States prestige abroad. And they are being hidden to keep the public from learning the facts before election time."

At election time the Pentagon attempted to suppress two embarrassing studies: one on the air raid warning system; the other comparing economic growth rates of the United States and the Soviet Union.

In a previous year the Department of Defense refused to tell Congressman Moss's subcommittee why it applied security clearance procedures to a review of a book by a Civil War general. In two further instances —one involving the Department of Agriculture and the other the Internal Revenue Service—the government made a secret even of its authority to impose secrecy. Scholars engaged in government contract studies complained that they were prevented from publishing articles in commercial magazines and scholarly journals and books in which they questioned policies of the administration. The Hoover Commission for an interval was denied some of its own reports because Secretary of State Dulles had stamped them secret.

On one occasion our government asked West Germany and the Netherlands to keep secret the relatively cheap method of producing fissionable material developed by a team of West German scientists. The West German government said that it would classify the method as a state secret. The new process was based on the use of a centrifuge to separate isotopes for the manufacture of uranium 235. News of the method gave rise to fears that it might enable smaller nations to produce less costly atomic bombs.

In November, 1962, Congressman Moss, in a speech prepared for a California Press Association conference in San Francisco, stated that President Kennedy had taken control of the management of government news in a manner that was "unique in peacetime." He criticized the restrictions imposed on covering underground nuclear tests in Nevada, secrecy

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New

The Occult Sciences in the Renaissance

A Study in Intellectual Patterns
Wayne Shumaker

Mr. Shumaker's primary aim is to enlarge modern comprehension of five esoteric "scientific" systems of the Renaissance: astrology, natural or white magic, witchcraft, alchemy, and the meditative philosophy associated with Hermes Trismegistus, a shadowy figure of ancient Egypt. "So able a treatise on the whole range of *occulta* in the Renaissance is a rarity. . . . a major, unparalleled effort."—Paul H. Kocher, Stanford University

LC: 70-153552 300 pages over 50 illustrations $15.00

Honeymoon, Bittermoon

Ramón Pérez de Ayala
Translated by **Barry Eisenberg**
With an Introduction by **Andrés Amorós**

Honeymoon, Bittermoon is a novel about love and the relations between men and women. Set in turn-of-the-century Catholic Spain, the story revolves around the naiveté of Urbano and Simona, who are sent off on a honeymoon after their arranged marriage in total ignorance of the physical aspect of love. First published in Spanish in 1923. LC: 79-116667 348 pages $8.95

A Sufi Saint of the Twentieth Century

Shaikh Ahmad al-'Alawi, His Spiritual Heritage and Legacy
Martin Lings

This second edition contains two new chapters on the personality and teachings of Shaikh Ahmad al-'Alawi, the Shaikh who headed an Algerian Sufi order until his death in 1934. In a series of unusual texts translated mainly from Arabic, the author provides a vivid picture of life in a North African Sufi order.

LC: 71-182282 242 pages halftones $8.75

Sufis of Andalusia

The Rūh al-Quds and al-Durrat al Fākhirah of Ibn 'Arabī
Translated with Introduction and Notes by **R. W. J. Austin**

These are biographical sketches of some 11th and 12th century Spanish Sufi masters (Moslem mystics) drawn from two manuscripts by the celebrated Sufi, Muhyi al-Din Ibn 'Arabī. Mr. Austin's Introduction not only describes the fundamentals of Sufism and the context of Ibn 'Arabī's life and writings; it also lends insight into the practices of eminent Sufis at a time when Islam was distinguished by their spiritual intensity. LC: 77-165230 162 pages $8.75

Architects of the Self

George Eliot, D. H. Lawrence, and E. M. Forster
Calvin Bedient

This is a study of George Eliot as the chief exponent of the Victorian ideal of self-abnegation, and of D. H. Lawrence and E. M. Forster as the chief architects of a corrective ideal, or what Lawrence called "the whole man alive." The book first examines Eliot's ideal of the "social self", then focuses on Lawrence's counter ideal, the "vital self", and finally, discusses Forster's synthesis of the two, or the "personal self." LC: 70-142056 288 pages $7.50

from California

University of California Press • Berkeley 94720

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about all military space activities, a blackout in information about Soviet satellite efforts, and the way in which the government laid down news guidelines during the Cuban crisis.

The preceding month Arthur Sylvester, then assistant secretary of defense for public affairs, had defended lying to the nation. He contended that it was the inherent right of a government "to lie to save itself."

In the same year, Clark R. Mollenhoff, a Washington correspondent for the *Des Moines Register and Tribune* and other Cowles publications, in his book, *Washington Cover-Up,* urged: "A wise citizen should be as outraged at arbitrary secrecy as he would be at arbitrary imprisonment."

In the area of official secrecy, however, relief will usually have to come from the legislative and executive branches rather than from the courts; and there has been a small amount of ameliorative legislation, beginning this time on a state level. In 1955 Ohio enacted a law that requires all meetings of local government boards, commissions and agencies to be open to the public. Some of Ohio's local governing bodies had found the federal government's practice of official secrecy too tempting to resist. In 1957 California, Connecticut, Illinois and Pennsylvania adopted similar legislation. California enacted a total of sixty-six separate statutes providing for open meetings of various governing bodies. Such laws came to be known as right-to-know laws, although Florida lawyers, appropriately enough, refer to that state's right-to-know law as the Sunshine Law.

Then in 1958, as a result of the labors of Congressman Moss and his subcommittee, the federal government itself adopted a so-called antisecrecy law. This act was in the form of a one-sentence addition to 5 U.S.C. §22, which was formerly Revised Statutes §161, and which in turn derived from a number of acts, including a series of four enacted in 1789. The four acts of 1789 simply gave the secretaries of state, war and the treasury custody of the records of their departments. Section 22, among other things, simply authorized the heads of departments "to prescribe regulations, not inconsistent with law, for . . . the custody, use, and preservation of" records. The one-sentence addition provides: "This section does not authorize withholding information from the public or limiting the availability of records to the public."

With reference to the passage of this measure, Congressman Moss wrote:

> Each of the ten Cabinet departments opposed this amendment. The reasons ranged from the attitude that the law had been on the books for 168 years and therefore should not be changed, to the contention that the amendment was unclear.
>
> Passage of the amendment is merely a first, timid step toward eradicating unnecessary Government secrecy. The new legislation merely eliminates one glaring violation of the right to know.

As Congressman Moss indicated, despite this legislation most of the current restrictions on an individual's right to know remain.

Subsequently Congress enacted the Freedom of Information Act, the primary purpose of which was to make available to American citizens the identifiable records of federal executive and administrative agencies. The courts have given some relief under this act. In one of these cases, *Soucie* v. *David,* the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia held that the district court had jurisdiction to determine whether the Garwin Report on the S.S.T., prepared at the express request of the president, was subject to disclosure under the Freedom of Information Act. Chief Judge David L. Bazelon wrote for the court: "The policy of the Act requires that the disclosure requirement be construed broadly, the exemptions narrowly."

In another, *Wellford* v. *Hardin,* the plaintiff, a nonparty, sought copies of letters of warning sent by the compliance and evaluation staff of the Consumer Marketing Service to nonfederally inspected meat or poultry processors suspected by the staff of engaging in interstate commerce, and information with respect to detention of meat and poultry products. The court held that these letters were identifiable records under

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Woman:
FETTERED · FRANCHISED

THE HOME
Its Work and Influence

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

A reprint of the 1903 edition, with an introduction by William L. O'Neill

A classic indictment of the domestic oppression of women and children, *The Home* argues that children are warped and the growth of women stunted by domestic customs that are both archaic and irrational. Written by a leading figure in the feminist movement, it is a witty, forceful exposé that remains as pertinent today as when it was written nearly seventy-five years ago. Paper, $3.45; cloth, $7.95

THE FEMININE CHARACTER
History of an Ideology

VIOLA KLEIN

With a foreword by Karl Mannheim and an introductory essay for the American edition by Janet Zollinger Giele

Klein's survey of writings on women — by scholars from Weininger and Freud to Margaret Mead, Havelock Ellis, and others — leads to her conclusion that so-called feminine traits are sociologically rather than biologically determined. "The most surprising thing about this book is that it could have been originally published in 1946. . . . has tremendous potential for becoming one of the source books for the women's liberation movement." — Jo Freeman, University of Chicago. Paper, $2.45; cloth, $7.95

LAW, POLITICS, AND BIRTH CONTROL

C. THOMAS DIENES

Tracing the historical development of American birth control policy, Dienes examines the dynamics through which the legal system responds to the demands of a changing society. He focuses on the interplay of courts and legislatures with each other and with changing social interests: Anthony Comstock's morality, Margaret Sanger's feminism, modern demands for publicly supported family planning, and the search for a population policy. $15.00

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS PRESS

Urbana · Chicago · London

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Freedom of Information Act, and that the Department of Agriculture had to disclose them.

The Freedom of Information Act, however, contains the usual exception for matters "specifically required by Executive order to be kept secret in the interest of the national defense or foreign policy." Under this provision, a research associate at Stanford University's Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace, Julius Epstein, who is doing a book on the forced repatriation of anti-Communist Russians after World War II, was denied access to an Army file designated "Forcible Repatriation of Displaced Soviet Citizens—Operation Keelhaul."

In addition, the government took the position in *Committee for Nuclear Responsibility* v. *Seaborg* with reference to the Cannikin underground nuclear test on Amchitka Island that it had a "true" executive privilege under which it could refuse not only to produce the demanded documents for the personal *in camera* inspection of the judge, but also to give any reasons for such refusal: to disclose the documents even to the judge would be contrary to the public interest. Although the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia did not agree with this absolute position, it nevertheless believed itself in no position to enter a stay order. The Supreme Court denied an application for interim injunctive relief. The test went ahead.

Also, in a suit brought before the federal district court by two congressmen—Representatives Ogden R. Reid, Republican of New York, and John E. Moss, Democrat of California, coauthors of the Freedom of Information Act—to compel the release of all or part of the still classified segments of the Pentagon Papers, Judge Gesell denied relief. He took the position that the independent court review that the two congressmen sought was neither required by the Freedom of Information Act nor desirable.

Despite the victories of the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* in the Supreme Court for First Amendment freedom of the press, and despite the gains, such as they are, under the Freedom of Information Act, we, the people, still have far to go for enough information to make up our minds and to vote intelligently on the larger issues that confront our country.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DEATH, HEAVEN AND THE VICTORIANS

By John Morley. "His book is a fitting companion to Jessica Mitford's *The American Way of Death*" *(Book World).* *$12.95*

FEMALE AND MALE IN LATIN AMERICA: ESSAYS

Edited by Ann Pescatello. This pioneering study of Latin American women is based on current disciplinary methodologies and original field research undertaken by historians, anthropologists, sociologists, demographers, psychologists, political scientists, and literary critics. *$9.95*

A TUDOR TAPESTRY: MEN, WOMEN AND SOCIETY IN REFORMATION ENGLAND

By Derek Wilson. A compellingly readable narrative based on sound scholarship and written with an emphasis on exciting personalities. *$9.95*

CUBA, CASTRO, AND THE UNITED STATES

By Philip W. Bonsal. "This is the personal testimony of our last—and certainly our best—ambassador to Cuba" *(Library Journal).* *$9.95*

WELFARE: THE SOCIAL ISSUES IN PHILOSOPHICAL PERSPECTIVE

By Nicholas Rescher. A well-known philosopher approaches one of the most perplexing problems faced by our society—social welfare—and makes a lucid, cooly reasoned, and controversial appraisal of the ideology of the welfare state. *$7.95*

THE WILD MAN WITHIN: AN IMAGE IN WESTERN THOUGHT FROM THE RENAISSANCE TO ROMANTICISM

Edited by Edward Dudley and Maximillian E. Novak. Original essays tracing the transformation of the myth of the Wild Man into symbol following the discovery of America and the encounter with real primitives. *$11.95*

THE DISPUTE OF THE NEW WORLD: THE HISTORY OF A POLEMIC, 1750-1900

By Antonello Gerbi, translated by Jeremy Moyle. A definitive study of the debate over whether the New World was an inferior continent, told in readily intelligible and provocative language. *$19.95*

THE PHILOSOPHICAL TRADITIONS OF INDIA

By P. T. Raju. One of the most readable and lucid introductions to Indian philosophy yet written, Dr. Raju's book is designed to answer the needs of students and scholars of Indian civilization or Sanskrit. $7.95s

UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH PRESS
127 North Bellefield Avenue
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15213

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Revolving Bookstand

Art in History

PETER GAY

MODERN ART AND SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT. *By John Adkins Richardson. University of Illinois Press. $10.*

EDVARD MUNCH. *By J. P. Hodin. Praeger. $10.*

DREAMERS OF DECADENCE: SYMBOLIST PAINTERS OF THE 1890S. *By Philippe Jullian, translated by Robert Baldick. Praeger. $12.50.*

THE ACADEMY AND FRENCH PAINTING IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. *By Albert Boime. Phaidon Press. $30.*

GUSTAVE MOREAU. *By Jean Paladilhe and José Pierre, translated by Bettina Wadia. Praeger. $30.*

THE AESTHETIC MOVEMENT: PRELUDE TO ART NOUVEAU. *By Elizabeth Aslin. Praeger. $15.*

GAUGUIN AND THE PONT-AVEN SCHOOL. *By Wladyslawa Jaworska, translated by Patrick Evans. New York Graphic Society. $32.50.*

THE PAINTER AND THE PHOTOGRAPH FROM DELACROIX TO WARHOL. *By Van Deren Coke. University of New Mexico Press. $32.*

THE ATTAINMENT OF DELACROIX. *By Frank Anderson Trapp. The Johns Hopkins Press. $35.*

To the historian *as* historian, a work of art is a document like any other—only more recalcitrant. It stands mute, unintelligible without interpreters. Fortunately, interpreters are not rare; it is easy to find dependable exhibition catalogues, erudite monographs, hardheaded iconographical analyses. But often, consulting books on art, the historian encounters two kinds of writers who will leave him little wiser and make him very impatient, the journalist and the enthusiast—two types often joined into one. The journalist profits from cheap color photography and international publishing consortiums to manufacture that much-criticized phenomenon of modern prosperity, the coffee table book. Luxuriously adorned with colorful pictures and with prose to match, the journalist's product reverses the demand a book on art normally makes: instead of reading the words and skimming the pictures one is well advised to read the pictures and skim the words. The enthusiast, for his part, is less commercial, at least in intention, well informed about the arts but innocent of historical method or historical information; he is in his innocence inclined to translate private messages into cultural symbols, to make the artist into a prophet. Wittingly—or, more likely, unwittingly—the enthusiast is a crypto-Hegelian with a holist view of culture, confident that each of its aspects testifies to all other aspects and that art, being most noble, testifies most eloquently. He is apt to neglect the warning with which John Adkins Richardson begins his stimulating polemic, *Modern Art and Scientific Thought:* "Rational men must be suspicious of historians who insist upon the necessary correspondence of all the elements of an age." In the art book of the enthusiast, the issues most in need of research and analysis are presumed settled, and therefore evaded.

I have been reflecting about the place of art books in the historian's professional life

✪ PETER GAY, a member of the SCHOLAR Editorial Board, wrote *Weimar Culture,* and *The Enlightenment: An Interpretation.* He teaches history at Yale University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fictional Trans-figurations of Jesus

Theodore Ziolkowski

The challenge of adapting the traditional motifs in the life of Jesus—the last supper, lonely agony, betrayal, trial, and crucifixion —to the modern fiction hero is examined in novels of Papini, Kazantzakis, Hesse, Mann, Greene, Faulkner, Gore Vidal, and others. $10.00 At bookstores, or direct from

Princeton University Press

Princeton, New Jersey 08540

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as I read the clutch of books under review, as part of my self-education in the cultural history of the nineteenth century. None of them, let me say right off, is a coffee table book; some of them, though, are by enthusiasts writing like journalists.

I begin with what I can only call an instructive failure: it is J. P. Hodin's book on Edvard Munch. This book forms part of a series of well-illustrated, moderately sized and reasonably priced volumes—the paperback versions especially are bargains—that Praeger has been publishing in this country for the last few years; like the others, Hodin's *Munch* is well made and generously illustrated. Hodin obviously not only loves Munch but knows him; Norway, it seems, has decorated him in recognition for his work on its greatest painter. Munch was a superbly gifted draftsman and a fertile inventor of symbolic images that would record his neurotic obsessions: loneliness, anxiety, and the fatal marriage of love and death. Few have drawn more menacing and less ludicrous vampires than Munch; his rendering of a standing nude embracing a skeleton that erotically pushes a leg between the girl's legs is aggressive, sick, and magnificent.

What does Munch's *oeuvre* tell us? The artist—like everyone else, only more intensively so—lives in several worlds at once: his private experience, his craft tradition, his general culture. All of these merge in the work of art, and all of them, in some measure, deposit their traces in it. The most personal work has some reference to the outside world: the most radical innovation relates itself, if only in the act of rejection, to the tradition; the most subjective nightmare objectifies itself through themes or images drawn from the culture of the day. We have moved far from Taine's positivistic aesthetics in which the conjunction of Race, Milieu and Moment was intended to "explain" a work of art exhaustively, yet these elements prominently enter into any historical interpretation. Yet in all these dimensions, Hodin fails the reader: he is too timid in the private dimension, too bold in the cultural dimension, too summary in the artistic dimension.

Munch was haunted by the terror of isolation and the specter of the predatory female. While the fear of woman is a prominent theme in late-nineteenth-century art and literature, it was far more than a convention with Munch. His best-known drawings, lithographs, and canvases show men pathetically entangled in women's hair; gloating and triumphant nudes—sometimes explicitly framed with a tiny anxious man's head and his floating sperm—called, with pointed inaptness, Madonnas; long-haired women biting men's necks; wanton women lying in voluptuous exhaustion on a bed after a night's orgy. One need not be a professional psychologist or know anything about Munch's tormented life to understand the latent message of these works; Freud did not have to be invented to make Munch comprehensible.

Yet Hodin, conscientiously reporting a variety of psychoanalytical speculations about Munch, dismisses the Freudian instrument: "Nothing basically new about Munch's inner condition came out of it, it is an interpretation like any other." To the extent that Hodin commits himself at all, he refuses to acknowledge the obvious: "Munch does not hate woman, but suffers under the forces to which man is exposed." By transferring the dynamics of Munch's artistic activity from the private to the public sphere, Hodin, far from solving the problem of the interplay between biography and creativity, only aggravates it. "Munch," he insists, "depicted the spirit of his age; he portrayed the conflicts of modern man and held before him a mirror in which he could recognize himself." This is too easy. The emergence of Symbolism and Expressionism, candid displays of anxiety, despair, eroticism, marks the cultural history of the 1890s. But what does it mean? It means surely that a growing number of writers and artists chose to depict the terrors of what they felt to be their inner needs and perceived to be the vulgarity, the materialism, the shallowness, of their civilization. Does it mean more? I want to give my words *felt* and *perceived* strategic weight here; they do not function as the kind of cautious disclaimer that newspapers are obliged to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE EMERGING UNIVERSE

Essays on Contemporary Astronomy

Edited by WILLIAM C. SASLAW *and* KENNETH C. JACOBS, *University of Virginia. 180 pp., illus., charts, index* $7.95

New astronomical observations are challenging long-accepted theories, and the recent result is a profound change in our view of the nature of the Universe. In this collection of essays, distinguished astronomers present the emerging picture of our Universe. Each essay summarizes past knowledge of a part of astronomy and astrophyics and then introduces important, usually unsolved, problems. The authors offer their own answers to some of these problems and warn against accepting oversimplified models that may be appealing but poorly justified. The essays provide insight into current trends of cosmological research by demonstrating the questions that astronomers ask, the variety of approaches they use to answer their questions, and some of the positive results of their research.

TRUTH IN THE SCIENCES

By SCOTT BUCHANAN. *Introduction and notes by* CURTIS WILSON, *University of California, San Diego. xxiii, 177 pp., index.* $7.50

Scott Buchanan, scholar, philosopher, and educator of the twentieth century, was concerned about seeing Western thought as a unified whole. Although modern science is a derivation of ancient and medieval traditions in the liberal arts, the two fields are presently separated by science's private mathematical language. Buchanan tries to renew the kinship between science and the humanities by exploring those works written by well-known classical authors that relate to mathematics and natural science. He reflects upon the thoughts of these major authors, from Aristotle and Ptolemy to Faraday, Darwin, Maxwell, James, and Freud. He shows their relationships to each other, their impact on the development of science and on general trends of man's thinking. His study clarifies the language of science for the common man, allowing him to grasp the truths of many aspects of human knowledge—science, mathematics, linguistics, poetry, and philosophy.

LONG BLACK SONG

Essays in Black American Literature and Culture

By HOUSTON A. BAKER, JR., *University of Virginia. 156 pp., bibliog., index.* $7.95

In this collection of eight critical essays Houston Baker argues that black American culture, grounded in a unique historical experience, is distinct from any other, and that it has produced a body of literature that is equally and demonstrably unique in its sources, values, and modes of expression. Black American literature is rooted in black folklore—animal tales, trickster slave tales, folk songs, spirituals, and ballads. These essays demonstrate that proper appreciation of the work of black American writers demands an understanding of the tradition of black American literature and of the distinctive culture out of which it has arisen.

THE WORKS OF STEPHEN CRANE

Tales, Sketches, and Reports

Volume VIII

Edited by FREDSON BOWERS, *University of Virginia. Introduction by Edwin H. Cady, Indiana University. Pages and price to be announced. (Center for Editions of American Authors)*

This latest volume of the University of Virginia Edition of *The Works of Stephen Crane* brings together 180 tales, sketches, and news reports spanning Crane's entire writing career. The earliest item is a juvenile manuscript tale written at the age of fourteen; the last, "A Squire's Madness," was unfinished at his death and was completed by his wife Cora from notes. The volume completes for this edition all of Crane's miscellaneous writing except for his poetry and unfinished works left in manuscript.

University Press of Virginia — Charlottesville

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

employ for accused but not yet convicted persons—"the alleged assailant"; they point rather to the recognition that feelings and perceptions, although themselves historical realities, are often partial, inaccurate, and misleading, and testify more reliably to the person who has them than the reality they claim to report. Irrational feelings and distorted perceptions are as powerful in history as reasonable feelings and correct perceptions. The avant-garde of Munch's day delighted in dramatizing its struggle with, and distance from, the philistine. But this kind of simplification did not portray the objective situation; it was, rather, an aid to the morale of embattled innovators.

Philippe Jullian and Albert Boime treat this difficult question in opposite ways—the first enthusiastically accepts, while the second shrewdly rejects, the self-appraisal of the nineteenth-century avant-garde as conclusive. Jullian's *Dreamers of Decadence* is valuable enough to make its defects dismaying. Jullian has collected representative instances of "decadent" painting, mainly from the 1890s, not merely from famous artists like Redon, but among a large variety of deservedly little-known painters, helpfully grouped them, and related their themes and their styles to appropriate literary expressions; his debt to Mario Praz, graciously acknowledged in the dedication, is large and obvious. Jullian's reading in the literature is as wide as his searches in the museums have been diligent, and his account of fatal women prominent in Decadent art—Mona Lisa, Salome, the Sphinx—is particularly suggestive. But he grossly overestimates the artistic and cultural significance of "his" painters, and takes their own judgment—of themselves, of art, and of culture—far too seriously. The dissension within the French avant-garde between Symbolists and Decadents on the one hand, and the Impressionists on the other, was incurable and remains instructive; it goes to the heart of the issues that divided the cultural critics of the day: the promise or threat of science, of the city, of democracy. Instead of analyzing this tension, Jullian simply takes sides, and sharply disapproves of the victory of Monet and Renoir: "The public made the necessary effort to accept the Impressionists, *who at least did not require it to think,* while the collectors finally turned their backs on the painters of ideas." While, typographically speaking, the italics are mine, emotionally speaking they are the author's. Jullian's almost wholly uncritical enthusiasm for the Decadents considerably reduces the value of his book; the archness of his style (which seems even to have thrown off so accomplished a translator as Robert Baldick) and the absence of all documentation, reduce it further. There are no footnotes to the many quotations in the text, and practically no guides to the little anthology of Decadent aesthetics that serves as the last chapter. The reader who, piqued by this overripe feast, wants to go further must therefore go elsewhere; he is condemned to treat *Dreamers of Decadence* as a fascinating but ill-arranged chamber of horrors, whose exhibits are intelligently chosen but maddeningly left with rudimentary labels.

To move from Jullian to Boime is to step from a perfumed steam bath to a bracing shower. Straightforward in style, meticulous in documentation, restrained in argument, *The Academy and French Painting in the Nineteenth Century* is academic art history at its most academic—and in my vocabulary this adjective is a word of measured praise. Boime invites a decisive revaluation of the relation between French avant-garde painting and Academic theory and practice. He argues that Manet and the Impressionists developed their techniques directly from the teaching of the nineteenth-century artistic establishment, notably through its respectable but effective schools and through the pedagogical significance that even the Academy was willing to grant the spontaneous sketch. The official doctrine treated the sketch as preliminary and inferior to the finished work—the standard reproach offered to Manet was that his paintings, although doubtless gifted, were unfinished—and what the avant-garde did was to shift the center of attention to the preliminary stage and call it final. Thus, rather than "a heroic struggle of progressives against Aca-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

new books from wayne

"APPROXIMATE MAN" AND OTHER WRITINGS
By Tristan Tzara
Translated and with an Introduction by Mary Ann Caws

A major critical anthology in English of the work of Dada founder and poet Tristan Tzara, this new volume covers the broad scope of Tzara's creative output. It includes the great Dada surrealist poetic epic "Approximate Man," as well as his free verse, catalog, collage, and prose poems, Tzara's essays on poetry and art, and selections from early Dada plays, from *Cloud Hankerchief,* and from the lyric monologue *Flight.* Accounts of the more interesting variants are taken from Tzara's manuscripts.
320 pages, about $12.95

THE PROFESSOR AND THE PUBLIC
The Role of the Scholar in the Modern World
Edited by Goldwin Smith

In witty, learned, and forceful prose, three distinguished professors of history, Goldwin Smith, A. L. Rowse, and J. H. Hexter, answer the question of central concern to the academic community today: What is the scholar's responsibility to society? Together they have written a unique book, filled with sound and unsentimental sense.
128 pages, $4.95

LETTERS ON PROBABILITY
By Alfred Rényi

"I am reminded by my own words of the feeling of triumph which filled me when I finished the writing of the lines: the rejoicing over the discovery that a new branch of mathematics is coming into being here . . ."—From the First Letter. Through the wonderful device of imagination, Alfred Rényi reconstructed the correspondence of Pascal and Fermat on the gambling debts of Pascal's good friend the Chevalier de Méré. The letters are translated into English for the first time; together they provide a unique and imaginative introduction to probability theory that has long awaited publication in English.
95 pages, paper $2.95

FREUD AS WE KNEW HIM
Edited and Introduced by Hendrik M. Ruitenbeek

This volume brings together for the first time a collection of memoirs, reminiscences and interpretations of Sigmund Freud by his contemporaries, including former students, patients, friends, and relatives. The collection includes pieces by André Breton, Thomas Mann, W. H. Auden, Havelock Ellis, Anna Freud Bernays, Helene Deutsch, Sandor Ferenczi, Ernest Jones, Martin Grotjahn, Martin Freud, and Ludwig Marcuse among many others. It offers a series of private views of Freud as he lived and worked in his study in Vienna. In a sense it is a source book for anyone interested in the history of the psychoanalytic movement, contributing to a new and better understanding of Freud and the people around him.
574 pages, $17.50

Order directly from
WAYNE STATE UNIVERSITY PRESS
Detroit, Michigan 48202
Please enclose check with order.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

demics," the Impressionist rebellion came in part through the "positive, if unintended contribution" of the French Academy. Of course, there was a struggle, but it was more of a family quarrel than we generally imagine. We are likely to remember the slick sentimental productions of Bouguereau or the fantastically high prices paid for Meissonier's minutely drawn and pompous, empty historical machines, and thus to exaggerate the simplicity as well as the virulence of the combat. It is an exaggeration the Impressionists on the whole were glad to foster. In tracing the curriculum of the schools and the aesthetics of the establishment, Boime has suitably complicated the historical picture and made a marked contribution to the sociology of art.

Two other books support Boime's invitation to complexity, the Paladilhe-Pierre study of Gustave Moreau indirectly; Elizabeth Aslin's *The Aesthetic Movement: Prelude to Art Nouveau* directly. Moreau was as inward and unconventional a painter as any in his century. His strange versions of familiar classical subjects, his immensely detailed and highly wrought canvases alternating with boldly executed, nearly abstract watercolors, his preoccupation with fatal females, all speak of an irrepressible inner vision that owed little to others. Yet Moreau led an irreproachably respectable life. He profited permanently from the two years he spent in Italy, copying the old masters; he exhibited at the salons and sold his entries at high prices; he was elected to the Académie des Beaux-Arts; he was decorated by the state; he was, late in life, appointed professor at the École des Beaux-Arts and discharged his responsibilities with suitable gravity. Yet this faultless bourgeois pursued his extraordinary fantasies, painting his nightmarish cities and his staring protagonists confronting one another in full profile, and left his mark on the Expressionists, the Fauves, and the Surrealists. Neither Paladilhe, who supplies a brief biography, nor Pierre, who concentrates on a critical appraisal, is inclined to throw light on this paradox. Both writers are in love with Moreau and contemptuous of the mainstream avant-garde. They are true enthusiasts. Paladilhe mixes information with gush; Pierre, analysis with rant. "Moreau," Paladilhe writes,

> led a simple life. He detested anything artificial or hypocritical, fled from publicity and firmly believed that the artist had no claim to importance except through his work. There was nothing misanthropic in this self-effacement. He was naturally gay, and his mind was too active to be logged with morose humor. . . .

This uncritical stance is repellent enough, until we come to the intoxicated invective of Pierre (who writes, in general, far better than his colleague):

> . . . the paroxysms of positivism bear a strange resemblance from one period to another; there is no need to look further today than the products of Anglo-Saxon positivism or the pedantry of structuralism, paralleled elsewhere by a recrudescence of Zhdanovism, to feel at home . . . everything that is not immediate, raw, instant and journalistic finds itself relegated pell-mell into the same barbed-wire camp under the common label of "literature."

The defense of Moreau, the painter of ideas who hated the label "literary painter," thus turns into an indiscriminate counterattack that lumps together English positivists, French structuralists, Soviet cultural dictators, and totalitarian concentration camps. In such argumentation, words lose all meaning.

This is a pity, since Pierre offers an orderly survey of Moreau's aesthetic principles and some fairly persuasive speculations about the psychological roots of Moreau's art. He is impressed, as well he might be, by Moreau's obsessive return to destructive females, like Salome. Where Paladilhe notes naïvely, with almost paternal approval, that Moreau "adored his mother, who lived to a ripe age, his faithful companion and confidante. . . . No son could have been on more intimate terms with his mother," Pierre, armed with the same information—unpublished notebooks and little-known paintings—essays a psychoanalytical interpretation that seems to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

history/politics and society

Henriette Mertz
PALE INK: Two Ancient Records of Chinese Exploration in America
$6.95
proves the ancient Chinese explored America at least 4,000 years ago.

John L. King
HUMAN BEHAVIOR AND WALL STREET
$7.95
the death of capitalism and what to do between now and the funeral

SOURCE, THE ORGANIZER'S CATALOG
Volume II, Communities
$7.00 pa $2.95
radical resource encyclopedia and organizing tool

SOMEWHERE ELSE: A Living-Learning Catalog
$6.00 pa. $3.00

Robert Theobald
ECONOMIZING ABUNDANCE: A Non-Inflationary Future
pa $2.50

Robert Theobald, ed.
MIDDLE CLASS SUPPORT: A Route to Socioeconomic Security
pa $2.50

Dick Simpson
WINNING ELECTIONS: A Handbook in Participatory Politics
pa $3.00

spring/summer 1972

THE SWALLOW PRESS INC.

poetry/drama/literature

Philip Jason, ed.
ANAIS NIN READER
$8.95
introduction by Anna Balakian

Francis Murphy, ed.
THE UNCOLLECTED ESSAYS OF YVOR WINTERS
$8.95

James Schevill
BREAKOUT! In Search of New Theatrical Environments
$10.00

Thomas McGrath
THE MOVIE AT THE END OF THE WORLD: Selected Poems
$8.00

D. Fuhs, ed.
INDEX TO LITTLE MAGAZINES: 1968-1969
$7.50

poets in paperback

Albert Cook
THE CHARGES
$3.75

Donald Drummond
THE MOUNTAIN
$2.75

Barbara Harr
THE MORTGAGED WIFE
$2.75

James McMichael
AGAINST THE FALLING EVIL
$2.75

John Matthias
BUCYRUS
$2.75

Linda Pastan
A PERFECT CIRCLE OF SUN
$2.75

Alan Stephens
TREE MEDITATION AND OTHERS
$2.75

THE SWALLOW PRESS INC.
1139 S. WABASH AVENUE CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60605

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

correspond with the evidence Moreau's pictures provide. Useful and plausible as his argument is at this point, it leaves one crucially important question unanswered—was this all? As Freud himself ruefully acknowledged, artistic creativity escapes psychoanalysis. Ten years ago, Dore Ashton, commenting on Moreau's obsessions, suggested that "the satanic view of woman" is best seen "as a conventional view of the Romantic movement" which artists found "too tempting artistically to resist." It is not to evade the issue to say that both Pierre and Ashton are right; works of art, like all human artifacts, are overdetermined.

In contrast with this rather scrappy and often arbitrary book, Elizabeth Aslin's detailed study of the aesthetic movement in England is wholly satisfying. It is sumptuously illustrated both in black and white and accurate color; the illustrations include a generous sampling of wallpapers, tiles, title pages of children's books, china plates, furniture, decorative objects, and facades. This pictorial profusion is not a substitute, but a support, for the argument. Aslin rightly objects to the prevailing belief that "the Victorian period as a whole was a Philistine age in which the low standards in all the visual arts were relieved only by the work of William Morris and that *fin de siècle* Art Nouveau." In fact, the "Aesthetic Movement" of the 1870s and 1880s was a "genuine modern style." The chapters that follow this initial statement of the case suggest, at least to me, that while the name "genuine modern" is something of an overstatement, which excessively reduces the distance between the aesthetic movement and the Moderns after 1890, that movement deserves to be sharply separated from mid-Victorian taste as manifested, and exaggerated, in the Great Exhibition of 1851. In a series of little essays, each profusely and intelligently documented with illustrations, Aslin pursues a series of fairly special themes, such as the architecture of the 1870s, known oddly enough as Queen Anne; the impact of Japanese art on English design; the role of the young Oscar Wilde as a propagandist for the Aesthetic movement. She neglects neither pottery nor dress, nor, for that matter, the satirical rejection of aestheticism by such cartoonists as Georges du Maurier. The book is a delight to hold, to read, and to look at, yet this pleasure in no way seduces us from the main point at issue: the modern movement that broke over Western culture in the 1890s had its roots in earlier decades. The fruits differed greatly from the roots, and the roots do not explain the fruits. But the roots deserve to be known; they explain, if not everything, at least something.

The historiographical situation of the modern movement—the movement that produced Joyce and Proust, Eliot and Yeats, Gauguin and Cézanne, Freud and Weber, Kirchner and Apollinaire, Kandinsky and Gropius, Schoenberg and Stravinsky—is at present in an unsatisfactory position. The leading figures in the movement (if it *was* a movement) are on the whole well documented. But the totality, with its bewildering profusion, has not yet been grasped, mainly, I think, because we have not yet asked the right questions. Looking back from the disheartening, inhuman half-century that broke upon the civilized Western world in 1914, we have emphasized the prophetic quality of Modernism: its preoccupation with anxiety, its celebration of irrationality, its hostility to the bourgeoisie, its misery before the machine. We have pitted Modernists against modernity and treated the makers of our sensibility as a monolithic army of civilized men assaulting their civilization. Much of this is undeniable, yet the whole truth lies elsewhere, not merely because individuals do not fit the general description, but because the avant-garde was profoundly split—a split of which Gauguin's well known contempt for the scientific world view of the Impressionists is only a relatively superficial symptom. Those in the avant-garde who sought order rather than ecstasy, and trusted reason rather than intuition, are perhaps not so numerous, but certainly as important, as the others. And on the other hand, all sectors of the avant-garde were far more indebted to the cultural tradition they repudiated, and the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New from Yale

A Mingled Yarn

Chronicle of a Troubled Family

by Beulah Parker, M.D.

"A chilling intimate story of the destruction of a family, one that anyone interested in emotional health and family problems will find difficult to put down. Dr. Parker writes of a singularly fortunate family that seemed to have everything: background, money, social position. . . . Yet there were skeletons in the closet, and all the children were emotionally disturbed, one of them ultimately schizophrenic. The surviving member of the family, herself a trained psychologist, relates their story to Dr. Parker. . . . The result is a genuine psychological drama, even a thriller for the lay reader, that will obviously be a gold mine for the professional. It is very much the story of family life in our time, as profoundly revealing as it is compelling reading." *Publishers Weekly.*
$7.95

Charles Lyell

The Years to 1841: The Revolution in Geology

by Leonard G. Wilson

The first of three volumes that will be the definitive study of a giant of Victorian science, this book follows Lyell's career to the eve of his departure for America in 1841. It brings to the reader an intimate account of Lyell's early life and discoveries, leading up to the publication of *Principles of Geology* in 1833. Mr. Wilson has utilized sources never before consulted and amply illustrates the text with maps, photographs, and sketches from Lyell's writings. The result is a richly detailed picture of the development of Lyell as a man and as a scientist against the background of his times. $17.50

Wallace and Natural Selection

by H. Lewis McKinney

Alfred Russel Wallace was one of the founders of modern evolutionary biology and was the co-discoverer, with Charles Darwin, of the principle of natural selection. Mr. McKinney's study, based on a wide assortment of published and unpublished sources, follows the course of Wallace's evolutionary ideas to 1859. The author contends that Wallace was not accorded full credit for his major contribution to the theory of natural selection. This original piece of research will be the standard work on Wallace's career up to 1859 and is an important addition to the rapidly developing field of the history of evolutionary biology. $12.50

A Religious History of the American People

by Sydney E. Ahlstrom

Here, at last, is the first full-scale history of American religion in one volume. After ten years of wide-ranging research, Sydney Ahlstrom has produced a work that deals with not only the major western religions but with secular movements, cultic phenomena, and Eastern religions as well. Starting with a thorough description of the European antecedents that shaped religious life in young America, Mr. Ahlstrom explores our religious history within the context of social, political, and intellectual development. In doing so he makes pertinent judgments and interpretations that avoid the parochialism of the conventional church history. The result is an absorbing work that is both broad and deep—a survey of America's communities of belief and commitment that is unparalleled in its comprehensiveness. $19.50

Yale University Press New Haven and London
in Canada: McGill-Queen's University Press

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bourgeois world they despised, than they, or we, have recognized. Ten years ago, in his important *Theory of the Avant-Garde,* Renato Poggioli noted that modern art and literature can flourish only in the pluralism of bourgeois society. Quoting Mallarmé to the effect that in bourgeois culture the artist is on strike against society, Poggioli replies, "But, in order to strike, one has to be employed." This insight is briefly restated in Richardson's book: the Communists and Fascists are right to call modern art bourgeois. It is an insight that deserves to be further explored.

Perhaps the most useful way of comprehending these interweaving lines of force is to study the Modernists' attitude to objectivity. Those who gave primacy to external reality—the Impressionists, the sociologists—confronted those who gave primacy to their inner world—the Symbolists in painting and poetry, the Intuitionists in philosophy, the Expressionists in their varied pursuits. We must take care not to choose sides—at least, not to choose sides hastily. As I have suggested, the second group, the prophets of doom and the celebrants of irrationality, appears to our distracted time far more "profound" than the first. Being "deeper," it seems, they rank higher. But whether the rebels against positivism saw more deeply than the positivists remains an open question—or, rather, is a question that should be reopened. One source of confusion, as so often, is the self-appraisal of the avant-garde itself. A good instance of the difficulty such appraisals produce is Wladyslawa Jaworska's *Gauguin and the Pont-Aven School.* It is, let me hasten to say, a remarkable piece of work: serious, scholarly, highly informative. What Jaworska has done is to take a familiar scene—Gauguin and his admiring fellow painters in Brittany between 1886 and 1896—and show how unfamiliar it really is. We know a good deal about the friendly association and bitter rivalry of Gauguin and Bernard; we know something about such lesser lights as Paul Sérusier and Maurice Denis. And the brief, stormy friendship between Van Gogh and Gauguin is the staple of the textbooks. But Jaworska shows that the circle around Gauguin was in the end quite large; in about twenty short biographies, each connected with the others, she introduces and fully documents each of its members—some of them, I was delighted to discover, far from negligible artists in their own right. This is a valuable enterprise—it supplements John Rewald's justly famous *Post Impressionism: From Van Gogh to Gauguin.* It is only on the larger matter of cultural history that the book fails. The painters of Pont-Aven "had rebelled against the bourgeois life of their time, the *mores* of the Philistine"—as though the two, bourgeois and Philistine, were necessarily the same. Dissatisfied with "skin-deep Impressionism," they found something better than Monet's "analysis"; Gauguin and his followers developed a "single, fascinating, wholly novel idea, *synthesis.*" Jaworska's choice is clear: since synthesis is superior to analysis, syntheticism is superior to Impressionism. But syntheticism, as the painters of Pont-Aven came to call their imaginative, semi-primitive canvases, was a name rather than an achievement; while the Impressionists worked, as it were, from the outside in, the Post-Impressionists worked from the inside out. They synthesized nothing, but simply reversed the procedures of the mainstream avant-garde, putting imagination in the place of observation. True synthesis—oscillating between inside and outside, giving full due to observation and imagination, marrying tradition and experiment, nature and passion, and then creating something new—was reserved to a handful of giants among the Modernists: to Cézanne in painting, James and Proust in the novel, Freud in the science of man.

The name of Freud brings up another aspect of the Modernist problem: the relation of art to science. Here, as so often, we have been apt to give full credit to the statements of the actors themselves, believing what artists said rather than studying what they did. As Richardson shows in a convincing chapter, while Cubists like Gleizes and Metzinger justified the draftsmanship of their school by appealing to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ROLAND BARTHES

CRITICAL ESSAYS

Translated by RICHARD HOWARD

In his translator's note, Richard Howard writes, "I claim the stature of a great critic for Roland Barthes on the basis of three achievements, all registered many times over in this book: he recognizes the distinction of the work of his own time; he refreshes the terms by which we come to the work of the past; and he recovers for literature new relations . . . with what is not literature: our lives." $10.00

HERBERT SPIEGELBERG

PHENOMENOLOGY IN PSYCHOLOGY AND PSYCHIATRY

Herbert Spiegelberg presents and evaluates the complex relationships between phenomenological philosophy and psychology and psychiatry with studies in depth of the phenomenological aspects in the work of Jaspers, Frankl, Binswanger, Minkowski, and others. As a sequel to his two-volume **The Phenomenological Movement,** this will be an important contribution to the history of ideas in the twentieth century. $13.50

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY PRESS

1735 Benson Avenue, Evanston, Illinois 60201

the existential experience

RALPH HARPER

Sculpture by Reg Butler. Coll. Mrs. Alan Wurtzburger. Photo Peter Winants

Ralph Harper's new book interprets modern man's emptiness, his self-isolation, and his redemptive sense of Presence. It is an American existentialist's analysis of the major and interlocking themes of the existential tradition from St. Augustine and Pascal to Heidegger and Camus. It is a very personal statement, an insider's view of a philosophy of man that has come of age in the twentieth century and that speaks most directly to the philosophical, religious, and psychological dilemmas of our day. *$7.00, $2.50 paper*

JOHNS HOPKINS

The Johns Hopkins University Press
Baltimore, Maryland 21218

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the "fourth dimension" of modern physics, and critics from Apollinaire to Giedion cheerfully accepted their claim, there is simply no truth to it whatever. Another instance, patiently explored in Van Deren Coke's splendidly bulky *The Painter and the Photograph from Delacroix to Warhol,* is the impact of photography on painting. The orthodox position is that the advent of photography destroyed realism. "By its success in objective documentation," Coke quotes John Canaday as saying, photography "has driven the artist to find an outlet on the subjective plane, as it were, to analyze and synthesize his own feelings, to explore the resources of symbolic expression and psychological nuance." Three hundred twenty-four large pages and five hundred sixty-eight illustrations later, we know that the matter was infinitely more complicated. From its beginnings in the late 1830s, photography constituted a much-discussed problem. Some, like Delacroix, welcomed it as an aid to the artist's perception; others, like Baudelaire, feared its effects on the artist's imagination. In practice, the pitiless realism of the photograph drove a few painters to give up the portrait, but, precisely because it was fatal to sentimentality and idealization, it encouraged more of them to paint portraits—from photographs. It was in fact in portraiture of individuals and even more, of groups, that the camera proved a helpful instrument. As Coke abundantly proves, it was quite as helpful for genre scenes and landscapes.

The greatest painters, and even the most mystical among the modern painters —Degas, Gauguin, Picasso, even Munch and Khnopff—did not disdain the camera's aid. Cézanne, who did several self-portraits and one of his great portraits of Victor Chocquet from photographs, seems to have seen the new medium unsentimentally; he did not object to the painter employing photographs, he told Émile Bernard, "but he must interpret this exact reproduction as one interprets nature." I might add that the early masters of abstract art, Kandinsky and Mondrian, turned to abstraction not to escape that dreadful modern instrument, the camera, but to give graphic expression to their religious-mystical convictions. What is more—to return to Coke—the art of photography, far from restricting the painter's vision, enlarged it by making available visual effects like the shape of figures in rapid motion inaccessible to the naked eye. That photography, characteristic triumph of the machine age and servant of "mass culture," distorted the painter's craft is simply another nostalgic delusion, itself worth investigating.

The camera was a thoroughly modern way of seeing and recording the world. Yet the Moderns were deeply and openly dependent on tradition. In his brilliant and candidly subjective book, *The Struggle of the Modern,* Stephen Spender takes what he calls "the revolutionary concept of tradition" as one of the defining elements of Modernists; he has in mind the deliberate, often perverse use of echoes from the distant past, and he uses them to make polemical points against a distasteful present. I mean something far more conventional than that: a continuing and admiring appeal to past masters as a source of general refreshment and specific lessons. Young artists, of course, were compulsory traditionalists in the nineteenth century; their training forced them to copy masterpieces in the museum or the studio. But most of the great moderns kept alive their respect for their forebears, and did not cease to learn from them even after they had achieved mastery of their own.

This cultural continuity, this persistent impact of tradition upon artists devoted to experimentation and innovation, deserves far more attention than it has had. A large and important book could be written on the old masters and the new. When such a book is written, it is certain that Delacroix will occupy a prominent place in it. Baudelaire enthusiastically spoke for him, Degas and Renoir profitably copied him, Fantin-Latour and Cézanne painted homages to him, and Picasso, a hundred years after Delacroix's death, paid him the supreme tribute—an angry compliment: "That bastard," he said, looking at

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Delacroix's *Women of Algiers,* "he's really good."

I take this anecdote from the last page of Trapp's *The Attainment of Delacroix.* Little of the book is so racy as this, but its sobriety is all to the good. Delacroix, whose articulate *Journal* and extensive correspondence have been much quarried, has of course not been neglected in the literature of art history, and some of it—on which Trapp draws—has been of high caliber.

But Trapp's biography, precisely with its sobriety, is the most reliable and the most considered—in a word, the best book on Delacroix we have. The very conventionality of its arrangement—strict chronology—is an aid in understanding, for with Delacroix's powerful imagination, extravagant sense of color, and choice of melodramatic subjects, Delacroix has often been simply labeled a Romantic, and, once categorized, never reexamined. In fact, as Trapp persuasively insists, Delacroix was a Romantic and many other things besides. He was, for all his eloquence, a very private man, "an isolated and atypical figure," a respecter of tradition, a hard-working practitioner, supremely an individual who realized himself in his art. Surely the most informative way of approaching the conundrums such a painter sets, a painter seemingly so easy to categorize and actually so elusive, is to pursue him with patience, knowledge, and a low temperature. To our benefit, Trapp has all three qualities, and has written the biography of an artist that stands as a model to others.

These studies underscore once again that history writing is a cooperative affair. True, monographs are bricks which, no matter how numerous, do not compose a building; a general interpretation demands the acquisitive, combinative, architectonic mind of the synthesizer. But for his part, the synthesizer needs the dependable monograph; without solid bricks, his structure must collapse. The best among these books—notably those by Boime, Coke and Trapp—have provided much-wanted material for that much-needed synthesis: an interpretation of Modernism.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

A number of appointments are made each year to the faculty of The University of Chicago. The opportunity to make appointments is subject to overall budget levels for the University and other factors. While the requirements of particular academic units must be considered, the University does not, in general, have a fixed number of faculty positions in the various departments and schools or in the College, where appointments are usually joint with some graduate area. Departments and the Professional Schools, and the College, are therefore involved in a continuous search for candidates possessing those qualities of intellect and training which indicate a strong potential for academic distinction and who may be considered for appointment. The University welcomes applications from candidates who believe they can demonstrate these qualities. Applicants may write directly to a particular departmental chairman, or to the Deans of the Divisions (Humanities, Social Sciences, Physical Sciences, Biological Sciences), or to the Deans of the Professional Schools (Graduate School of Education, Divinity School, Graduate School of Business, Graduate Library School, Law School, The Pritzker School of Medicine, Social Service Administration), or to the Dean of the College, or may write to the Provost of the University who will see to it that the communication is forwarded to the appropriate area of the University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Prisoners, Twaddlers, and the Fire Chief

STRUGGLE FOR JUSTICE: A Report on Crime and Punishment in America. *Prepared for the American Friends Service Committee by a working party of seventeen members. Hill and Wang. $1.95.*

Reviewed by PHILIP P. HALLIE

Imagine a crowd standing in front of a great, destructive fire. And imagine that one spectator has a little pitcher and another a squirt gun with which they are trying earnestly to put out that raging fire. But imagine also that they are obstructing the only access to the fire. The image is Kierkegaard's, and here is how he develops it:

> But what says the Fire Chief? The Fire Chief he says—yes, generally the Fire Chief is a very pleasant and polite man; but at a fire he is what one calls coarse-mouthed—he says, or rather he bawls, "Oh, go to hell with all your pitchers and squirts."

The American Friends Service Committee has produced a report on crime and punishment in America that embodies the Fire Chief's spirit. Kierkegaard called the sideline squirts "twaddlers," but the working party for the A.F.S.C. uses no such epithets, and is not as "coarse-mouthed" as the Fire Chief. Still they manage to attack forcefully the well-meaning sideliners who are obstructing America's efforts to fight the fire that is destroying so many of our people in our prisons.

It is not the modern phenomenon of imprisonment-as-punishment that the report attacks. It acknowledges the need for punishment by imprisonment. This it sees as a necessary evil. What it attacks is the twaddlers who have managed with their good intentions to sell most of us the idea that we can *cure* people of tendencies to deviant behavior *in the act* of punishing them. In great measure this report is expiatory, for the Friends created the penitentiary, the first modern institution for curing while punishing. Anyway, the well-meaning ones sold most of us the destructive idea that treatment and punishment must work together. The only ones they could never sell it to were the prisoners themselves, and those close to them: in their very lives they felt the flat contradiction between punishment and therapy, between depriving a person of loved ones, dignity, and liberty and helping a person who has freely chosen therapy.

But the humane reformers would not listen to the ones who *knew;* they listened only to their own recitations of their own good intentions. Confident of their good intentions, they did not see the difference between patients and victims. They *would* not see that prisoners were in fact victims of blind reformers, but also "victims" in the old sense of "sacrifices" to the dark unacknowledged gods of fear, vengeance and ethnic hatreds. And so the twaddlers put television sets and occasional classwork into the prisoners' lives, and the public, taking the intention for the deed, believed that the prisoners were not being punished "in those country clubs." Only the prisoners and their loved ones knew that they were being punished too much.

But we have not come to the core of the trouble with our criminal justice system, according to this report. The blindness of the twaddlers put immense discretionary powers into the hands of the criminal justice system. It gave police, judges, and "correction" officials the combined powers of healers and punishers, of doctors and coercers. A policeman, a judge, or a warden could justify a monstrous retaliation for a little violation by putting on his doctor's hat and uttering the vague epithet: "This is for your own good." With all this power and with these humane intentions, the criminal justice establishment could hide from themselves and from the public at large the shameful passions that were actually dictating their decisions, passions like fear and disgust with regard to blacks, Spanish-speaking people, the poor, the

✪ PHILIP PAUL HALLIE, Griffin Professor of Philosophy and Humanities at Wesleyan University, has written *The Paradox of Cruelty,* and is now writing textbooks on ethics for secondary schools.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

deracinated young, and the drug addicts.

A good example of this pile of self-deceptions is the indeterminate sentence as it now operates in California. With (let us say) the best intentions in the world, an Adult Authority, a nine-man panel, was set up there with very wide and ultimate discretionary powers. Within the period of half an hour that panel now decides whether a given prisoner coming up for annual review should be reincarcerated or paroled on the basis of his "progress." Their decision is not subject to judicial review. The indeterminate sentence was established as a way of regularly assessing the efficacy of the treatment the prisoner was getting. But the indeterminate sentence creates destructive agonies in the minds of the prisoners (pages 91 through 96 are among the most pathetic pages I have ever read). Prisoners do not know when their sentences will end—the decisions are so hasty and apparently arbitrary; they do not know which lifted eyebrow or which black skin or which Spanish accent will create an adverse report from a guard, and cause the Adult Authority to deprive them of love and liberty and dignity year after year after year. Moreover, the Authority becomes a perfect instrument for keeping the prisoners under control and for keeping blacks and the poor, for example, out of society for as long as those in power desire. In the indeterminate sentence are summarized both the dramatic failures in our efforts to cure by destructive force *and* the corruption that comes with unchecked power. But all of this is masked from everybody except the prisoners and a powerless segment of the public, masked by the pure intentions that words like "treatment" and "progress" convey.

The main recommendation of the report is that we separate treatment from punishment by limiting the scope and functions of criminal law to punishment, while developing facilities for treatment through volunteer work in the communities *outside* prison walls. The Friends advocate using punishment, incarceration with no pretenses of treatment, as a last resort when hopes for treatment have been exhausted.

An Imperial War and the British Working Class

Working-Class Attitudes and Reactions to the Boer War 1899–1902

Richard Price

The conventional belief has been that working-class reaction to imperialist expansion is always one of ardent enthusiasm. This book challenges this assumption in a unique study of working-class attitudes toward the Boer War. $11.50

The Purchase of Paradise

Gift-Giving and the Aristocracy, 1307–1485

Joel T. Rosenthal

The character of medieval philanthropists and the myths and misconceptions surrounding them are scrutinized in this social study. Considerable insight into the character of the noble family of the Middle Ages is provided by the author's study of charitable functions such as purchasing prayers for relatives and the family tradition of supporting favoured houses. $8.50

The Lordship of Ireland in the Middle Ages

J. F. Lydon

A totally new approach to medieval Irish history. Thematic rather than narrative in its treatment, it succeeds in examining the feudal lordship of Ireland as a whole, and in tracing the origins of the conflicting Gaelic and Anglo-Irish traditions which were to determine the whole pattern of Irish history in succeeding centuries. $12.50

A New History of Ireland

R. Dudley Edwards

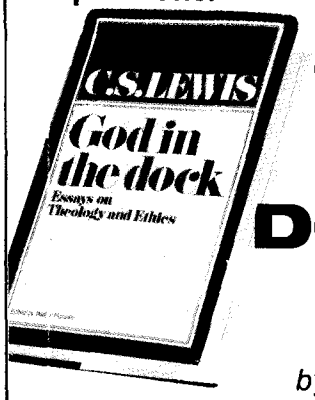
This new and important study by one of Ireland's most distinguished historians presents a fascinating reassessment of the traditional version of Irish history from earliest times up to the present day and its effect on Irish society. $11.50

University of Toronto Press

33 EAST TUPPER STREET, BUFFALO
NEW YORK 14203

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jacques Barzun says that *God in the Dock* is one book that has made him think . . . a book that answered pending questions.



GOD IN THE DOCK

Essays on Theology and Ethics

by C. S. Lewis

edited by Walter Hooper

"*God in the Dock* brings together some fifty very short essays on manners, morals and religion. One need not be a believer in Lewis' church to profit from his candor and powers of reasoning on common predicaments. One of his most telling pieces is on National Repentance. Apply its teaching to any of the fashionable emotions and see how many survive. Then, the mind cleared of easy sophistication, start afresh to find out what you think with your whole being about the subjects he proposes to uncluttered mother wit."

— Jacques Barzun, American Scholar

Lewis addresses himself both to theological and ethical questions. Whether he is discussing "Evil and God," "Miracles," "The Decline of Religion," or "The Humanitarian Theory of Punishment," his insight and observations are thoroughly and profoundly Christian. *God in the Dock* is very much a book for our time. $6.95

49 WM. B. EERDMANS PUBLISHING CO. Grand Rapids, Michigan

The book has some faults. It confines itself to the treatment-punishment dichotomy with a dualistic fervor that sometimes keeps it from showing many other important pretexts that we use to justify destroying human beings. For instance, I do not think that police brutality occurs or is countenanced because it is an attempt to cure *or* punish a young black whose head is being smashed in as he sits in his own living room. Treatment-twaddling is not the only reason we give for our injustices. The book often seems to make it so.

And there are other weaknesses in the report. On page 139 it quotes Chief Justice Burger to the effect that a ten percent reduction in guilty pleas (our modern version of the inquisitorial torture-question that is used to force a plea of guilty out of a defendant) ". . . would require the assignment of twice the judicial manpower and facilities and would throw the system into chaos." But the A.F.S.C. dismisses this important statement, or rather ignores it, by sneering at "managerial efficiency." The last half of the book is marred by a moralistic tone that sometimes seems to denigrate all systems that work well. In a massive society such as ours chaos can be at least as destructive as orderly oppression.

Moreover, there is in the report so much skepticism about treatment strategies (pages 17, 18, 47, 61, 87, 99, 146 passim) and even about the "moral grounds" for treatment itself (page 146) that the reader wonders how we can hope to know enough to make the sharp distinction it demands between people who should be treated and people who should be merely punished. We need to have well-grounded hope for treatment before we can have well-grounded hope for both distinguishing corrigibles from incorrigibles and rehabilitating those who can be helped.

Finally there is evidence that the working party and the Friends have not done enough homework on the current literature concerning crime and punishment. One of their recommendations (page 171) is that "crimes without victims" be eliminated. Apparently they do not realize that much that has been written on this subject in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dicates that *organized crime* often involves so-called "crimes without victims." Do the Friends want large aspects of organized crime to thrive?

But all of these faults could be corrected by special reports. As the book stands it is a monumental contribution to our understanding of the horrors of our criminal justice system. Whatever "justice" in general may be (and the book, thank God, does not try to define the word), victims of deliberate harmdoing must be seen and listened to, or we shall destroy one another in the act of destroying our own integrities. This passionate, radically innovative book contributes immensely to our awareness of the fire.

The Great Events, the Great Historians

AMERICAN HISTORY IN AMERICAN THOUGHT. *By Bert James Loewenberg. Simon and Schuster. $14.95.*

Reviewed by G. D. LILLIBRIDGE

A person of reasonable intelligence might well wonder how the hell anyone can successfully deal not only with the entire past history of America but also with the story of how, what, when, where, and why historians and chroniclers have written as they have about America for the past five hundred years. Rest easy. In Bert James Loewenberg and me—as I think Twain once remarked about himself and Kipling—you have two people who between them cover all knowledge. Loewenberg knows all there is to know, and I know all the rest.

American History in American Thought, subtitled "Christopher Columbus to Henry Adams," is the first of four volumes. The second will carry the epic to 1950; the third from the 1950s to the 1970s; and the fourth will deal with philosophical issues in American history and its writing. In a special way this is a unique history of the United States, and at the same time a history of

✪ G. D. LILLIBRIDGE teaches history at California State University, Chico. His forthcoming book is *The Americans—Then and Now.*

CIVIL WAR PRISONS

"No controversy ever evoked such emotions as the mutual recriminations between Northern and Southern partisans over the treatment of prisoners of war," notes William B. Hesseltine, the editor of this collection of essays. The reader must pick his way carefully among the passionate and partisan documents of the era in order to arrive at a true picture of the prisons North and South, how they were administered, what life for the captured soldiers was like.

Civil War Prisons represents just such a careful approach. It does not pretend to be a complete history, but rather a series of scholarly studies, originally appearing in *Civil War History,* each detailing a particular place, time, or experience. From this attention to detail, a picture of the whole emerges clearly and dispassionately.

cloth $6.00 / paper $1.95

THE KENT STATE UNIVERSITY PRESS
publisher of Civil War History
Kent, Ohio 44242

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KING GEORGE III
John Brooke

In this illuminating biography of America's last king, renowned Georgian scholar John Brooke avoids the hearsay of history—George's madness and incompetence—by using as his resources the King's personal papers as well as the complete papers of Sir Lewis Namier. Because George III was a very personal monarch whose decisions and conduct affected public policy as no British monarch's have since, this biography sheds new light on the causes and conduct of the American Revolution. 432 pages, 16 pages of illustrations, $12.50

BUSINESS IN AMERICAN LIFE: A History
Thomas C. Cochran
President, American Historical Assn.

"This book is innovative and important ... Cochran's coolly detached style, reminiscent of Thorstein Veblen, makes his indictment of business's domination of our society more effective than the preachings of many contemporary 'revisionist' historians." *The New York Times Book Review*. 416 pages, $12.50

THE HEART OF THE BATTLE
for a new social contract
Edgar Faure
Minister of State for Social Affairs and former Prime Minister of France

In this superb translation of *L'Âme du Combat* Edgar Faure surveys the fundamental political problems of Western democratic societies in the face of the Marxist challenge and the alienation of intellectuals. Charles De Gaulle commenting on "Faure's thought in its three dimensions" said, "This book will have repercussions, not only in political thinking, but also in political action." 276 pages, $8.95

Scholarly Books Division
McGraw-Hill Book Company
1221 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10020

how the writing of American history has not only shaped the notions we hold about ourselves as a nation and as a people, but also has reflected the nature and character of American society and thought. If the magnitude of the task doesn't crack the sinews of his brain, Loewenberg on completion of this series will have pulled off an achievement unequaled (and probably uncontemplated) by anyone.

Note the elegant intellectual themes of this book—that historical writing is the key to understanding the thought of the past, the culture of the time in which it was written; that historical writing serves as a crucial agent of transmission of the culture of one time to succeeding periods; that the present therefore is a dynamic connecting link between what has been and what is to come; that historians are greatly influenced in what they write by their place in their particular culture: by family, class, ethnic group, region of upbringing, education. None of these themes is unusual, but no one has handled them with the sophistication, insight, critical acumen, and extraordinary grasp of the primary materials that Loewenberg has. Documenting this latter point, for instance, are the one hundred fifty pages of notes and *select* bibliography at the end of the volume.

In pursuit of these themes, Loewenberg deals with the great events—the voyage of Columbus, the Revolution, the Civil War, among others; the great historians—Hildreth, Parkman, Henry Adams, for example; the great experiences—nationalism, democracy, the impact of science. And his stage is grand as well. The setting is defined not just by the boundaries of the United States, nor indeed the hemisphere, but by the whole Western world.

What interests me is what all this tells us about Loewenberg the historian and the culture of which he and *his* history are parts, and how in turn these exemplify the themes he plays upon—for they apply as much to him and to us as they do to the past he writes about.

Loewenberg has, for example, a tolerance of judgment, a breadth of view, about his colleagues of long ago and the societies in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which they lived and worked. He does not dismiss men's virtues because of their vices, nor ignore their strengths because of their weaknesses. He does not so much condemn men for their frailties as recognize those frailties to be a part of a given social culture and indeed of human nature. He can record, for instance, Parkman's inability to understand his own time, his failure to grasp the significance of the social process of the Great West he wrote about, the distractions of his New England Anglo-Saxon biases, his sacrifice of "the internal logic of history to its drama." But Loewenberg can still call Parkman the greatest writer of history in America on the strength of his astonishing command of the sources then available, his incredible narrative skill, which brought the past alive in his pages, his high imagination. I would regard it as hopeful if we could say that this tolerance of judgment not only reflects in part the American culture Loewenberg finds himself in, but also through him and his history feeds back into American culture and helps to define a larger social tolerance.

Another different kind of example. Earlier generations, of course, had difficulty, as Loewenberg notes, in seeing the voyages of Columbus outside the framework of the competition for power among the emerging European nations. Yet in the twentieth century it has become possible to perceive a broader significance (without denying the first) because of developments beyond even the comprehension of the sixteenth century, or for that matter the nineteenth. As Loewenberg observes: ". . . there is a vital connection between the Genoese mariner and the Wright brothers. Together they united the world and made the planet a physical unit." This observation prompts one to speculate that the voyages of the Apollo spacecraft are certain to add further meaning to that conception. Exactly what meaning is for the historians of fifty to a hundred years from now to delineate. Archibald MacLeish (reworking the words of the *Apollo 8* astronauts in much the same manner that writers five hundred years ago appropriated the words of voyagers to the New World) has written:

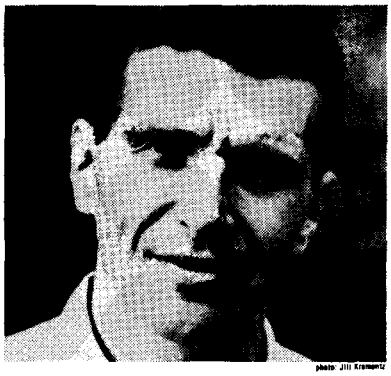


photo: Jill Krementz

ROBERT COLES

The author of **Children of Crisis,** hailed in a *Time* cover story as "the most influential living psychiatrist in the U.S.", has now collected his best writings about the South and Southerners. "He has gone beyond the headlines of the South's crisis," says the *New York Times Book Review*, "to discover the people themselves."

FAREWELL TO THE SOUTH

$7.95 ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN

out of Africa and into America...

***comes the most sensitive book on racism and America since* The Invisible Man!**

INSIDE AMERICA: A Black African Diplomat Speaks Out is Fred Kwesi Hayford's story—undiluted and candid—of his experiences as a Black Ghanaian diplomat in an America he found shocking, both racially and culturally. 255 pages, **$6.95** cloth

Mail to your bookstore or to

ACROPOLIS BOOKS LTD., 2400 17th St., N.W. Washington, D.C. 20009 FA1072

Please send me _____ copies of INSIDE AMERICA at **$6.95** each. My check for $_____ is enclosed, or charge to my American Express Card #_____.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To see the earth as it truly is, small and blue and
beautiful in that eternal silence where it floats, is
to see ourselves as riders on the earth together,
brothers
on that bright loveliness in the eternal cold—
brothers
who now know they are truly brothers.

So the connection runs from the *Santa Maria* to *Apollos 8* and *11*. So Columbus, Frank Borman and Neil Armstrong are linked together in a social process and become part of a new world view. And so the past moves into the present and on into the future.

Bert James Loewenberg—now professor emeritus at Sarah Lawrence College—began his teaching career some eight million years ago at the University of South Dakota. When I was an undergraduate during Loewenberg's five-year tenure on the plains, I was overwhelmed by his erudition, the range of his mind, his command of the English language and the keenness of his wit. Eight million years later I still am.

Genius and Sheer Fudge

POE POE POE POE POE POE POE. *By Daniel Hoffman. Doubleday. $7.95.*

Reviewed by R. W. B. LEWIS

Here is the most refreshing and original volume of literary study to appear for a long time. One may even hope that it will set a new style in literary criticism, particularly as it deals with American subjects —although there cannot be many critics around who combine Daniel Hoffman's discernment, controlled quirkiness, poetic eloquence, and sense of the intellectual value of laughter.

The title invokes Poe's name seven times: partly, one supposes, because the word "bells" was repeated seven times in Poe's poem about them, and Poe was an iterative fellow; but partly to point to the numerous dimensions of Poe's achievement. Mr. Hoffman, often piling up clashing adjectives seven at a time, explores that achievement seriatim: the poems; the critical theory; the detective stories; the social and political commentary (who remembers that Poe wrote so many sketches in this area?); a goodly number of the tales; *Arthur Gordon Pym;* the philosophical prose poem *Eureka;* and climactically "The Fall of the House of Usher."

The book is at every turn uncommonly engrossing, with constant changes of tone and pace, and a number of rhetorical devices aimed at keeping the reader awake, and at getting into still another facet of Poe's writing. The style is essentially conversational, sometimes exclamatory, and it is salted with colloquialisms: Poe, Mr. Hoffman remembers from his youth, is a writer "who can frighten a boy out of his pajamas"; and after quoting Roderick Usher's screech to the narrator, as Madeline totters back from her tomb, *"Madman! I tell you that she now stands without the door,"* Mr. Hoffman instantly lowers the pitch by commenting: "Most readers think it odd that Usher, who is as crazy as a bedbug, should call Narrator a madman," and goes on to offer a sound explanation for that phenomenon.

There are lively little dialogues with the reader: "What! You seriously propose that . . .? Well, yes I do." There are Joycean tricks with Poe's name: Edgarpoe, Edgar Élan Poet, Hoaxipoe (the author of the spoof stories), Idgar Poe. There are head-shaking apostrophes to Poe, and pauses while the author seems to mop his brow at some new Poeian extravagance and cries, "Whew!"

Above all there is the steady expression of Daniel Hoffman's lifelong personal involvement with the writings of E. A. Poe—from childhood through a year as Fulbright lecturer at Dijon where Professor Hoffman tried to persuade the French idolaters of Po*eh* that their hero was an imperfect versifier, to recent years and a total reimmersion in the *oeuvre*. In the course of all this, the analytic sobrieties of the New Criticism are not so much cast aside as ab-

✪ R. W. B. LEWIS, professor of English and American studies at Yale University, wrote *Trials of the Word: Essays in American Literature and the Humanistic Tradition,* and edited *Malraux: A Collection of Critical Essays.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Only the Name Has Changed

ECKERD COLLEGE

FOUNDED AS

FLORIDA PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE

ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA 33733

SHAKESPEARE'S ROMANCES

A Study of Some Ways of the Imagination

by Hallett Smith

This study of the four latest plays of Shakespeare's career describes the romance tradition from which they were derived, and focuses on Shakespeare's imagination. The author, a distinguished Shakespearean scholar, is interested in the romances as theatrical performances. He explores other plays and includes chapters on language and on "verbal scene painting."

Oct., 248 pp., paper, $3.50 Cloth, $8.50

HUNTINGTON LIBRARY PUBLICATIONS

San Marino, California 91108

Coming in future issues . . .

WILLIAM JOVANOVICH

on America as a Literary Notion

SHELDON HACKNEY

on the South as a Counter Culture

MICHAEL ARBIB

on Computers and Brain Theory

The American Scholar

Free Brochure

Outstanding French-language books from Geneva's Librairie DROZ .... now available immediately in the United States from:

DROZ America, Inc.
5 South Union
Lawrence, MA
01840

Social Science
History • Criticism
Literature • Philosophy

Name

Address

Zip

H0458

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUNBY
MAN OF TWO WORLDS
The Life and Diaries of
Arthur J. Munby 1828-1910
by Derek Hudson
Already hailed as a major discovery, Munby's diaries form an astounding document of Victorian psychology and social history. Long after the shame and terror ceased, these pages tell an extraordinary love story that will enthrall and outrage contemporary liberationists. Illustrated with Munby's own sketches and photographs.
$12.50
Gambit, INCORPORATED
53 Beacon Street Boston, Massachusetts 02108

sorbed, made excellent use of, and gone far beyond. Admirable, admirable.

These devices, approaches and postures are, I am convinced, entirely relevant and necessary to Mr. Hoffman's deeply serious purpose, which is to give an account of Poe that is faithful to the highly mixed experience of reading him. It is an account that wants to be faithful both to that larger part of Poe that in James Russell Lowell's words was genius and to the smaller part that was "sheer fudge." And it wants to disclose the genius that often shines agonizedly beneath the fudged surfaces of individual poems or tales: beneath the appalling rhymes, the inflated prose, the preposterous interior decors of the protagonists' apartments.

Poe, as Mr. Hoffman roundly views him, sought to express the inexpressible—certain basic hideosities of human impulse, and phenomena detached from time, earth, sanity and the body—and in this he was more successful in the tales than in the poems. Mr. Hoffman draws a little upon the psychoanalyzing Marie Bonaparte (yes, Ligeia *is* to a degree Poe's defecting mother Elizabeth Arnold), and a great deal more on Richard Wilbur, the most illuminating student of Poe before Mr. Hoffman himself; but if the latter's suggestions are not always wholly original, there is something arrestingly fresh about every major reading.

The dominant motif of Poe's writing, we are told, is that of the fabulous or mysterious journey—to the bottom of the sea, to the craters of the moon; and through such guises, a recurring journey into the interior of the tormented self, or back toward the yearned-for and terrifying reentry into the maternal womb, with catastrophe the usual outcome. All Poe's most enduring stories are seen as psychodramas of sorts, with Poe multiplying himself, as in a hall of distorting mirrors, through the various characters. A brief review cannot begin to do justice to the number and coherence of Mr. Hoffman's perceptions, but two examples may help.

In "The Purloined Letter," perhaps the best detective story ever written, Auguste Dupin locates and steals back the letter purloined by the Minister D— and used to blackmail a royal lady, and substitutes a message of his own. Mr. Hoffman, eyeing us warily, summons strong evidence to suggest that Dupin's feat is not only a masterpiece of detection but also an act of filial revenge; and that D—, who lives in the D— Hotel, is not only the double or unscrupulous "brother" of Dupin (as Wilbur has argued), but in actuality his father—to whom, by quoting lines in his message about Thyestes and the House of Atreus, Dupin symbolically serves himself up to be paternally devoured. "Such," says Mr. Hoffman, "are the images of hopeless love and savory horror and suicide which wind the mainspring of 'The Purloined Letter'."

In "The Fall of the House of Usher," everybody and everything are everybody and everything else; and all are Poe. Usher is the *moi intérieur* of the narrator's rational self, and Madeline is the dreaded and beloved muse-figure of the inward self. The critical proposition is intricate indeed, but very briefly: Usher is seen as perversely

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

willing his own destruction by initially willing the death of his sister-muse and twin; and externally, Usher resembles Poe to the life. The story enacts "the personal apocalypse of the unconscious"; but *as* a story handsomely told by a rational narrator, it springs from the necessary collaboration between conscious and unconscious. Poe and Narrator escape together.

As for *Eureka,* even Mr. Hoffman's cunning and enthusiasm are not enough to persuade me that it "is Edgar A. Poe's masterpiece." The work is identified as "neither a scientific treatise . . . nor a description of the universe," but as "the ultimately depersonalized and mechanical characterization of the psychic rhythm of existence." Maybe so; but I so imperfectly understand either Poe's essay or Mr. Hoffman's discussion of it, that I will pass them both over to more competent hands. I also have a question about the *value,* even the necessity, of madness for Poe—as, possibly, a crucial step away from worldly sense toward the recovery of the long lost wisdom. But this too can await another moment.

Meanwhile, the interpretation of these tales by Hoffman can stand, amid the charming eccentricities of their presentation, as the most searching, complete and intellectually arousing yet made. And to Monsieur D— and Auguste D— and the other sound-alikes, we should add the name of D— Hoffman who is as personally implicated in this critical narrative as Poe was in his stories and verses. Daniel Hoffman, one of the fine poets of our day, is here revealed as a first-rate detective of analytic criticism. The association with Poe and some of his personae gets closer by the page. Little wonder that the author takes such relish in quoting Dupin, after the Prefect G. has remarked contemptuously that Monsieur D— " is a poet, which I take to be only one remove from a fool." "True," says Dupin with thoughtful irony, puffing on his pipe, "although I have been guilty of certain doggerel myself."

Christmas Gift Rates

First subscription	$6.50
Additional subscriptions	$5.00 each

Now is the time to order gift subscriptions to THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR at special Christmas rates.

The SCHOLAR is a distinctive yet economical present, a gift that could be exactly right for several names on your list. Gift subscriptions are announced by an attractive card, which arrives just before Christmas.

Use the convenient order form bound into this issue, or send your list today.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reader Replies

THE READER REPLIES *carries miscellaneous comments by readers and authors on various articles that have appeared in the magazine. All communications should be addressed to: Editor,* THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, *1811 Q Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. 20009. Because of space limitations we cannot guarantee to print all letters received.*
—EDITOR

Charles Thomas Samuels' analysis of Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange* in the Summer issue is the most brilliant piece I have read on that generally hysterically criticized film. He is right that the weakness of the movie is that it too much "takes its cue from the racing pulse," although it does come closer to the magnificence of *Dr. Strangelove* than the detractors like to admit.

But Samuels overstates his condemnation of American films with the blanket indictment, "Possessing the world's most envied machinery for making motion pictures, they [our directors] express themselves powerfully only when subject is motion unencumbered by feeling, morals or contemplation." Such certainly was not the case, whatever their merit otherwise, in Rossen's *The Hustler,* Kazan's *America, America,* Lumet's *The Pawnbroker,* Rohmer's *Nothing But a Man,* or Bogdanovich's *The Last Picture Show,* to name a few. And sometimes the American director struggles, without resolution, with feeling, morals and contemplation versus the racing pulse, as is so clearly evident in Bob Fosse's *Cabaret.*

JON PLAUT
Summit, New Jersey

* * *

As one of the self-styled experts to whom Leon Wurmser referred in his Summer, 1972, article, may I express my appreciation for a fine job. Dr. Wurmser took us on what may have appeared to be a leisurely stroll through the garden of drug abuse but which actually touched on the critical human issues. Many of the same issues and some of the same conclusions may be found by digging in *Horatio Alger's Children* by Blum and Associates.

Dr. Wurmser made a number of important points. I felt particularly strongly about societal underestimates of the irrationality in drug abuse. This will indeed lead to inflated expectations from drug abuse education programs in schools and communities (and perhaps even in THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR).

FRANK F. VINCENZI
Seattle, Washington

* * *

Somewhere along the line your reviewer (William Styron on *The Arnheiter Affair,* Summer, 1972) may have missed a point. Like other human institutions the Navy makes claim only to a professional level of competence, not to preternatural wisdom. Mistakes happen. The actual "affair" embraced a mere four months. Medicine, law, politics, the institutional church and education have not always dealt as summarily with *their* incompetents.

EUGENE G. LAFORET, M.D.
Newton Lower Falls, Massachusetts

* * *

The height of intellectual arrogance must be the extensive quoting from the French of a book extensively available in English. This peccadillo, in Stephen Bornstein's "Myth, Man and Memoirs: The Case of André Malraux" [Summer, 1972] serves as one of the more gratuitous irritants I've encountered in print recently.

HAROLD CARMEL
New York, New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Index to Volume 41

Pagination of the volume is divided as follows: Winter, 1-176; Spring, 177-336; Summer, 337-496; Autumn, 497-688. Listed in the *Reader's Guide.*

Abhau, Elliot, **Res ipsa loquitur** (Poem), 274
Alger Hiss Case Revisited, The (Reappraisals), *Allen Weinstein,* 121
American Scholar Forum, 599
Women on Women, 599; **Comment,** *Patricia McLaughlin,* 622
Art and Letters, 113, 444
Literary Criticism and Literary Radicals, *Irving Howe,* 113; **Myth, Man and Memoirs: The Case of André Malraux,** *Stephen E. Bornstein,* 444
Art in History (Revolving Bookstand), *Peter Gay,* 660

Batki, John, **The Mad Shoemaker** (Poem), 390
Benjamin, Curtis G., **Who Will Save the Scholarly Book?** 212
Berman, Ronald S., **Giovanezza** (Revolving Bookstand), 296
Booth, Philip, **Household** (Poem), 391
Bornstein, Stephen E., **Myth, Man and Memoirs: The Case of André Malraux** (Art and Letters), 444
Bronowski, J., **Technology and Culture in Evolution,** 197; **New Concepts in the Evolution of Complexity,** 570
Burgess, Anthony, Letter from Europe, 139, 425
Bush, Douglas, **Polluting Our Language,** 238
By Jerzy Kosinski: **The Lone Wolf,** 513
By their sounds ye shall know them (Poem), *William F. Claire,* 192

Cane, Melville, **A Kind of Sound** (Poem), 352; **Thomas Wolfe: A Memoir** (Of Writing and Writers), 637
Case Against a Genius, The (Revolving Bookstand), *Hugh Ormsby-Lennon,* 468
Celebration, A. (Revolving Bookstand), *George P. Garrett,* 466
China Nixon Didn't See, The, *Neville Maxwell,* 542
Claire, William F., **By their sounds ye shall know them** (Poem), 192
Comment (American Scholar Forum), *Patricia McLaughlin,* 622
Common Enough Story, A (Poem), *Edward Weismiller,* 63
Context of *A Clockwork Orange,* **The** (Sightings), *Charles Thomas Samuels,* 439
Conversation with René Clair, A (Sightings), *Charles Thomas Samuels,* 284
Creeks (Poem), *Mary Oliver,* 248

Dabney, Lewis M., **Edmund Wilson at Talcottville** (Revolving Bookstand), 169
DeMott, Benjamin, **The One Right Way to Write and Think?** 53
Dermen, Judith de Ponceau, **My Graveyard** (Poem), 628
Despairing Optimist, The, *René Dubos,* 16, 184, 344, 508
Dillard, R. H. W., **March Again** (Poem), 585
Drug Abuse: Nemesis of Psychiatry, *Leon Wurmser,* 393
Dubos, René, The Despairing Optimist, 16, 184, 344, 508

Edmund Wilson at Talcottville (Revolving Bookstand), *Lewis M. Dabney,* 169
Education for the Future, *Herbert J. Muller,* 377
Emerson: A Contemporary Reconsideration (Reappraisals), *Earl Rovit,* 429
Evaluating a Master (Revolving Bookstand), *Philip Weinstein,* 310
Evaluating College Professors by "Scientific" Methods, *Evelyn Kossoff,* 79

First Altar, The (Poem), *Paul Smyth,* 50
For a Child Gone To Live in a Commune (Poem), *William Stafford,* 519
Forbes, Calvin, **For You** (Poem), 408
Free Clinic, The (Revolving Bookstand), *Michael Halberstam,* 308
Fresh Air (Poem), *Daniel J. Langton,* 94

Garrett, George P., **A Celebration** (Revolving Bookstand), 466
Gay, Peter, **Art in History** (Revolving Bookstand), 660
Genius and Sheer Fudge (Revolving Bookstand), *R. W. B. Lewis,* 680
Giovanezza (Revolving Bookstand), *Ronald S. Berman,* 296
Goldhurst, William, **The Poet, the Fallen Martyr, the Detective** (Revolving Bookstand), 298
Great Events, the Great Historians, The (Revolving Bookstand), *G. D. Lillibridge,* 677
Grilikhes, Alexandra, **On March 23, John Ashbery (Reading His Poems)** (Poem), 424
Growth of a Great Critic (Revolving Bookstand), *Robert Langbaum,* 460

Halberstam, Michael, **The Free Clinic** (Revolving Bookstand), 308

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hallie, Philip Paul, **Prisoners, Twaddlers, and the Fire Chief** (Revolving Bookstand), 674
Handlin, David, **Venetian Notes: Experiencing the City,** 65
Hannibal for President, *Gerald W. Johnson,* 29
Harris, William J., **The Militant Separatists in the White Academy,** 366
Hartman, Geoffrey H., **Signs of the Times** (Revolving Bookstand), 146
Hartshorne, Charles, **Mortimer Adler as Philosopher: A Criticism and an Appreciation** (Reappraisals), 269
Hay, John, **A Place to Live In** (Poem), 133
Highet, Gilbert, **The Scholarly Life** (Scholar Cornered), 522
Holton, Gerald, **On Trying to Understand Scientific Genius,** 95
Honesty as a Policy, *John P. Sisk,* 251
Hough, Henry Beetle, **The Kennedy Bill,** 559
Household (Poem), *Philip Booth,* 391
Howe, Irving, **Literary Criticism and Literary Radicals** (Art and Letters), 113
Hyphens of the Self (Sightings), *Charles Thomas Samuels,* 630

In Search of the Sacred (Revolving Bookstand), *Richard W. Noland,* 164
Inside an Enigma (Revolving Bookstand), *Jay Mathews,* 304
Interior Journey, An (Revolving Bookstand), *Anne Morrow Lindbergh,* 163

Johnson, Gerald W., **Hannibal for President,** 29, **The Turkey-Gobbler Strut,** 533
Jovanovich, William, **A Tumult of Talk,** 40

Kennedy Bill, The, *Henry Beetle Hough,* 559
Kenseth, Arnold, **Variations on a Theme** (Poem), 222
Kind of Sound, A (Poem), *Melville Cane,* 352
Kosinski, Jerzy, **By Jerzy Kosinski: The Lone Wolf,** 513
Kossoff, Evelyn, **Evaluating College Professors by "Scientific" Methods,** 79

Langbaum, Robert, **Growth of a Great Critic** (Revolving Bookstand), 460
Langton, Daniel J., **Fresh Air** (Poem), 94
Letter, A (Poem), *David Summers,* 249
Letter from Europe, *Anthony Burgess,* 139, 425
Lewis, R. W. B., **Genius and Sheer Fudge** (Revolving Bookstand), 680
Lillibridge, G. D., **The Great Events, the Great Historians** (Revolving Bookstand), 677
Lindbergh, Anne Morrow, **An Interior Journey** (Revolving Bookstand), 163
Literary Criticism and Literary Radicals (Art and Letters), *Irving Howe,* 113
Lloyd, Donald J., **Rituals** (Poem), 275
Lone Wolf, The (By Jerzy Kosinski), 513
Love Stories (Sightings), *Charles Thomas Samuels,* 134
Lupton, Mary Jane, **The Making of a Woman** (Revolving Bookstand), 330

MacLeish, Archibald, **The Premise of Meaning,** 357
Mad Shoemaker, The (Poem), *John Batki,* 390
Magritte: The Song of the Glass Keys and The Cape of Storms (Poem), *Lawrence Raab,* 111
Malone, Dumas, **Mr. Jefferson and the Living Generation,** 587
March Again (Poem), *R. H. W. Dillard,* 585
Mathews, Jay, **Inside an Enigma** (Revolving Bookstand), 304
Maxwell, Neville, **The China Nixon Didn't See,** 542
Mayer, Jean, **Science Without Conscience,** 265
McLaughlin, Patricia, **Comment** (American Scholar Forum), 622
Militant Separatists in the White Academy, The, *William J. Harris,* 366
Moral Implications of the Cuban Missile Crisis, The (National Issues), *Lewis J. Paper,* 276
Morris, Wright, **Notes from a Venetian Journal,** 578
Mortimer Adler as Philosopher: A Criticism and an Appreciation (Reappraisals), *Charles Hartshorne,* 269
Mr. Jefferson and the Living Generation, *Dumas Malone,* 587
Muller, Herbert J., **Education for the Future,** 377
My Graveyard (Poem), *Judith de Ponceau Dermen,* 628
Myth, Man and Memoris: The Case of André Malraux (Art and Letters), *Stephen E. Bornstein,* 444

National Issues, 276, 643
The Moral Implications of the Cuban Missile Crisis, *Lewis J. Paper,* 276; **The Right to Know,** *O. John Rogge,* 643
New Concepts in the Evolution of Complexity, *J. Bronowski,* 570
Noland, Richard W., **In Search of the Sacred** (Revolving Bookstand), 164
Notes from a Venetian Journal, *Wright Morris,* 578

Of Writing and Writers, 637
Thomas Wolfe: A Memoir, *Melville Cane,* 637
Oliver, Mary, **Creeks** (Poem), 248
On March 23, John Ashbery (Reading His Poems) (Poem). *Alexandra Grilikhes,* 424
On Trying to Understand Scientific Genius, *Gerald Holton,* 95

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One Right Way to Write and Think? The, *Benjamin DeMott,* 53
Ormsby-Lennon, Hugh, **The Case Against a Genius** (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), 468

Painter's Revelations, A (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), *Alfred Werner,* 158
Paper, Lewis J., **The Moral Implications of the Cuban Missile Crisis** (NATIONAL ISSUES), 276
Pastan, Linda, **A Sense of Direction** (Poem), 438
Penitentiary (Poem), *Hagiwara Sakutarō,* 519
Place to Live In, A (Poem), *John Hay,* 133
Poet, the Fallen Martyr, the Detective, The (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), *William Goldhurst,* 298
Polluting Our Language, *Douglas Bush,* 238
Premise of Meaning, The, *Archibald MacLeish,* 357
Prisoners, Twaddlers, and the Fire Chief (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), *Philip Paul Hallie,* 674

Raab, Lawrence, **Magritte: The Song of the Glass Keys and The Cape of Storms** (Poem), 111
READER REPLIES, THE, 174, 334, 491, 684
REAPPRAISALS, 121, 269, 429
The Alger Hiss Case Revisited, *Allen Weinstein,* 121; **Mortimer Adler as Philosopher: A Criticism and an Appreciation,** *Charles Hartshorne,* 269; **Emerson: A Contemporary Reconsideration,** *Earl Rovit,* 429
Recommended Summer Reading by Members of the Editorial Board, 474
Res ipsa loquitur (Poem), *Elliot Abhau,* 274
REVOLVING BOOKSTAND, THE, 146, 296, 460, 660
Signs of the Times, *Geoffrey H. Hartman,* 146, review of *The Performing Self: Compositions and Decompositions in the Languages of Contemporary Life* by Richard Poirier, *Blindness and Insight: Essays in the Rhetoric of Contemporary Criticism* by Paul de Man, and *The Modern Spirit: Essays on the Continuity of Nineteenth and Twentieth-Century Literature* by Robert Langbaum.
A Painter's Revelations, *Alfred Werner,* 158, review of *Eugène Delacroix: Selected Letters 1813-1863* edited and translated by Jean Stewart.
An Interior Journey, *Anne Morrow Lindbergh,* 163, review of *Images and Shadows* by Iris Origo.
In Search of the Sacred, *Richard W. Noland,* 164, review of *The Wild Prayer of Longing: Poetry and the Sacred* by Nathan A. Scott, Jr.
Edmund Wilson at Talcottville, *Lewis M. Dabney,* 169, review of *Upstate: Records and Recollections of Northern New York* by Edmund Wilson.
Giovanezza, *Ronald S. Berman,* 296, review of *Passion and Politics: Student Activism in America* by Seymour Martin Lipset and Gerald M. Schaflander.
The Poet, the Fallen Martyr, the Detective, *William Goldhurst,* 298, review of *Collected Works of Edgar Allan Poe. Volume 1, Poems* edited by Thomas O. Mabbott, *Poe's Major Crisis: His Libel Suit and New York's Literary World* by Sidney P. Moss, and *Who Murdered Mary Rogers?* by Raymond Paul.
Inside an Enigma, *Jay Mathews,* 304, review of *The Cultural Revolution in China* edited by Thomas W. Robinson and *Mao's Revolution and the Chinese Political Culture* by Richard H. Solomon.
The Free Clinic, *Michael Halberstam,* 308, review of *Love Needs Care* by David E. Smith and John Luce.
Evaluating a Master, *Philip M. Weinstein,* 310, review of *The Ambiguity of Henry James* by Charles Thomas Samuels.
The Making of a Woman, *Mary Jane Lupton,* 330, review of *Woman in Sexist Society* edited by Vivian Gornick and Barbara Moran.
Growth of a Great Critic, *Robert Langbaum,* 460, review of *Uncollected Prose by W. B. Yeats. Vol. I: First Reviews and Articles, 1886-1896* collected and edited by John P. Frayne.
A Celebration, *George P. Garrett,* 466, review of *Images of Wallace Stevens* by Edward Kessler.
The Case Against a Genius, *Hugh Ormsby-Lennon,* 468, review of *Coleridge, The Damaged Archangel* by Norman Fruman.
Art in History, *Peter Gay,* 660.
Prisoners, Twaddlers, and the Fire Chief, *Philip Paul Hallie,* 674, review of *Struggle for Justice:* A Report on Crime and Punishment in America, prepared for the American Friends Service Committee.
The Great Events, the Great Historians, *G. D. Lillibridge,* 677, review of *American History in American Thought* by Bert James Loewenberg.
Genius and Sheer Fudge, *R. W. B. Lewis,* 680, review of *Poe Poe Poe Poe Poe Poe Poe* by Daniel Hoffman.
Right To Know, The (NATIONAL ISSUES), *O. John Rogge,* 643
Rituals (Poem), *Donald J. Lloyd,* 275

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rogge, O. John, **The Right To Know** (NATIONAL ISSUES), 643
Rovit, Earl, **Emerson: A Contemporary Reconsideration** (REAPPRAISALS), 429

Sakutarō, Hagiwara, **Penitentiary** (Poem), 363; **White Night** (Poem), 364
Samuels, Charles Thomas, SIGHTINGS: **Love Stories,** 134; **A Conversation with René Clair,** 284; **The Context of** *A Clockwork Orange,* 439; **Hyphens of The Self,** 630
Say, Friend (Poem), *Judith Johnson Sherwin,* 283
SCHOLAR CORNERED, THE, 522
The Scholarly Life, *Gilbert Highet,* 522
Scholarly Life, The (SCHOLAR CORNERED), *Gilbert Highet,* 522
Schwaber, Paul, **Women and Freud's Imagination,** 224
Science Without Conscience, *Jean Mayer,* 265
Sense of Direction, A (Poem), *Linda Pastan,* 438
Sherwin, Judith Johnson, **Say, Friend** (Poem), 283
SIGHTINGS, *Charles Thomas Samuels:* **Love Stories,** 134; **A Conversation with René Clair,** 284; **The Context of** *A Clockwork Orange,* 439; **Hyphens of the Self,** 630
Signs of the Times (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), *Geoffrey H. Hartman,* 146
Sisk, John P., **Honesty as a Policy,** 251
Smyth, Paul, **The First Altar** (Poem), 50
Stafford, William, **Two Cold Rivers** (Poem), 120; **For a Child Gone To Live in a Commune** (Poem), 519
Suffrage Prisoners, The, *Janice Law Trecker,* 409
Summers, David, **A Letter** (Poem), 249
Sunday (Poem), *John Updike,* 389

Technology and Culture in Evolution, *J. Bronowski,* 197
Thomas Wolfe: A Memoir (OF WRITING AND WRITERS), *Melville Cane,* 637
Trecker, Janice Law, **The Suffrage Prisoners,** 409
Tumult of Talk, A, *William Jovanovich,* 40
Turkey-Gobbler Strut, The, *Gerald W. Johnson,* 533
Two Cold Rivers (Poem), *William Stafford,* 120

Updike, John, **Sunday** (Poem), 389

Variations on a Theme (Poem), *Arnold Kenseth,* 222
Venetian Notes: Experiencing the City, *David Handlin,* 65

Wedding Toast, A (Poem), *Richard Wilbur,* 558
Weinstein, Allen, **The Alger Hiss Case Revisited** (REAPPRAISALS), 121
Weinstein, Philip, **Evaluating a Master** (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), 310
Weismiller, Edward, **A Common Enough Story** (Poem), 63
Werner, Alfred, **A Painter's Revelations** (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), 158
White Night (Poem), *Hagiwara Sakutarō,* 364
Who Will Save the Scholarly Book? *Curtis G. Benjamin,* 212
Wilbur, Richard, **A Wedding Toast** (Poem), 558
Women and Freud's Imagination, *Paul Schwaber,* 224
Women on Women (AMERICAN SCHOLAR FORUM), 599
Wurmser, Leon, **Drug Abuse: Nemesis of Psychiatry,** 393

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books from Ohio State

Religion, Altered States of Consciousness, and Social Change

Edited by Erika Bourguignon

The rise to prominence on the national scene, within one short decade, of what has become a widely publicized drug culture, and the marked revival, within the same period, in the activities of marginal religious groups, provide the dramatic setting for the ten original papers by noted anthropologists that comprise this remarkable collection. $12.50

Decision-making

Creativity, Judgment, and Systems

Edited by Henry S. Brinkers

Fifteen original essays that investigate new theories of how decisions are made and large, complex systems operate, and examine recent findings in information science, cybernetics, and mathematics as these have proved useful in the analysis of decision-making and systems behavior as related phenomena, and in the design of machines capable of simulating these activities. $10.00

The Prevention of Juvenile Delinquency

An Experiment

By Walter C. Reckless and Simon Dinitz

Two leading experts report the findings of a concentrated and systematic study, conducted over a period of five years, and aimed at discovering effective ways of reducing the present high incidence of juvenile crime, and of reversing the alarming trend toward alienation and revolt that is the direct result of the disintegration of the social and familial roles that children see for themselves. $12.00

Ohio State University Press
2070 Neil Avenue
Columbus, Ohio 43210

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PANOFSKY

IDEA: A CONCEPT IN ART THEORY $7.95
by ERWIN PANOFSKY
Translated by JOSEPH J. S. PEAKE

PECKHAM

THE TRIUMPH OF ROMANTICISM $9.95
Collected Essays by MORSE PECKHAM

FINGESTEN

THE ECLIPSE OF SYMBOLISM $6.95
by PETER FINGESTEN

". . . a thoroughly engrossing, admirably concise, finely wrought and impressively erudite study of a venerable and fascinating but, in the author's view, obsolete device: the symbol. —*Art in America*

TURBAYNE

THE MYTH OF METAPHOR *cloth:* $7.95
by COLIN MURRAY TURBAYNE *paper:* $2.25

Readers of *The American Scholar* are entitled to a 20-percent discount on all our books, but please enclose payment with your order.

We pay all normal shipping costs.

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH CAROLINA PRESS
Columbia SC 29208

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED